

DECEMBER 1986

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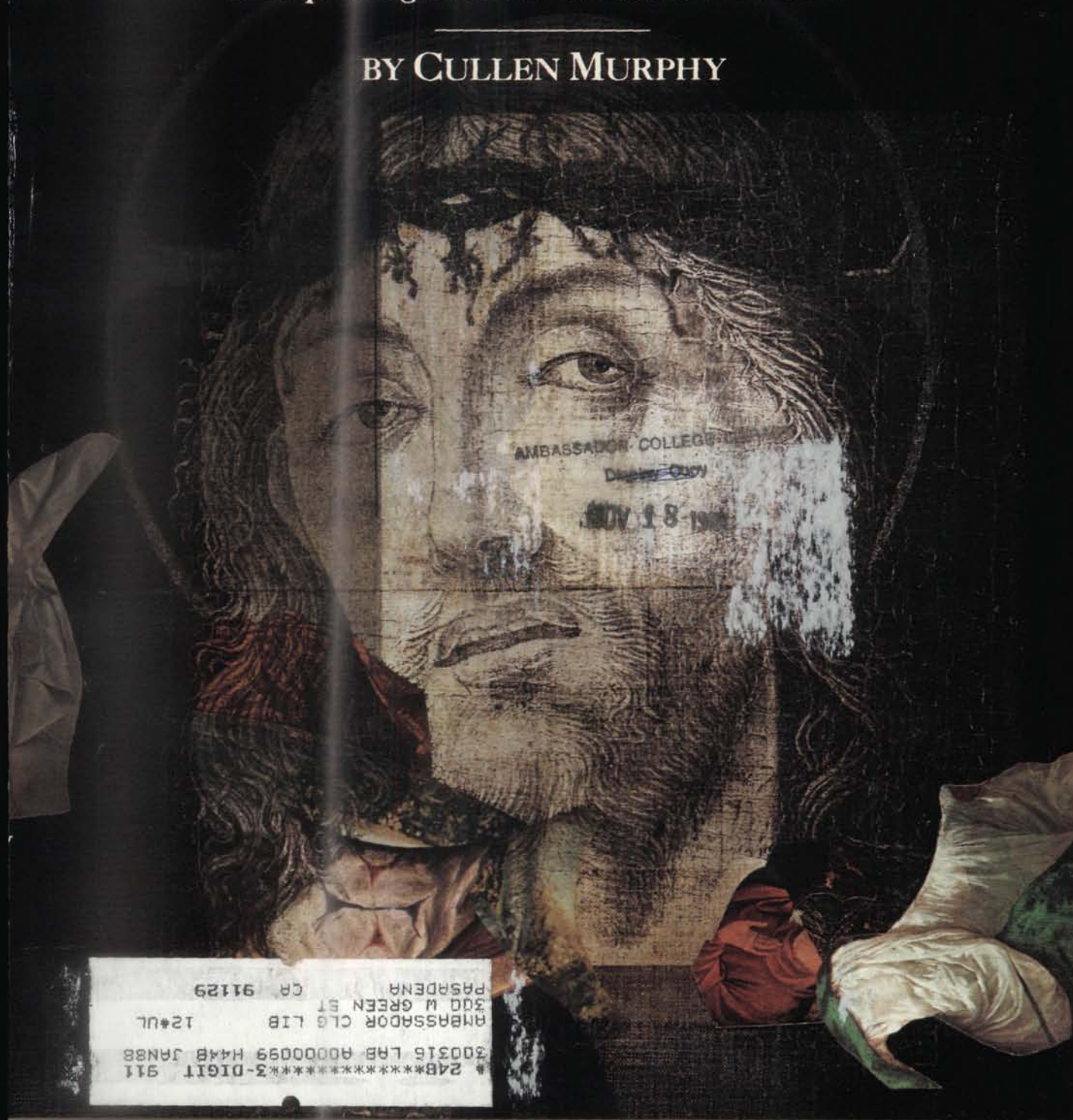
The Atlantic

JAMES FALLOWS ON ESPERANTO / MAGGIE SCARF ON INTIMATE PARTNERS

"WHO DO MEN SAY THAT I AM?"

Interpreting Jesus in the Modern World

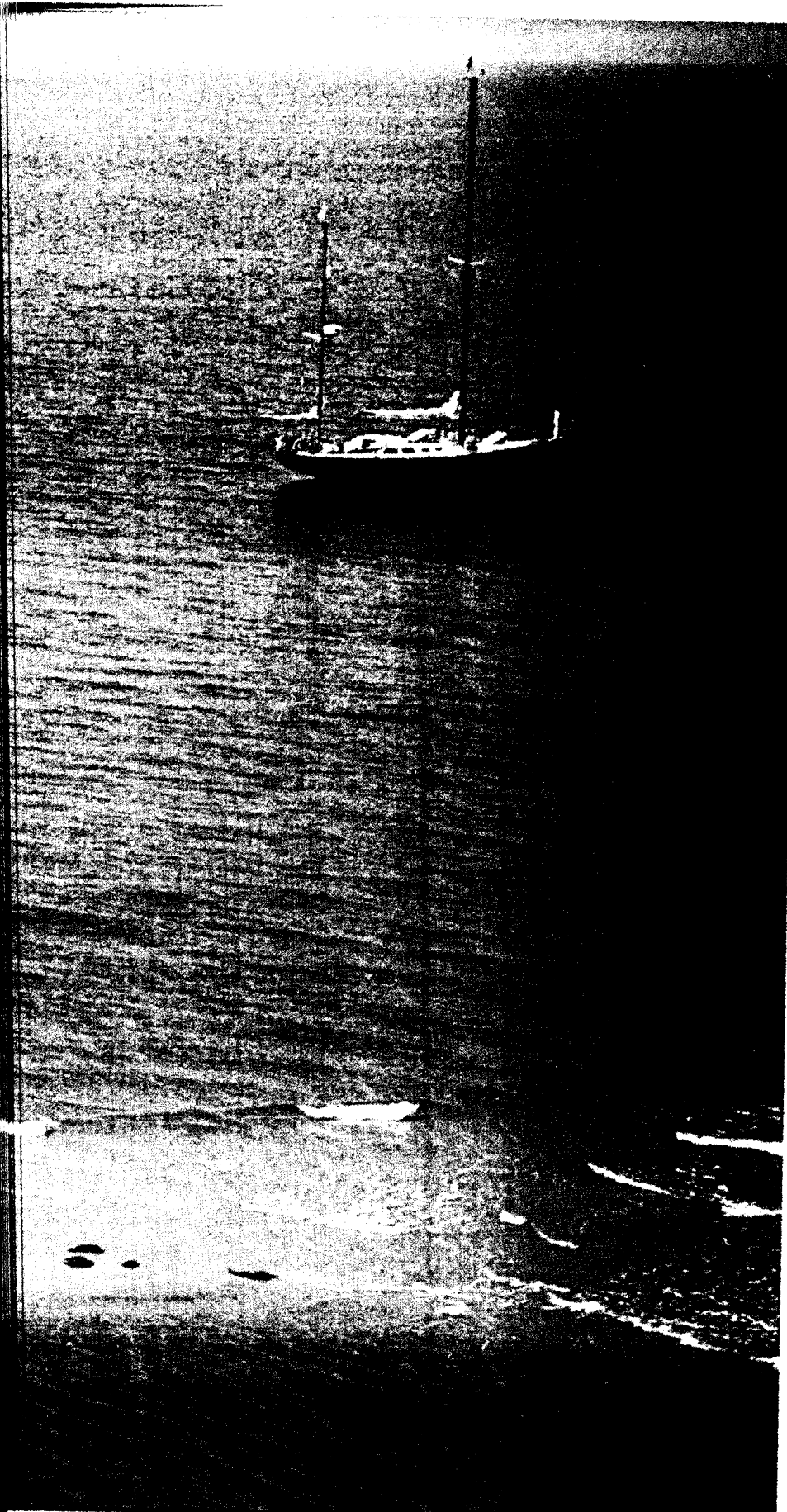
BY CULLEN MURPHY



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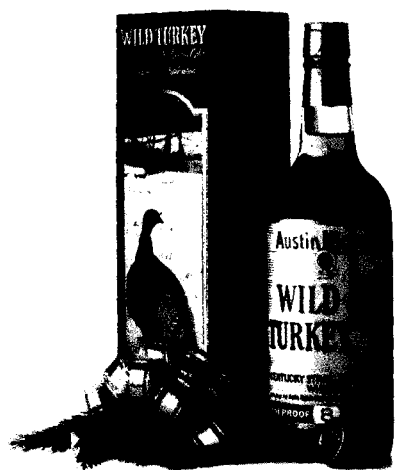




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Historians and theologians have a much clearer picture now than they've ever had before of the first-century world in which Jesus lived and in which the Gospels were formed. As a result, many scholars in recent years have ventured afresh into the life, self-understanding, and significance of Jesus.

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CONTRIBUTORS

CULLEN MURPHY ("Who Do Men Say That I Am?") is the managing editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*. He was born in New York and received a B.A. in medieval history from Amherst College in 1974. Murphy was an editor at *Change* magazine and at *The Wilson Quarterly* before joining the staff of *The Atlantic* in 1985. His first article for the magazine, "Watching the Russians," was the February, 1983, cover story, and he has been a frequent contributor to the Reports & Comment section since then, writing on such subjects as the archaeology of pre-Roman Britain, the fortunes of the Irish language, and the paintings of Rembrandt. In addition Murphy writes the comic strip *Prince Valiant*, which his father illustrates.

FRED OTNES (cover artist), who is well known for his collages, was born in Junction City, Kansas, in 1926. He worked as a graphic artist while serving in the Marine Corps from 1944 to 1947 and subsequently began his free-lance career while attending the Art Institute of Chicago. In 1976 Otnes helped to found the Illustrators Workshop, a series of seminars that involved leading artists around the country. His work has been exhibited in the United States and Japan and has won more than 150 awards. These include some fifty presented by the Society of Illustrators, among them the prestigious Hamilton King Award, which Otnes received in 1974. Otnes's work has also been recognized by *Graphis*, *Communication Arts*, and other publications.

MAGGIE SCARF ("Intimate Partners") is an associate fellow of Jonathan Edwards College, at Yale University, and a contributing editor of *The New Republic*. Scarf was a fellow last year at the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences, in Stanford, California. She is the author of *Body, Mind, Behavior* (1976), for which she received a National Media Award, presented by the American Psychological Foundation, and of *Unfinished Business: Pressure Points in the Lives of Women* (1980). Scarf's article in this issue is the second installment drawn from her new book, *Intimate Partners: Patterns in Love and Marriage*, to be published in February by Random House.

JACK N. RAKOVE ("Mr. Meese, Meet Mr. Madison") is an associate professor of history at Stanford University, where he is the chairman of the American Studies Program. Born in Chicago, Rakove received a B.A. from Haverford College in 1968 and a Ph.D. in history from Harvard in 1975. He taught history at Colgate University for several years before joining the faculty at Stanford in 1980. Rakove is a member of the California Bicentennial Commission on the United States Constitution and a consultant to the National Radio Theatre's production *Dateline 1787*, a fourteen-part series about the creation of the United States Constitution, to be broadcast next year. He is the author of *The Beginnings of National Politics: An Interpretive History of the Continental Congress* (1979). Rakove's new book, *James Madison and the Creation of the American Republic*, will be published by Little, Brown & Company.

DAVID OWEN ("Pfft") is a contributing editor of *The Atlantic*.

JAMES FALLOWS ("Language: Esperanto Lives") is the Washington editor of *The Atlantic*. He and his wife, Deborah, studied Esperanto for several weeks before attending the 71st International Esperanto Congress, in Beijing, as guests of the Esperanto Studies Foundation. Fallows is currently based in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia.

TINA ROSENBERG ("Chile: The Moral Limits of Self-Interest") writes about politics for various publications, including *The New Republic*, *The Washington Monthly*, and *The Washington Journalism Review*. She is currently living in Managua, Nicaragua.

JOHN HARRIS ("Monastic Mayhem") is pursuing a master's degree in Italian at the University of California, Berkeley. His parodies appear frequently in *The Atlantic*.

SHARON SHEEHE STARK ("May Angels Lead You Home") teaches creative writing in the M.F.A. program at Vermont College. She is the author of *The Dealers' Yard and Other Stories* (1985) and *A Wrestling Season*, a novel, to be published next year.

GUY BILLOUT ("Prop") has been a free-lance illustrator in New York since 1969. His feature appears in alternate issues of *The Atlantic*.

SOPHIA C. BLACK ("On the Last Day of the World: Waiting on the Roof") is working on a collection of poems, *The Misunderstanding of Nature*.

ROBERT MORGAN ("Sigodlin") is a professor of English at Cornell University. His new book, *At the Edge of the Orchard Country*, will be published in January.

CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN ("The Cant of Pity") is a contributing editor of *The Atlantic*. His article "God and Man in Nicaragua" appeared in the magazine last August.

PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS (Brief Reviews) is a staff writer for *The Atlantic*.

HOLLY BRUBACH ("The Hunger for Hermès") is a staff writer for *The Atlantic*.

PHILIP LANGDON ("The Kitchen Enters the Stone Age") is the author of *Orange Roofs, Golden Arches: The Architecture of American Chain Restaurants* (1986), a portion of which appeared in *The Atlantic* last December, and *American Houses*, to be published in the spring.

DOROTHY OSBORNE (Acrostic No. 17) crafts puzzles at her home in Hershey, Pennsylvania.

EMILY COX and HENRY RATHVON (The Puzzler) create crossword puzzles for several publications. They are the authors of *The Atlantic Monthly Puzzler Book*, which was published last month by David R. Godine.

The December Almanac was compiled with the assistance of Thomas Exter, a senior editor of *American Demographics*; Anne Soukhanov, an executive editor of the trade and reference division of Houghton Mifflin; Gail Cleere and the staff of the U.S. Naval Observatory; the U.S. Postal Service; the U.S. Centers for Disease Control; the U.S. Department of Agriculture; the U.S. Department of Defense; Sunkist Growers, Inc.; and the Greeting Card Association.

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Business Office
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE TARGET IS DESTROYED

Seymour Hersh, in "The Target Is Destroyed" (September *Atlantic*), convincingly attributes the Korean Air-liner 007 incident mainly to "finger error" in activating Captain Chun's inertial navigation system. If the flight engineer did inadvertently enter the runway position as W139 degrees longitude, instead of the correct W149 degrees longitude, his error may have been more than merely punching in the wrong digit. There are two reasons.

First, the Korean pronunciations of 3 and 4 are often confusing. In Korean, 139 and 149 are *il-sahm-ku* and *il-sah-ku*, respectively. If Kim was implicitly reciting the numbers while punching in the numerical data, inadvertent confusion between *sah* and *sahm* is a likelihood.

Second, the number 4 is emotionally loaded among Koreans. *Sah* means both "4" and "death." There is no Room #4 in any Korean hotel catering to Korean clients. There is no "4th floor" in any Korean apartment house. The usual procedure with the room number is simply to skip 4 and with the apartment floor to designate the 4th floor with another symbol, such as the Roman alphabet *F*, which has no isomorphic correspondence with 4. This psychological defense against 4 may have allowed Kim to read W149 correctly, while *thinking* W139. The fact that the error was between 3 and 4, and not other numbers, makes Hersh's analysis of the tragic incident even more plausible.

SUCHOON MO
Pueblo West, Colo.

Seymour Hersh tells an interesting story about the chain of events that purportedly caused Korean Air Lines 007 to fly over the Soviet Union, but I must say that the crew's persistently inept navigation is one of those official truths that I'll always find hard to accept—like Lee Harvey Oswald's preternaturally rapid and accurate marksmanship.

What a shame that Captain Chun Byung-in wasn't firing at John Kennedy in Dallas, or that Oswald wasn't in charge of KAL 007! Chun might have sprayed his bullets all over the grassy knoll, and Oswald would've put that

plane into Seoul blindfolded—and in half the usual time.

PETER K. REINHART
Wyomissing, Pa.

Whether mistaken identity, military or civilian incompetence, or something else led to the intersection between the airliner and the Russians is irrelevant. The important fact demonstrated is that in the view of the Soviets, killing is permissible when a rule is broken or a line is crossed.

We—and Mr. Hersh—should never forget that point.

MARVIN M. BROWN
Tacoma, Wash.

"The Target Is Destroyed" attempts to portray the two superpowers as moral equivalents. But it does not alter the conclusive facts. The Soviets, without visual identification of the craft or any sensible reading of the situation, shot down a commercial airliner and killed 269 innocent civilians. Are we to believe, for instance, that while Flight 007 was in communication with Japan air-traffic control on the commercial channel, the Russians were not monitoring them?

The Administration's statements about this slaughter are not what increases international tension. Rather, it is cautious silence in the face of such barbarism.

DAVID M. BENDER
Chicago, Ill.

Seymour Hersh has done a great public service with his careful analysis of the destruction of KAL 007. He is right in criticizing the Reagan Administration for maintaining that the Soviets knowingly and murderously shot down a civilian plane, but he appears to have missed the most significant conclusion to be drawn from his findings, namely the frightening risk that the world runs from a loose cannon in the form of a high-tech society that is unable to distinguish a Boeing 747 from a military reconnaissance plane over a two-hour period.

The combination of the 007 and Chernobyl accidents, in fact, suggests that the danger from Soviet communism is not so much in its evil intent as in its operational ineptitude, bred by a system

in which a small, politically elite fraction—the Communist Party—holds key positions in a high-tech society.

V. E. MCKELVEY
St. Cloud, Fla.

Seymour Hersh may be right when he says that the Soviet pilot who shot down Flight 007 did not say “The target is destroyed” as a cry of triumph. But Hersh is wrong when he translates the Soviet pilot’s response to the order to shoot down the airliner as “Oh, my God.” This implies some sort of profound moral horror. But *yolki palki* is a relatively mild oath, and can best be translated as “fiddlesticks,” “oh, shucks,” or “good grief.”

JON KRAMPNER
Los Angeles, Calif.

BERLIN WALL

Several factual errors in Timothy Ryback’s “Berlin: Why the Wall Still Stands” (August *Atlantic*) ought to be corrected. First, since January 1 of this year the Common Market has had twelve Western European members, and few would therefore count East Germany as the eleventh. Second, Heinz Hoffmann, quoted in the present tense regarding East German preparations to build the Wall, died last year. Third, no “personal secretary” of Chancellor Helmut Kohl was ever found to be an East German spy, although the secretary of a domestic-policy officer in the Chancellor’s Executive Office, who fled to the East last fall, might have been a spy. (Ryback may have been thinking of Economics Minister Martin Bangemann’s secretary, an East German “émigré” who did turn out to be a spy and who fled east last summer, fearing detection.) Finally, in a sentence relating to Hans Joachim Tiedge, the West German counterintelligence officer who defected last summer, Ryback writes of “other spies.” There is no evidence, however, that Tiedge himself ever acted as a spy during his West German service. Rather, he seems to have defected as a result of enormous debts and the prospect of losing his job because of weight and alcohol problems.

MARK CHANDLER
Palo Alto, Calif.

Timothy Ryback is misinformed (if West German border guards, government officials, and private West Ger-

man citizens are to be trusted) about the “50,000 SM 70s.” According to a border official and the Lower Saxonian Minister for Federal Affairs, the spring-loaded devices, which shoot deadly shrapnel whirling and curving in a twenty-five-meter radius, were completely dismantled between September of 1983 and November of 1984. So the removal of the SM 70s could hardly be seen as a recent result of joint economic events of 1984.

As for Ryback’s interpretations of Erich Honecker’s new, liberalized visa and emigration policies: of the 30,000 immigrants from East Germany, very few are hardworking proletariat, skilled craftsmen, scientists, or professionals. Most are retired people or large families—a burden on the socialist welfare and education system. The relaxation of visa and travel restrictions does appear to be a positive measure. However, visas cost money, and *all* visitors to the East, in essence, must pay twenty-five marks a day for the privilege of seeing friends or relatives. Honecker’s relaxation is an attempt to bring more Western currency into the weak East German economy.

Like most Americans, Ryback puts too much emphasis on the construction of the Berlin Wall. It was not the construction of the Wall that split East from West. Roosevelt, Stalin, and Churchill did this, on paper at Yalta. On October 7, 1949, the Russian occupation zone became the East German nation, and nine years before the construction of the Berlin Wall, East Germany started building the 1,393-kilometer wall, which today is 500 meters wide and stretches from the Baltic to Czechoslovakia. It is *this* wall that haunts most Germans.

DAVID A. PETERS
Waco, Tex.

I would like to make two comments concerning Timothy Ryback’s otherwise excellent article. Ryback quotes Heinz Hoffmann, then the head of the East German National People’s Army, as saying “Erich Honecker . . . said, ‘You know the assignment! March!’” Though I am unable to check sources as I fly across the Atlantic, I must express doubt that Honecker, who was then head of the GDR’s Free German Youth movement and did not assume power over the GDR until 1971, could have issued this order. Most likely the go-ahead would have had to come from then First Secre-

tary Walter Albricht, who only a few weeks earlier had declared openly that no wall would be built.

A second minor point concerns Ryback’s statement that “VW motors now propel East German cars,” which is rather misleading. The author is, of course, correct if he alludes to the small contingent of VW Golfs (Rabbits) imported by the GDR under a special arrangement. There has been talk of equipping the East German Wartburg with a VW engine to replace its noisy, inefficient, and polluting two-cycle engine, but this remains only a rumor to date.

ARMIN WISHARD
*Department of German and Russian
Colorado College
Colorado Springs, Colo.*

Timothy Ryback asserts that the closed border (the Wall) “spared the United States and the Soviet Union a potentially disastrous confrontation,” when in fact it was the Wall that prompted such a confrontation. The potentially disastrous confrontation did occur. In August of 1961 the 1st Battle Group, 18th U.S. Infantry, was ordered to Berlin to test access to the city, and on October 25, 1961, after the closing of the border, American tanks faced Soviet tanks at Checkpoint Charlie. East and West were, militarily and politically, on a collision course. A mere accident could have transformed the Cold War into a shooting war.

PETER M. SULLIVAN
Indiana, Pa.

Timothy Ryback replies:

My use of the present tense in quoting Heinz Hoffmann was not an attempt to resurrect the man from the grave; rather it was a not uncommon convention—that is, quoting from recollections in the present tense. I maintain that the term “spy” is applicable to both Tiedge and Astrid Willner, a secretary in the West German Chancellor’s office (whom I am not confusing with Sonja Lüneberg of the Bangemann affair). Some experts suggest that Tiedge had been recruited by East Berlin a year before his August, 1985, defection. Evidence for this idea is provided by reports that 168 West German intelligence operatives were rounded up in East Germany between January, 1984, and June, 1985. Willner may never have been proved a spy, but her activities necessarily evoke some suspicion of espionage—a suspicion that was expressed in both the German and

the American press. Willner left for Spain on vacation with her husband in August, 1985. When she did not return to work at the end of August, Kohl and others became somewhat concerned. Eventually Willner mailed in her resignation. The letter bore an East Berlin postmark.

The dismantling of the notorious SM 70s began only after Strauss and Kohl had begun arranging a one-billion-mark loan in June, 1983. Their removal was plainly prompted by economic incentives from Bonn. And the Berlin Wall symbolizes for Germans, as much as, if not more than, for Americans, the post-war division of Germany. The West German writer Peter Schneider has fittingly described the German fixation with the Berlin border as "the wall in our heads." The dozens of dramatic incidents along the Berlin Wall during the twenty-fifth anniversary this summer—including the painting of graffiti, organized actions by provocateurs, and even suicide—are proof that emotions regarding the Berlin Wall continue to run high among Germans of both East and West.

Although VW motors are not yet propelling the Wartburg along the Autobahn of East Germany, the plans for such an undertaking, as reported in the West German press and as confirmed by sources at the U.S. Embassy in East Berlin, are more than rumor. Erich Hon-ecker, in his memoirs *From My Life*, confirms his leading role in "securing" the border around West Berlin. Shortly before midnight on August 12, 1961, Hon-ecker met with what he calls "his" staff at the East Berlin police headquarters. Once he had set the operation in motion, he personally inspected the perimeter of West Berlin to "make sure the tanks and other units had been properly positioned."

Finally, I would say that U.S. and Soviet military forces confronting each other at Checkpoint Charlie with live ammunition and orders to shoot indeed constituted a "potentially disastrous confrontation." However, the tanks were introduced over the issue of U.S. access to East Berlin and not over the construction of the Berlin Wall. The matter was settled when Eastern harassment of Western visitors to East Berlin ended. The critical issue remains the fact that the Wall's construction preempted Khrushchev's demand that the Allies vacate West Berlin by December, 1961, or be thrown out by military force. The Wall essentially resolved the matter

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of Berlin for both the United States and the Soviet Union. However, President Reagan's recent comment that the U.S. should have "knocked down that wire" as it was being strung, "because I don't think they wanted to start a war over that," is certainly food for thought.

WORKING WOMEN

George Gilder's conclusion ("Women in the Work Force," September *Atlantic*) that working married women do not fully exploit their earning capacities because of personal choice is profoundly inadequate.

Every working married woman I know (working outside the home, that is) gets insufficient help from her husband in a two-career family. Never have I heard of a situation in which a married woman feels that her husband is sharing equally in the work of home. By and large, men expect to go to work and come home and drop—most have added child care to that list. Household management, shopping, entertaining, the "details," fall largely on women.

Raised to take care of others, women see illnesses come on and prepare for them, chart emotional territory for spouses as well as children, and generally act as nurses and counselors.

This work, touted in the women's movement as "invisible work," makes weighty inroads on a woman's available energy. It's the kind of work that has always been done free for men by female relatives, so they take it for granted, devalue it, and have no idea what women are talking about until they are responsible for it themselves.

Day care does not take mother's work away—it simply sets it aside for eight hours. Until men learn how to make a home, women will continue to "choose" to do it, because they know what life would be like without it—chaotic, emotionally unfocused, and unhappy. Few women want this for themselves or their loved ones.

LAURA GACCIONE
Brookline, Mass.

George Gilder neglects to mention the one statistic that might shed some light on the "choices" that women are making in regard to working for wages. Let us at least consider that many women, *involved* with the values of male careerists, continue to do almost all of the work of maintaining the homes

and families that they both return to after a long day at work. These women may be "choosing" to be participants in the rearing of their children and not to be pushed into insanity by overwork. Working for wages is merely added to the unpaid, but necessary, work that a woman has always done, rarely with the help of her careerist male mate. To work full time and get done all of the other work that a family creates is a job that is very nearly impossible for the vast majority of non-hyperactive women. This still smells of discrimination to me.

CELESTE LEVIE
Minneapolis, Minn.

George Gilder misses a basic point. Discrimination per se is not the salient issue of the 1980s.

Child-rearing and building a family, functions that cannot be performed by day care, are still considered a woman's responsibilities. Despite "the revolution," this has not become a shared, or a male, role. (Flextime and shared medical residencies, for example, have not caught on.)

Until building a family is recognized as a societal imperative, rather than a woman's role, most women will have no choice but to "choose" a less demanding, and usually lower paying, job.

DARYL R. ALTMAN
East Rockaway, N.Y.

George Gilder replies:

My critics all solemnly point to the facts of life—greater male orientation toward career, greater female orientation toward home and children—and imagine that I have failed to notice these obvious realities, when they are the central themes of *Men and Marriage*. My critics imply that I somehow disapprove of the lesser career orientation of women. I heartily approve of it. My critics seem to suppose that men under some circumstances might take an equal role in child care. But the female role emerges inexorably from the fact that only the woman is necessarily present at birth and is biologically disposed to feed and care for infants. My critics seem to suppose that raising children can become a "societal" responsibility. But there is no such thing as "society"—just particular men and women. The choice is between mothers spontaneously and tenaciously caring for particular children—making them into productive citizens—and day-care custodians expensively ushering them into the welfare state.

ADVICE & CONSENT

Katrin Snow's cogent summary ("The Law: Trust Versus Antitrust," September *Atlantic*) of the antitrust suit brought against physicians fulfilling their mandate to carry out thorough peer review is only the latest example of the conflicting signals the medical profession gets from society and the law.

Doctors are being admonished to cut health-care costs, yet our cultural fascination with technology and the ever-present threat of malpractice litigation pressures physicians to order expensive diagnostic tests or perform costly procedures, often with limited value. Health maintenance organizations and now the federal government impose cost restraints, through severe economic disincentives, on primary-care physicians (internists, family practitioners, and pediatricians) but leave these physicians to stand on their own when the outcome of treatment does not meet a family's or a patient's expectations and the physicians are sued for "withholding care for economic gain."

The result of this professional dissonance is predictable. Physicians, particularly those in primary-care roles, are frustrated, depressed, and angry. Those who worked during the pre-meddling days of medicine are retiring early. Younger physicians, well trained and initially idealistic, are re-training for "non-patient care" specialties (radiology, anesthesiology, pathology) in which the hours are shorter, patients' demands are virtually nonexistent, and the monetary reward is substantially greater. Ask your family doctor if he's happy with his profession. His answer may surprise you.

ALAN P. ZELICOFF, M.D.
Albuquerque, N.M.

Vaporware, as described in *The Atlantic's* September Almanac, is indeed a black mark on the software industry. It is also accurately described as a product that is announced and marketed before it is developed. Fortunately, many reputable developers have never succumbed and will never succumb to this practice.

The word *vaporware* is, however, a creation not of *Time* but rather of "Release 1.0," a personal-computer-industry newsletter written and edited by Esther Dyson, whose insights are matched by her ability to turn a phrase.

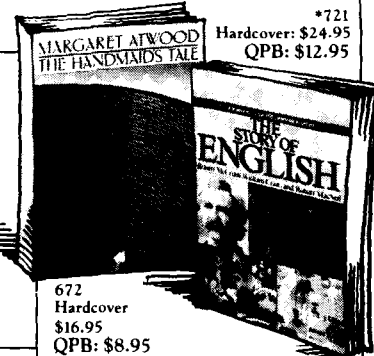
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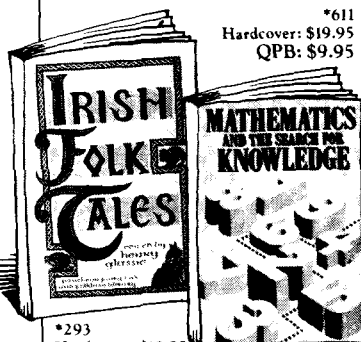
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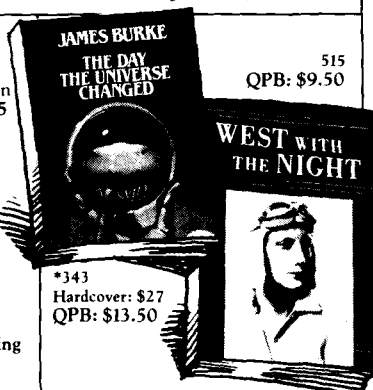
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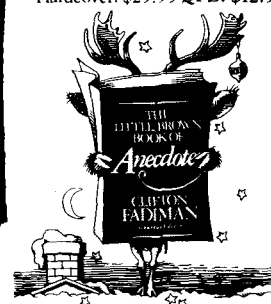


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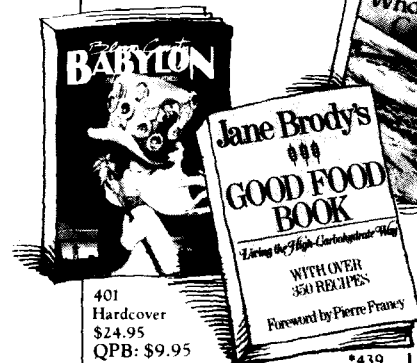


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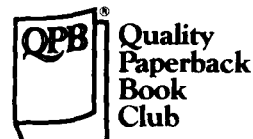
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THE DECEMBER ALMANAC



THE SKIES

There are two New Moons in December, one on the 1st and the other on the 30th. December 13-14, the Geminid meteor shower peaks, with at least 40 to 50 meteors seen per hour; the Geminids are debris from an extinct comet. This year the Geminids will be somewhat obscured by the approaching Full Moon. December 15-16, Full Moon, also known this month as the Long Night or Yule Moon. 21, Winter Solstice, marking the beginning of winter. Mars and Jupiter are the bright planets this month, nearly stumbling over each other in the southern sky.

GOVERNMENT

December 8-10, Republican and Democratic House organizational caucuses. The members of the 100th Congress will name a new leadership. 31, the target date for completion of the initial operational capability (or IOC, as they say in the Pentagon) of the MX missile system. The first 10 of these strategic missiles—10 percent of the total planned force of 100—will be placed in former Minuteman silos in and around Cheyenne, Wyoming. Ultimately 50 MX missiles will be based in former Minuteman silos. Basing for the other 50 remains undetermined.



FOOD

More than 125 billion milligrams of vitamin C, in the form of domestic oranges, lemons, tangerines, grapefruit, and tangelos, will be shipped interstate this month. The vitamin-C total is equivalent to some 875

million pounds of citrus fruit. If this seemingly stupendous amount of fruit were shared equally among the residents of all states except Arizona, California, and Florida, where 98 percent of the fruit is grown, it would provide only a third of the recommended daily allowance of vitamin C for each person for the month.

HEALTH & SAFETY

The end of the year is when the most new cases of AIDS, and the most deaths from AIDS, tend to occur. This is because the number of new AIDS cases and the number of deaths from AIDS are rising steadily, and therefore are always higher at the end of any year than at the beginning. From 1981, when the syndrome was discovered, through 1985 AIDS killed some 9,000 people. According to government projections another 9,000 will have died by the end of 1986. December 1-7, National Epidermolysis Bullosa Awareness Week. 14-20, National Drunk and Drugged Driving Awareness Week.



ARTS & LETTERS

Some 200 professional dance companies will perform *The Nutcracker* this month, accounting for a third of the year's total ballet performances and at least a third of total box-office revenues. December 10, 86th presentation of the Nobel Prizes in Stockholm, Sweden. December 15, more mail (approximately 175 million pieces) will be sent on this day than on any other day of the year; much of the volume, of course, will be Christmas cards. Some 500 full-time artists and writers (and numerous free-lancers) at the three largest greeting-card companies (Hallmark, American Greetings, and Gibson) have created more than 4,500 Christmas-card designs. Religious

scenes and doves with olive branches are motifs that have lately been gaining in popularity. The conventional wisdom in the greeting-card industry, however, is that while "art attracts, verse sells."



DEMOGRAPHICS

December is the peak winter month for domestic air travel: about 33 million fare-paying passengers will ascend into the skies. Excess-baggage revenues will climb to an annual high. Survey data show that more people travel in December to visit, and stay with, friends and relatives than do so in any other month; as a result December is the only month in which the hotel occupancy rate falls below 50 percent.

WORDS RECEIVED

Recent citations collected and defined by the editors of The American Heritage Dictionary (Houghton Mifflin), for possible inclusion in a revised edition:

Agent Blue *noun*, the unknown cause of a significant increase in major depression, especially among young people, often ending in suicide: "More people are becoming depressed, and at much younger ages. The ailment is so prevalent . . . that some NIMH scientists privately speculate that an unknown *Agent Blue* may be spurring its spread" (*New York*).

Lunch lid *noun*, an assurance given to White House journalists that no newsworthy events will occur during their lunch breaks: "The announcement at the White House that 'the lunch lid is on' means reporters are



free to go to lunch knowing war will not be declared while they're eating a corned beef on rye and, in fact, nothing newsworthy will happen until after 3 o'clock" (*New York Times*).

Trailing spouse *noun*, a spouse in a two-career marriage who relinquishes employment in order to follow his or her mate to a new locale where the mate has obtained employment: "More and more couples are looking at relocations carefully, and the *trailing spouse* is saying, 'I am not going to give up my career, willy-nilly'" (Springfield, Mass., *Sunday Republican*).



75 YEARS AGO

Arthur May Knapp, writing in the December, 1911, issue of *The Atlantic* on the possibility of a war breaking out between the United States and Japan: "In Japanese hearts America is by far the most favored nation on earth. They regard it as their mother country, even as we are at last coming to regard England. It is in truth the mother of their modern life. Commodore Perry to-day is enrolled among their national saints, the Fourth of July is observed as one of the chief festivals of the year and the name of George Washington appeals to the youth of the land as does no other name in all history. . . . When it is further added that the Japanese government, instead of being the pack of fools which it would be if it cherished any design of attacking America, is not only one of the most level-headed governing bodies in the world, but is intensely aware of the power of our nation and the value of its friendship, it would seem to be high time that this senseless bogey of possible war between the two countries should be given final burial."

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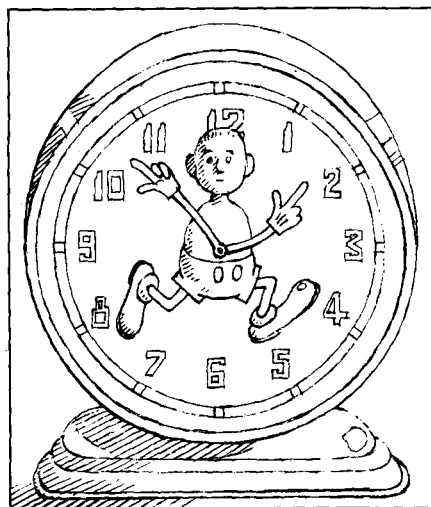
REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES PFFT

IN MY MIND I am seventeen, although in actual fact—in man-years—I am older. When I go to pick up baby-sitters, I think of them as young contemporaries, the way eleventh-graders think of ninth-graders. They, in contrast, think of me as a crumbling historical specimen. “I wish my dad would ever wear a jacket like that,” one of them said not long ago. She didn’t mean (it turned out) that she thought I looked sharp; she meant that she wished her father would stop trying to dress so youthfully.

A couple of years ago in New York, I was walking down Seventieth Street wearing blue jeans, sneakers, and an old sweatshirt. Two boys in their late teens were playing football on the sidewalk. The ball got away from them and rolled to my feet. I bent to pick it up and toss it back. One of the boys said, “I’ll get that, sir.”

I am so used to being thought of as a



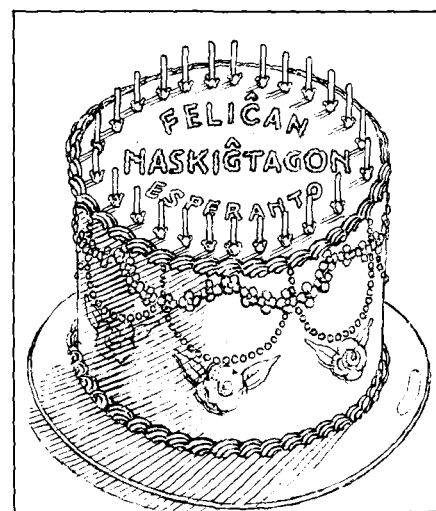
member of the Young Generation that the idea of becoming a member of the Old Generation is pretty hard to accept. This feeling seems to be widely shared. Lately I have noticed that people my age usually teach their children to address grown-ups by their first names. I am Dave or Davey to my daughter’s friends, not Mr. Owen. This may be just a change of fashion, like the day in 1964 when my father and every other man in America stopped wearing a hat. But I think it’s something else. Some of my friends don’t even like to be called Mom or Dad. I can understand this. When my daughter calls me Dave, as she does occasionally, I am as thrilled as I was when I went to the front door recently and a salesman asked, “Are your parents home?”

My daughter turned two not long ago. I said to her, “Here’s how old you are: One, two. Now here’s how old Daddy is: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen (pause), eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-one.” This made me feel depressed. To make myself feel better, I told her how old Grandpa is.

When my daughter was born, one of her great-grandfathers said, “I don’t mind being a great-grandfather, but I can’t stand being the father of a grandfather.”

When I was twenty-one, I asked my father, who was fifty-one at the time, how old he felt. “Not very,” he said. I asked, “How long ago does it seem since you were my age?” He thought for a moment, and then waved his hand and said, “Pfft.”

—David Owen



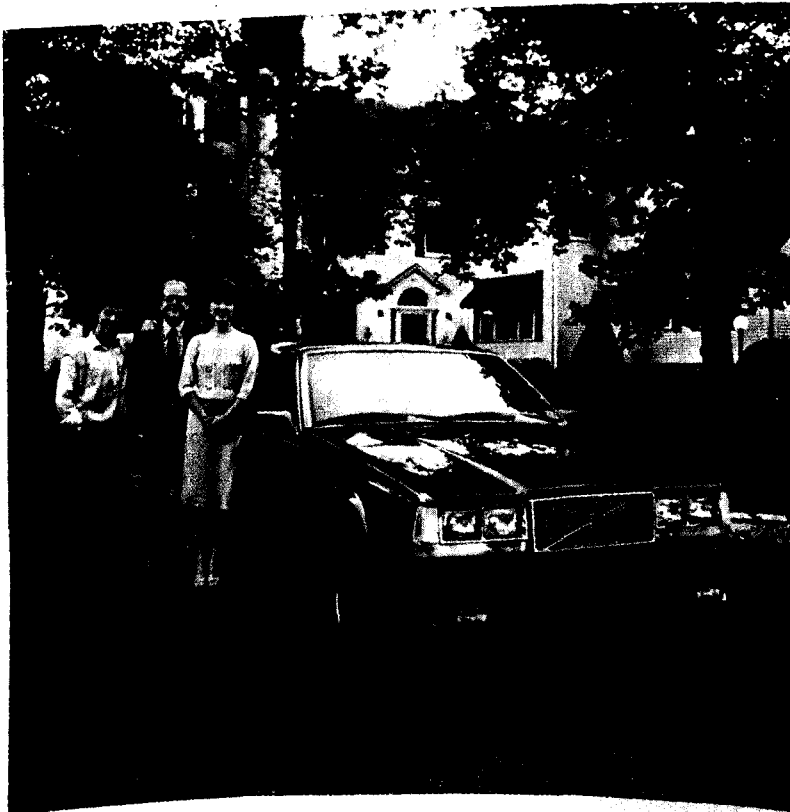
LANGUAGE

ESPERANTO LIVES

Hundon mordas viro,
“Man bites dog,” might be the motto of
this artificial language, which incarnates
an impossible, yet democratic, dream

IT’S TEMPTING to laugh at the Esperantists, and during the two weeks that I spent with 2,200 of them in China, for the International Esperanto Congress, I periodically succumbed. Their dream of world brotherhood through a planned international language is so touchingly unrealistic; the proportion of oddballs among them is so high. On the flight into Beijing my children tried to amuse themselves by picking out Esperantists among the passengers. But the game soon lost any sense of challenge. In the row behind us, for example, seat A held a Japanese salaryman, B another salaryman, and C a ninety-year-old American with beret, backpack, dazed

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A car that lets you indulge your senses.

Without taking leave of your sense.

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expression, and Esperanto book. The conference itself was heaven for a satirist. At the start my favorite characters were the pack of natty, eager Bulgarians, on their first trip out of the homeland and searching vainly for subgeriatric women on whom to try out their Esperanto opening lines. But as time went on, my attention swung to the sizable corps of vegetarian Esperantists, whose outrage mounted with the appearance of each new platter of chicken or pork. At the last of several grand banquets the vegetarians sat in stony silence, their fiercely crossed arms sending a message that blasted through any language barrier, their cadaverous physiques undercutting their cause. As the dessert course neared, I thought that harmony might at last be restored. But when the waiters arrived with . . . Baked Alaska! one Dutchman stomped out in disgust. "Vot about de eggs?" he said, in English, to the waiter as he passed.

Still, by the end of the 71st annual congress—that is, the *Sepdekunua Universala Kongreso de Esperanto*—I wasn't laughing so hard. An improbable cause it may be, but Esperanto also seems an admirable one. If we honor Don Quixote for his doomed crusades, why do any less for these, his heirs?

ESPERANTO WAS devised ninety-nine years ago in Warsaw, by Dr. L. L. Zamenhof, who is usually identified in the movement's literature as a "Polish oculist." His goal was to create a language so simple and logical that anyone could learn it, and so neutral in its political and cultural connotations that it could be used as everybody's second language, removing nationalistic freight attached to English, French, German, and other dominant tongues.

In at least one respect he succeeded, for Esperanto is truly and elegantly simple—not simpleminded, as some pidgin languages seem to be, but relentless in the regularity and simplicity of its "no exceptions" grammatical policy. Once you learn a certain pattern, you can be confident that it will always apply.

For example, every verb, in every possible context or grammatical setting, will end in *-as* in the present tense—and any word ending that way will be a present-tense verb. For "am," "is," or "are," you can always say *estas*, and you will always be right. (Verb endings are the same for first, second, and third person, singular and plural.) Every verb root, always, can be converted to past tense with an *-is* end-

ing, and to future with *-os*. The *-us* ending means conditional, *-u* is imperative, and *-i* is the infinitive form. Therefore, once you know that *star-* is the root meaning "stand," you automatically know many other things: that *staras* means "stand," *staris* means "stood," *staros* means "will stand," *starus* means "would stand," *staru* means "Stand!" as a bailiff might say when the judge enters the court, and *stari* means "to stand."

In Esperanto every noun will end in *-o*, and every word ending in *-o* will be a noun. (*Esperanto*, by the language's built-in rules, means "one who hopes.") Adjectives will always end in *-a*; plurals of nouns and adjectives, which must agree with each other, will always take a *-j* after the *o* or *a*. If *granda hundo* is "big dog," *grandaj hundoj* will be "big dogs." Esperanto's *j* is pronounced like the English *y*, so *-aj* rhymes with "pie" and *-oj* with "boy." Words ending in *-e* are always adverbs. The stress in each word of spoken Esperanto will always be on the next-to-last syllable. Every word will be pronounced the way it's spelled.

Zamenhof used to brag that Esperanto had only sixteen grammatical rules, which, once memorized and digested, could make anyone competent in the language. This is an exaggeration—I pored over the sixteen rules and had a lot left to learn—but the absence of exceptions gives comfort and confidence to the novice speaker. Precisely because the rules are clear and unvarying, when you learn a few of them you can plunge right ahead and make up new sentences. They may not be profound, but at least they'll be right.

According to Albert Valdman, a renowned linguist from the University of Indiana, who specializes in Creole languages and was an observer at the *Kongreso*, Esperanto is not so simple as it could be. Although its verbs don't go through the *am/is/are* conjugations that so many in English do, Esperanto requires two forms of agreement that English does not. Adjectives must agree in number with their nouns (*grandaj hundoj*), and both must take an accusative-case *-n* ending when the noun is used as a direct object. (*La viro havas grandan hundon*—"The man has a big dog." *The* is always translated "*la*," and *a* is not translated at all.) Zamenhof thought such agreement a virtue, because it allows Esperanto, like Latin, to be almost indifferent to word order. If you say *hundon mordas viro*, Esperantists know it's "Man bites dog" even though the dog comes

first in the sentence. The other way around would be *hundo mordas viron*, or *viron hundo mordas*.

Creoles, which have evolved from trading languages with ease of learning as their cardinal goal, don't bother with such case agreement, nor do they prize free word order, Valdman said. For example, the Malay language of Malaysia and Indonesia, although not technically a Creole, is so stripped down that it even lacks a verb "to be." Instead, like English, it lets word order clarify the meaning. If you want to say "This is a book" in Malay, you say *ini buku*—literally, a "me Tarzan"—style "This [be] book." But if you say *buku ini*, it means "*this* book" (as opposed to that one). The pattern of pidgin languages—representing the efforts of a real speaker to communicate and make a sale—suggests that word order is simpler to learn than case agreement, Valdman said. Therefore Zamenhof could have taken Esperanto one step further toward his ideal.

"Perhaps this does make it more complicated," I was told by Humphrey Tonkin, a British-born U.S. citizen in his forties who is now president of the State University of New York in Potsdam. He is regarded as Esperanto's best orator, was installed in Beijing as president of the Universal Esperanto Association, and will preside at the hundredth-anniversary celebrations, which will be held in Warsaw next year. "But Zamenhof was so idealistic. He thought he was creating an analogue of Latin, or maybe—although he couldn't say it—of Yiddish." Zamenhof was a Jew, and during the 1930s both Hitler and Stalin suppressed Esperanto because of its "cosmopolitan" overtones. One straight import from Yiddish is the interjection *nu!*—roughly, "Well, now . . ." It can sound bizarre when it pops up in the middle of Esperanto's typical Italian-sounding trills.

Esperanto offers another sturdy crutch to most new learners: its vocabulary is full of familiar friends.

According to the Esperantists' gospel, Zamenhof tirelessly searched the dictionaries of the (Western) world, choosing from each the most beautiful, appropriate, and precise roots onto which to graft his new language. From Greek he took the *-j* plural ending and *kaj*, which rhymes with "sky" and means "and." From English he took *jes*, which means and sounds the same as "yes"; from German *knabo*, for "boy," *bildo*, for "picture," and some others; from the Romance languages nearly everything else.

Tonkin and others deny it stoutly, but I believe that a precocious form of affirmative action, rather than lofty linguistic standards, guided some of Zamenhof's choices, since he left a little bit of each European language in the final mix. The sequence from one to ten, for example, goes: *unu, du, tri, kvar, kvin, ses, sep, ok, naŭ, dek*. This looks more like a Democratic Party-style quota system than a choice on the merits.

For whatever reason, most of Esperanto's vocabulary is taken straight from Latin or the Romance languages. If you've studied any of them, it's not hard to guess that *dormas* means "sleep," *mangas* (*ĝ* is like the soft *g* in "giant") means "eat," and *parolas* means "speak." If you haven't studied them, Esperanto loses some of its instant learnability. My children, for instance, found it not much more accessible than Japanese, which they had to struggle with during our five-month stay in Japan, since in both cases they had to learn many new words from scratch. Their plight is mirrored by that of most Asian Esperanto-learners, who must memorize the *dorm-/mang-/parol-* roots one by one. Asian speakers abounded at the Beijing conference—the Chinese movement was hailed as probably the largest and certainly the fastest-growing in the world. Their enthusiasm, Humphrey Tonkin said, made Zamenhof's achievement the more impressive. "The Chinese, Japanese, and Koreans have to learn each new root, yet the regularity of the language gives them tremendous confidence."

After stumbling along in moronic-sounding but not-inaccurate Esperanto, I can testify that it offers an easier start than other languages. But is it any easier to attain full, supple, nuanced mastery of Esperanto than of, say, Italian? Tonkin, who as a graduate student at Harvard had an Esperanto-speaking roommate, insisted that it is. The U.S. Foreign Service ranks fluency on several levels, the lowest being Level One. "It's almost impossible to reach Level Four in Italian," Tonkin said. "I'd say I was at Level Four in Esperanto within eighteen months."

One other linguistic feature makes Esperanto more complicated than it might initially seem, but also more interesting. In keeping with his doctrine of learnability, Zamenhof cooked up a way to generate a large variety of meanings from a small lexicon. The heart of the language is fewer than two thousand

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root words—comparatively few—plus a variety of prefixes, suffixes, and infixes that, in mix-and-match style, can make one root stretch to cover dozens of meanings.

For example (these definitions are taken from Montagu Butler's *Esperanto-English Dictionary*): *Sano* is a noun meaning "health." By the normal manipulations, *sana* therefore means "healthy" and *sane* means "healthily" (with the final *e* it is pronounced "sahn-ay"). The prefix *mal-* is quite common in Esperanto, and it reverses a word's meaning. So *malsano* means "illness," and *malsana* means "unhealthy." Near the end of a word *-ul-* means those in a category, so a *malsanulo* is an invalid. *-Eg-* intensifies and *-et-* diminishes, so *sanega* means "lusty and brimming with life," while *malsanega* means "at death's door." *Mal-*

similar structure) and, to me at least, accounts for most of its chess-game-style intellectual allure. At the same time, it constitutes the major aesthetic objection to the language, since the more agglutination, the fewer new, rich words from which to choose.

I realize that my knowledge is limited, but to me Esperanto's vocabulary often seemed paltry, mainly because of the heavy reliance on affixes, especially *mal-*. The standard word for "short" is *mal-longa*; for "small," *malgranda*. Esperanto has no standard word for the direction left except *maldekstra*, or "un-right." Its word for open is *malfermi*, "un-close."

When I complained about *mal-* to Humphrey Tonkin, he gave a knowing smile. "Many people have noticed that," he said. "Once after I'd given a talk about Esperanto, a woman raised her hand and

About ten years ago Humphrey Tonkin received a visit from a ninety-year-old man named Baker, who was calling on Esperantists around the country on a Greyhound Bus pass. Baker had been active in the movement before the Great War, had given it up as doomed, and had decided after a fifty-year layoff to get back in touch. "He spoke what sounded like an antique language," Tonkin told me. "But it was also extremely inventive in its grammatical tricks. I had the feeling that they had worked out linguistic solutions we have lost, because we've just imported new words."

Over the years, Esperanto dictionaries have grown and grown. Radios, telephones, televisions, and a thousand other less tangible innovations have come into being since Zamenhof's time. Esperanto's choice was to invent its own word for "talking across great distance" or to acquiesce (as it has) to *telefono*. Does it make sense to insist on *malsanulejo* (*-ej-* means a place for, so this is "place for the sick") or to go with *hospitalo*, like most Western languages? To enforce *komputilo* (*-ilo* signifies a tool) or bow to *komputero*, in keeping with the rest of the world? Esperanto has an Academy, supposed to give or deny approval to new usages, but most academicians I spoke with thought that the future lay with imported words. Not even at mealtimes were the *Kongresantoj* spared the agonizing dilemma of word choice. The wooden eating implements with which most of the delegates fumbled in their rice bowls: should they be called *hasio* (*ŝ* is pronounced like the *sh* in "shall"), in keeping with the Japanese and Chinese name, *hashi*? Die-hard Esperanto purists thought not. Instead they took the Mr. Potato Head approach of combining approved root words and coming up with *mangobastonetoj*, or "eat-sticklets." I'd love to make fun of *mangobastonetoj*, except that "chopsticks" was put together just the same way, *chop* being Asian pidgin-English for "fast."

In grammar as well as vocabulary, Esperanto has trouble managing linguistic change. While English and other natural languages are constantly in flux, the billions of daily conversations creating momentum that no language purist can control, Esperanto is not used enough to create real pressure for change. (Esperantists cringe at the term "natural" language, used to distinguish French or German from their "artificial" language. They call everything but Esperanto a "national" language, as distinct from the



sanegulo, of course, means "the terminally ill," and *malsaneta* means "mildly indisposed." *-Ig-* gives a word an instrumental or causative sense, so *saniga* means "health-giving and restorative," *malsaniga* means "unsanitary," *sanigi* is "to cure," and *malsanigi* is "to make sick." The infix *-ĝ-* means to become, so *malsaniĝi* is "to fall ill" and *saniĝi* is "to recover." (Esperantists don't say they "learned" or "studied" the language, they say they *Esperantiĝis*, "became Esperantists.") *-Ant-* means one who does something, so *saniganto* could mean "a healer"—and those who attended the *Kongreso* were *Kongresantoj*.

I could go on practically forever: *-Em-* means having a certain tendency, so *malsanema* would mean "sickly." But I think the point is already clear. Esperanto's "agglutinative" nature distinguishes it from most modern languages (Albert Valdman said that Turkish has the most

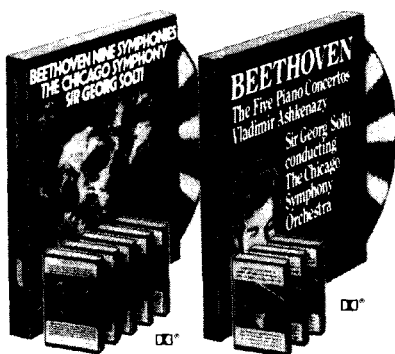
said, "You mean to tell me that your language has no word for "unhappy"?" Other Esperanto luminaries were more sympathetic to my complaint. Reto Rossetti, a Swiss-born writer who lives in England and is Esperanto's leading poet, said that there are times when a poet wants to describe an old man and doesn't want to use *malnova* or *maljuna*. "You don't want to take this to extremes," he said. "Zamenhof didn't make us say *malblanca* for black; he gave us *nigra*."

The dispute over *mal-* illustrates the one titanic ideological struggle under way within the Esperanto movement, at least among those seriously interested in the language's structure. On one side are the purists, who love the austerity of Zamenhof's scheme—few roots, many permutations. On the other side are the naturalists, who don't at all mind dressing the language up with a few modern additions.

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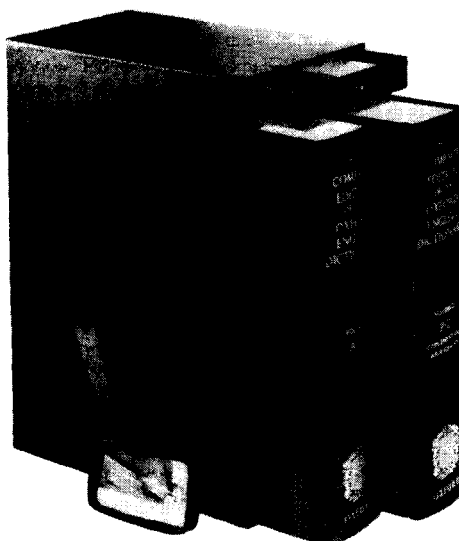
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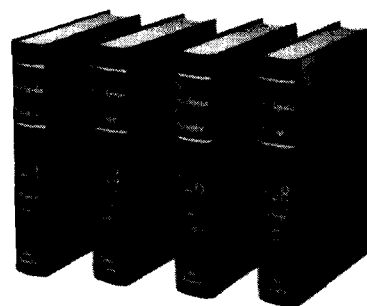
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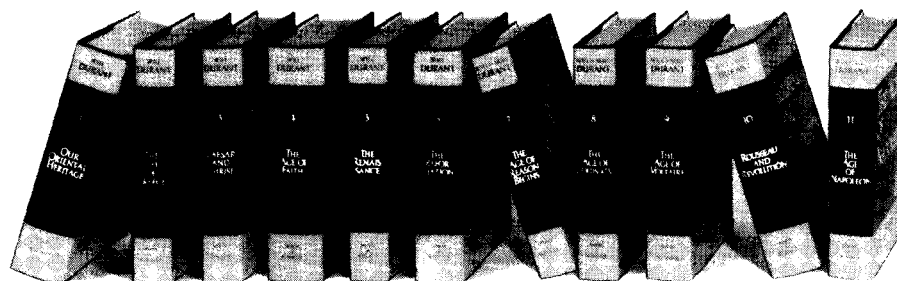
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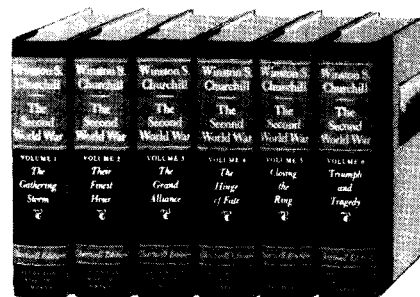


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“international” or “planned” language.) English may have its Edwin Newmans tut-tutting about change, but the Esperanto movement can plausibly view change as a dire threat.

“In principle, this language should *never* change,” I was told by Diccan Masterman, a full-bearded, swashbuckling Englishman in his forties who recently finished a four-year term as director of the congress section of the Universal Esperanto Association, in Rotterdam. “When it changes, it loses regularity. But if you read what was written long ago, you notice a great stylistic difference. So it does have dynamism, though not as much as a national language.”

Esperanto is almost devoid of idioms, the juicy, not literally true expressions (like “juicy”) that give life to national languages. I asked several authorities to prove me wrong on this, and they all came up with the same pallid word: *ĝis!*, a shortened version of *ĝis revido* (“so long!”). Later Tonkin offered a much better idiom: *kabeigi*, meaning “disappear from the Esperanto movement,” after a man named Kabe who was for a while enthusiastic and then gave up. But because this idiom has to be explained, it runs counter to the no-exceptions creed. To me, Esperanto seemed to have the pluses and minuses of a very fine computer-programming language. It is logical, learnable, and somewhat sterile, but still satisfying for the righteous purity of its approach. Indeed, computer programmers are well represented in the Esperanto membership book, coming in close behind the leading occupational category: “retired.”

MAYBE LINGUISTIC and aesthetic arguments about Esperanto are all beside the point. If the worldwide usage of Esperanto approximates that of Pig Latin, does it matter that one is a real, even elegant, language and the other is a joke? Esperanto has endured for ninety-nine years, longer than any other artificial language. But when it was invented, German was the international language of science, English of commerce, French of diplomacy and snobbery. Now English serves in all those roles—so why should anyone bother with Esperanto?

To this question—the question—Esperantists offer many answers. Among those gathered at the *Kongreso* there was no shortage of persons ready to explain their interest in Esperanto by means of atypical life stories. One man learned the language in a study group in

Dachau. One woman learned from her parents, as a red-diaper baby, when Esperanto enjoyed a leftist vogue in the 1930s. On the bus to and from the meetings I sat next to a woman from the far northern reach of Sweden, who spends most of each year with no companions except reindeer and lives for the fellowship of the *Kongreso*. The tour guide on our bus, dragooned into temporary service from his regular job as a Chinese-to-Esperanto translator, spent the years of the Cultural Revolution slopping pigs on the farm.

The Baha’i faith fielded a big delegation. So did the Oomoto movement of Japan, which has adopted Esperanto as its vehicle for exporting the Shinto religion worldwide. (Considering that Shinto amounts to the worship of Japaneseness, this project seems more ambitious than Esperanto itself.) There were blind Esperantists, handicapped Esperantists, a gay Esperantists’ group call *Samseks-amaj Geesperantistoj*, or “same-sex-loving male and female Esperantists.” The only conspicuous absentees were Soviet Esperantists, who stayed away for various political reasons.

Because talk of world brotherhood figures so prominently in Esperanto rhetoric, I was expecting heavy overlap between Esperantists and the anti-nuclear movement or the Greens. But when I asked Humphrey Tonkin about other leaders’ politics, he said he didn’t know, because no one ever talked about it. When I asked Diccan Masterman about Esperanto leftism, he started telling me about his career as an RAF bomber pilot. Someone else pointed out that Reed Irvine, of Accuracy in Media, the scourge of America’s pinko press, was once an active Esperantist. Most of the Americans at the conference were from California, and they included many don’t-tread-on-me individualists.

But the most crazed-sounding reason for studying Esperanto—the one most likely to provoke ridicule from those outside the fold—is its “practicality”: learn Esperanto and see the world! For a few of the *Kongresantoj*, the language actually had opened doors. The Bulgarians, the Iranians, and many of the Chinese didn’t know any other world language and probably didn’t have any other excuse for getting a visa. “Many people see it as an attainable language,” Masterman said. “They may think they can never learn English, but this gives them a start.”

Masterman and Osmo Buller, a sober

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young Finn who now directs the central office in Rotterdam, were full of "practical" illustrations of how Esperanto was just about to catch on big. China was training more people in Esperanto—and had put out for thirty years a classy, slick-paper magazine called *El Popola Ĉinio* (ĉ sounds like the *ch* in "church"), or *From People's China*. Esperanto was starting its own academy of sciences, based in San Marino, where experts from many lands would read technical papers in Esperanto. The Common Market countries were considering using Esperanto for computerized translations. Instead of working up separate translation programs for each pair of European languages—Spanish to Danish, German to Greek—the EEC might have programs to take each language into and out of Esperanto, which would be the clearinghouse.

But even at the *Kongreso* such practical talk was the exception. Whenever the Esperantists wanted to speak to anybody outside the club—Chinese taxi drivers or hotel clerks, for example—their choices were English or Chinese. On a post-*Kongreso* tour to south China, an English-speaking local guide who'd blundered in among the Esperantists recognized that my family shared her plight. She met us in a bar, described China's language-training programs, and made clear that sensible parents would kill themselves if a bright child studied Esperanto instead of English. The day after the *Kongreso* ended, a bedraggled Eastern European man was trying to get travel instructions from a clerk at the headquarters hotel. He posed a question in Esperanto. "Speak English!" the clerk snapped, rendering judgment on the two weeks past.

"I've grown much less practical-minded than I used to be," Humphrey Tonkin told me. "Fifteen years ago I might have stressed the practical advantages to learning Esperanto. Now no one can pretend that Esperanto will compete with English. But I'm more idealistic now. Esperanto permits a kind of communication that English makes hard."

Two weeks earlier I might have laughed at this, too, but by the end of the *Kongreso* I think I understood what Tonkin meant. Most delegates to the conference could speak English, but Esperanto let them communicate without worrying so much about who was one-upping whom.

In some parts of the world—Southeast Asia may be the best example—

English is used just to communicate, not to carry the extra judgmental freight. Chinese, Malays, and Tamils all speak it as a second, trading language and waste little time worrying about pronunciation and "skill." But this is the exception. Americans and Britons can use English around the world—but the other party to the conversation will always be "speaking uphill," as William Harmon, a shipping-company executive from California, put it.

Precisely because no one is a native speaker, Esperanto eliminates this problem. Some people speak more fluently than others, but no one has the native speaker's right to sneer at mere beginners. I began to appreciate this difference when I spoke to a French *Kongresanto* in French. For the previous week I had blundered ahead, unembarrassed,

in pidgin Esperanto, but when I dared attempt his own language, my friend's eyes narrowed in disapproval of my many gaffes. Later that day I spoke in Esperanto with a Norwegian who (I later discovered) was perfectly comfortable in English. "We're just paying attention to each other's words when we speak this way," she said. "You're not distracted by my Norwegian accent in English."

Is this reason enough to master Esperanto? For me it's not. I'd rather spend the time swotting up my Japanese. But it's no longer in me to laugh at those who make the effort. They do no harm, and at a personal level may do good. If you're interested in joining them, the address of the Esperanto League of North America is P.O. Box 1129, El Cerrito, California 94530.

—James Fallowes



CHILE

THE MORAL LIMITS OF SELF-INTEREST

Chile's middle classes are turning against the Pinochet regime because of a bad economy, not revulsion against torture

THE REGIME OF General Augusto Pinochet has ruled Chile since 1973 by a canny mixture of terror and progress. It can still unleash terror: witness the burning of Rodrigo Rojas, a nineteen-year-old American national, and his eighteen-year-old Chilean companion during last July's anti-Pinochet general strike, as well as the wave of killings and

arrests that followed the assassination attempt on Pinochet in September. But economic progress is becoming harder and harder for Pinochet to arrange. The Chilean economy has been in a deep slump for more than three years. The poor have suffered near-depression-level rates of unemployment during this slump. The middle classes—the doctors and small businessmen and truck drivers who played so large a part in the July strike—are also feeling the pinch, and they are abandoning their support of Pinochet largely as a result.

The growing disillusionment of the middle classes, who make up 40 percent of the population, may or may not lead to a Philippine-style political earthquake. But morally it is already having a profound effect on many Chileans. The middle-class Chileans I talked to on a recent visit—law-abiding, sophisticated, educated people—are having to con-

front their complicity in Pinochet's crimes. When I asked one of the leaders of the July strikes, a clothing-store owner named Jaime Pérez, why he and many like him have joined the anti-Pinochet opposition, he replied with a version of Pastor Martin Niemöller's dark parable: When they came to look for my neighbor, I was silent, because I am not my neighbor. When they took my friend, I was still silent. When they came to take my son, I became uneasy. Now they have come for me, and it is too late.

What members of the Chilean middle class do not like to discuss is that for many of those who oppose Pinochet today, Niemöller's anti-Nazi parable accurately describes their behavior. Although opposition to Pinochet among the middle and upper classes is now widespread, for the first nine years after the military coup against the regime of Salvador Allende, which brought Pinochet to power, it was practically nonexistent.

"When I quit the government, in 1974," said Orlando Sáenz, a wealthy businessman who was the president of the national manufacturers' association before becoming Pinochet's first economic adviser, "critics were so rare that my friends thought it was arranged by the government to provide some type of criticism. No one believed I left because I was against what was happening."

Those who did protest human-rights abuses in the early days had to be careful. "We confined ourselves to the inner core of the utmost legitimacy," said José Zalaquett, a member of the Allende government who was exiled in 1976 for his human-rights work, and who has recently returned to Chile. "If we concentrated on fighting the torture and killing, no one could openly dispute the legitimacy of that. But we could not openly oppose the government."

In 1980 more than 67 percent of Chile's voters ratified a Pinochet-backed constitution that allowed him to stay in office until 1989 and to run for another eight-year term after that if he chose. The constitution gave legal backing to many of Pinochet's abuses: press censorship, limits on free assembly, recess of political parties and congress, the jailing of people without charges, and the internal banishment or exile of political enemies.

The reason for the middle class's past poor vision and present bad memory is that their support for Pinochet lasted exactly as long as an economic boom that brought them unprecedented luxury.

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ALMOST AS SOON as Allende was out of the way, a group of Chilean disciples of Milton Friedman—whom Chileans called “los Chicago boys”—quickly transformed the socialist economy into a laboratory for the free market. Foreign investment and credit soared. “Anyone could buy a TV, a Japanese or American car, or a house, completely on credit, without one peso,” said Luis Sánchez, a lawyer who heads the Federation of Housing Debtors, an organization of those now impossibly indebted from their earlier borrowing.

In 1979 Jaime Pérez, then twenty-eight and the owner of four import-clothing stores, bought his family a color television. Between then and late 1981 he bought three more TVs and three video-cassette recorders, one with a movie camera. He traded in his car for a new one every year. “You could buy anything on credit and everyone went into debt to grow and expand,” he told me.

The economy collapsed in 1982. Los Chicago boys had fixed the peso at an artificially high thirty-nine to the dollar, making imports cheap but business impossible for Chilean exporters. The boom was a mirage based on credit; only the financial sector was really doing well. In 1982, with the sudden devaluation of the peso, rises in world interest rates and in the price of oil, and a drop in the price of Chile’s main export, copper, the boom vanished. The gross domestic product fell by 14 percent that year.

Pérez told me, “The government kept telling us, ‘We don’t need much time to recover,’ and yet things didn’t recover. We lost confidence in the people making economic policy.”

I asked Pérez how he felt now, looking back on his support for Pinochet during the good years. He was silent for a long time. “That’s why I’ve gotten my association so involved,” he said. “I feel complicit.”

“It was like the opposition was sleeping and they woke up when the economic problems came,” Carmen Sáenz de Phillips, the president of the conservative National Party, told me. A November, 1984, poll by the firm Diagnos found that only 5.8 percent of Chileans named Pinochet as the best leader to solve Chile’s problems. Today about 15 percent of Chileans support Pinochet, and about 18 percent support the Communists. But the now widespread opposition to Pinochet stems from the same self-interest that gave him his support during the 1970s. A recent survey by the

think tank FLACSO, the Latin American Social Science Faculty, showed that, as could be expected, Chileans consider the economy to be the country’s most important problem. Named eleventh on the list of twelve possible problems, by two percent of those polled—fewer than named “delinquency, drug addiction, prostitution” and “lack of communication, moral crisis”—was “human rights, torture.”

It would be easy to understand Chileans’ tolerance for the Pinochet regime if their society were more like that of Haiti, with a relatively unsophisticated and uninformed people and a long tradition of repressive government. But Chile is quite different. Before 1973 Chile was a democracy for 150 years, with only a few short interruptions by authoritarian rule—one of the longest democratic traditions in the world. Chilean respect for law is so deeply etched that on almost every downtown street, peddlers sell legal pamphlets, yelling, “Transit law, renters’ law, get your credit law!” The rate of literacy is 94 percent. The middle class is strong, and the upper middle class is sophisticated and cultured. The violence of the government is as alien to Chile as it would be to the United States. Yet thirteen years after the coup that ousted Allende, Pinochet is still in power. The very civility of the Chileans, instead of driving them to stop the violence, made it easy for them to close their eyes to the repression and fall into a ten-year political sleep.

PINOCHET’S SUCCESS has its roots in the last days of the Allende regime. By the end of Allende’s three years in office it was impossible to tell what was responsible for the problems—mismanagement, economic pressure from the United States, or constant sabotage by the regime’s opponents, who were determined to create shortages. Clearly, though, while the poor had more money and influence than before, all the middle and upper classes saw was chaos. “If I told you as you went out that when you came home your house would be taken over by somebody else, it was perfectly possible,” said Miguel Schweitzer, a lawyer and formerly Pinochet’s Foreign Minister, echoing what many Chileans had told me. “If you went to the supermarket, it was as if they were renewing the stocks every day—completely empty. You never knew if your sons were going to arrive at school, or if there would be no classes at all.”

“The coup was probably received with relief by the majority of the Chilean people,” Zalaquett, the former Allende official, said. “It gives me a bellyache when I admit it, but it’s true.” The chaos vanished with the coup. When stores reopened two days later, on September 13, 1973, there were no more shortages—a good indication that they had been manufactured. For most people, life became stable and orderly.

The relief of living a normal life again pushed all thoughts of the price paid for order out of most Chileans’ minds. “People didn’t want to hear about politics,” Carmen Sáenz said. “There was no uneasiness about the violence. The passion to be political wasn’t there.” Thousands of people were killed, their bodies occasionally left in the street as a warning to other political activists, but the heavily censored newspapers and television said nothing. As a result, although many people knew of the violence, they did not have to confront it every day over their morning toast, and many others could simply choose not to know. “Those who knew what was going on tended to disqualify it,” Lucia Sant Cruz, an editorial writer for the pro-government newspaper *El Mercurio*, told me. “They felt there was a war going on, or they believed it was all Communists.”

Chileans say that they thought of Pinochet’s rule as an interlude that would soon give way to democracy. But Pinochet still defines Chile’s choice as “order or chaos” in practically every speech; and the political appeal of “order” is likely to grow, at least temporarily, in the wake of the September 7 assassination attempt on Pinochet attributed to members of the leftist revolutionary movement, and the government’s discovery of large arms caches hidden at sites in the Atacama Desert.

Pinochet’s strategy is greatly helped by the circumstances of the political opposition today in Chile. Without access to television or elections, the parties cannot speak to Chileans and Chileans cannot speak to them. Partially as a result, they are weak and divided. There are currently about fourteen opposition parties—the number changes each month—and their bickering is self-destructive.

A second reason for Pinochet’s strength today is that he has been very shrewd in gauging exactly how much the people will tolerate. Corruption was never permitted in Chile, and the Pinochet regime is not corrupt. Congress is in



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permanent recess, habeas corpus is routinely ignored, dissidents are jailed and exiled, but, as Chileans demand, it's all *legal*—right there in the constitution. On human rights the regime has walked a thin tightrope: just enough repression to terrorize the politically active into quiescence, but not enough to set off alarms among nonpolitical Chileans and observers abroad.

"From 1973 to 1976 repression was massive and indiscriminate," Gonzalo Taborga, a founder and officer of the Chilean Human Rights Commission, said. "It was as if we were in a period of war, with indiscriminate repression. Then, in 1977 and 1978, a new line began: massive, but more discriminating. Assassinations, summary executions, disappearances, exile, and torture characterize this period. In 1978 it began to get more sophisticated. Instead of disappearances, people began to die in supposed confrontations with the police—they needed scenarios for the press."

As people's tolerance for abuses lessened, so did the abuses themselves. According to the commission, since 1981 there have been 306 political killings, 1,119 reports of torture, and 3,547 reports of cruel and inhuman treatment. In 1985 there were sixty-five political murders—sixty-five too many, of course, but nothing like the thousands that occurred in each year of the early seventies.

Today the regime enforces order with mass arrests. Each demonstration ends in a ritual: *carabineros* with tear-gas bombs and water cannons break up the crowd, arrest hundreds of marchers, and release them a few hours later. There are roundups in the slums: soldiers with their faces painted black for anonymity and to make them more terrifying sweep through the slums in the middle of the night, frequently with helicopters and searchlights. They wake every household and take the men—still in pajamas—to a sports stadium. In one two-week period last spring 15,000 people were detained in this manner. The roundups, combined with the occasional exemplary killing, to remind the opposition of what could always happen, are enough to keep most Chileans out of politics. Mass killings and their attendant publicity are no longer necessary. "If I put my knife to your throat once, the next time I just need to bring it out of my coat and show it to you," Taborga said.

The regime concentrates the repression on Chile's slums for two reasons. First, the slums are strongholds of the Communist Party and terrorist groups—although the sweeps manage to uncover terrorists so infrequently that this is obviously secondary to the goal of quieting conventional political activities. The other reason is that Pinochet has been unwilling to win the support of Chile's poor with the method he has used on more powerful groups: courting them with money.

THE POOR, WHO did not share fully in the economic boom, were hit hardest by the crash. During Pinochet's regime consumption by those in the poorest fifth of Santiago's population has dropped 30 percent, while that by the top fifth has risen 15 percent. Pinochet's regime has reduced its per capita expenditures for social welfare by 15 percent and concentrates on aid for children. One of the principal remaining welfare programs for the adult poor is a make-work jobs program that currently employs 5.4 percent of the population at salaries of \$25 to \$50 a month. Unemployment is around 16 percent. The slums are filled with unemployed construction workers and factory foremen, many of whom now sell chocolate bars or coat hangers on the streets downtown. In many slums, residents eat at communal soup kitchens—groups of, usually, twenty-four families who take turns cooking meals, with the Catholic Church donating most of the food. The kitchens serve only lunch, and that only six days a week. In the evenings the families get milk for the next day's breakfast. "We have to serve a big meal on Saturday, because many people don't have anything all day Sunday," the head of the soup kitchen in the Lo Hermida slum told me not long ago. There are families in Lo Hermida who have TVs bought during the boom years which now sit idle in the corner, because they cannot afford electricity.

Unwilling to sully the purity of its free-market policy with help for the poor, the government has intervened forcefully to help more politically influential sectors. In the years after the crash the level of state intervention in the economy was higher than it had been during the Allende years. The state-owned banks bought the junk loans of Chile's failing private banks; now the government runs the banks and controls the debts of some of Chile's

largest businesses (although lately it has been reprivatizing some of them). One of these is *El Mercurio*, Chile's most influential newspaper. According to *El Mercurio*'s internal records, it has run up debts during the boom which exceed \$100 million. By keeping *El Mercurio* afloat the government has gained the power to turn off the spigot at any moment, reinforcing *El Mercurio*'s historical tendency to print only pro-Pinochet news.

Truck owners, taxi drivers, and bus owners—all groups with the power to shut down the economy—have also been well cared for. In 1983 the truckers decided not to support a strike after the Interior Minister offered to help with their debts. One day before last July's strike *El Mercurio* announced that the taxi drivers had reached an accord with the government on their debts. "You can follow the cycle," said Alejandro Foxley, the president of the think tank CIEPLAN. "A few weeks before a national protest truckers will be invited to talk. They discuss rescheduling of debts, lower interest rates, access to goodies like tires. The only reports you see say that they left very happy after the meeting."

The branches of the armed forces that maintain internal order have gotten large salary hikes and increases in personnel. The salary budget of the investigations unit—the dreaded secret police—rose 270 percent (after adjustment for inflation) from 1973 to 1981, according to a study by the Instituto de Ciencias Alejandro Lipshutz, another think tank. The *carabineros* got a 109 percent increase, while the Navy, which plays no political role, saw its personnel budget go up by only 32 percent. The same study concluded that armed-forces pensions average almost ten times those of civilians.

IF CHILE WERE a less developed society, its response to Pinochet's regime could be attributed to a rational, if cold-hearted, calculus in which human-rights violations are a necessary price to pay for order and prosperity. But Chileans, too cultured and democratic to face such a decision, are left only with denial: torture and political murder don't happen. This blindness continues in Pinochet's supporters today.

"I think most of these things are exaggerated," Patricia Matte, a sociologist who heads the government's Extreme Poverty program, told me about human-

rights violations. "It's constantly in the mouths of people in other countries that things are bad here, but they haven't been able to prove anything." About the Rojas burning Matte said, "For whom is it best? I think it's strategic—as strategic as the killing of [Philippine opposition leader Benigno] Aquino. Two years afterward his wife is President. We still don't know who killed him."

"It's so out of our habit to believe that someone would have ordered a burning," Fernando Léniz, Pinochet's first Economic Minister and a former chairman of *El Mercurio*, said. He added that while he supports Pinochet today, he thinks Chile must return to democracy in 1989. "You see these things in other areas of the world, where violence is common, but it was never common here. They may have been burned by soldiers or by people disguised as soldiers. It may have been an accident. I don't really know. The revolutionary left here openly says it uses violence as an instrument. But the government is responsible for law and order. The government does not kill innocent people on purpose—I must believe that."

"I asked myself, to what extent are they a little bit provoked? Aren't they a little bit deserved?" Miguel Schweitzer, the former Foreign Minister, said about human-rights violations. "Some excesses might occur, but the assessment you were given is exaggerated and doesn't happen in Chile."

Matte, Léniz, and Schweitzer belong to Chile's upper class. They and their friends who share their views are charming, gracious, fluent in English, well educated and well dressed. They go to the opera and take their children to Saturday soccer practice. Many have spent years living in the United States. It startled me how comfortable I felt with these people, how much they were like well-bred people back home. I came to Chile thinking that if only we could help Latins become more American—in a culturally sensitive way, of course—we could prevent future Pinochets. I was wrong. Chileans have been terrorized, but mostly they have been enticed to avert their eyes. Sophistication is not the solution, it is the problem. With most of the Chileans I met, the closer they came to my concept of American sophistication, the more willing was their complicity. The Mattes, Lénizes, and Schweitzers are people like us: so civilized, and because of that, so terrifying.

—Tina Rosenberg



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MONASTIC MAYHEM

(An Echo of Eco)

BY JOHN HARRIS

THOUGH I AM an old monk now, I have, I confess, had experiences. And among the experiences I shall never forget was a series of adventures involving my dear friend (dead of the plague these many years) Basil de Belge, a Dominican detective who, like me, was medieval. Together we helped solve the baffling crimes that occurred in 1329 at the École Supérieure of the Abbé d'Alton, where, within twenty-four hours, approximately six terrible murders were committed. We arrived at Nones; by Matins things were hopping.

MATINS

"Basil," the Abbot said, grabbing my friend's arm in the cloister. "I will not mince words. Someone is dead who wasn't dead yesterday. I'm worried."

"I see," my friend replied. He stared into the distance. "A monk was found face down in the kitchen with a soup ladle in his hand and a paring knife in his back. He had been chopping garlic, though for some unaccountable reason there was about him the odor of roses."

"Basil!" the Abbot exclaimed. "You amaze me! How did you deduce all that from my simple words?"

"I found the body."

"Do you know who did it?"

"I have my suspicions, which are at the moment growing. Look for another corpse by Lauds."

I looked at my friend, lost in admiration. *I must write all this down*, I thought. *It will sell.*

LAUDS

While Basil was in the herb garden, ingesting herbs, the Abbot approached.

"Basil, I must speak with you."

"Yes?"

"Another body has been discovered. This time in the library."

"Who found the body?"

"Brother Marcel."

"I thought so. Can Brother Marcel read?"

"No, but he can write. An interesting case. He was a follower of the Flogensian heretics, then the Stalagmites. After that—"

"Spare me the dull details. Now tell me one thing: What time is it?"



"Seven-thirty. I mean, nearly Prime. Why?"

"Unless I am mistaken, we are too late. A third murder has been committed. And in Prime time." Basil laughed mirthlessly. "A joke in my country." He frowned. "Let me speak with the librarian."

"The librarian is dead."

"Oh."

"Would you care to speak to someone in the rare-book room?"

Basil snapped to attention. "The Abbé d'Alton has a rare-book room?"

"Of course."

"Then let me see it. At once. We haven't a moment to lose."

I looked at Basil, lost once again in admiration. *Boy*, I thought. *This will really sell.*

PRIME

After a quick tour of the rare-book room, Basil interviewed the rare-book librarian, one Brother García of Márquez.

"Let us get to the point, Brother García. Why is this rare-book room a place of evil and mystery? Why is it a veritable labyrinth of unspeakable horror?"

"May I reverently suggest that you have been reading too many books?"

"You think so? Then look in your card catalogue. Under *R*, as in rose."

Puzzled, Brother García shuffled off into the stacks. A minute later we heard a bloodcurdling scream. Brother García came running back to us.

"There's—there's—"

"A severed hand, wearing a rose-colored ring, filed under *R*? I thought so." Basil turned to me and smiled grimly. "And to think that the day is young," he said.

TERCE

The Abbot was frantic.

"What can we do, Basil? And of all times for such terrible things to be happening."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because at Sext the Inspector General of Écoles will be arriving. He is a personal enemy of mine, and a skilled controversialist and amateur detective."

"Who is this man? Perhaps I have heard of him."

"McKee of Spillano, the Irish-Italian Scourge of God. Whatever will we do?"

Basil frowned. "Let me ask you one thing, Reverend Father: Where were you between Prime and Terce?"

The Abbot thought for a moment. "Let me see . . . why, yes. I was in the conservatorium with Colonel Mustard, a visiting English dignitary. Yes. As a matter of fact, I left him there."

"You left him there? Alone?"

"Yes, I did."

"Quickly. To the conservatorium."

The Abbot conducted us through several tortuous passages and unlikely

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twists. At last we arrived at a tiny door, which the Abbot unlocked with a huge, rusted key. He rushed inside. We waited. "... two, three," Basil counted. Another bloodcurdling scream. The Abbot rushed out of the conservatorium, a look of horror on his face.

"Colonel Mustard is . . . is . . ."

"Dead," Basil said, helpfully. "Was there by any chance a piece of iron pipe by his head?"

"No," the Abbot said. "He had a noose around his neck. He was hanging from a curtain rod."

"A curtain rod?" I burst in. "That means a window!"

Basil gave me a withering look. "Would you say that this window was . . . bigger than a breadbox?"

"Oh, yes. Much bigger. In fact, it's a rose window."

"Ah," Basil said. "I begin to see the true nature of the criminal mind we are dealing with. Now go about your business, Reverend Father, and pretend that nothing has happened. Perhaps nothing *has* happened . . ." His voice trailed off. The Abbot and I exchanged puzzled glances. Then we took them back.

SEXT

At noon McKee of Spillano and his party arrived at the Abbé. Amid the fraternal embraces and ritual greetings an undercurrent of bottomless contempt set the tone. Basil kept in the background, and then wandered off to the herb garden, where he played his viola in the fog. I returned to my cell, where I fell asleep and dreamed a dream in vivid, voluminous detail. When I encountered Basil an hour later, I told him of it. "I don't believe a word of what you're saying. But of course!" he shouted, slapping his forehead. "Where is McKee?"

"The Abbot is taking him on a tour of the Abbé."

"We must get to the rare-book room before the Inspector General. Quickly!"

We arrived just as McKee and his party were entering the rare-book room. "Too late," Basil sighed. We heard a commotion and then cries for help. Inching through the crowd at the door, I peeked inside. There, slumped over the MAY I HELP YOU? sign, was Brother García of Márquez, with an arrow in his back. A rose was clenched between his teeth.

NONES

"You don't run a very tight ship here, do you, Abbot?"

"Please, Your Grace, you must allow me to—"

"Five murders in six hours. Pretty wild."

"Please, Your Grace. That's *four* murders," the Abbot sobbed. "Four murders and a severed hand."

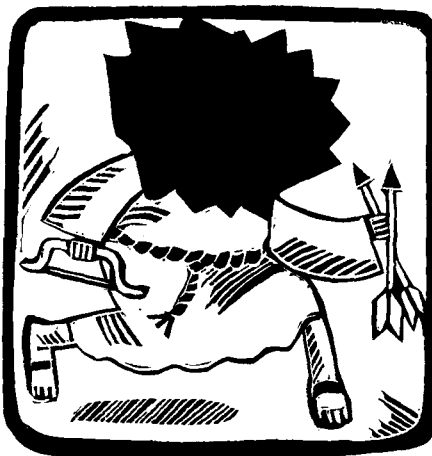
"Details," the Inspector General snapped. "It looks like *I'm* going to have to get to the bottom of this."

"Reverend Father, Brother Basil de Belge is already—"

"Who? Basil de Belge? I've always wanted to meet that guy. I thought he'd gone over the Reichenbach Falls."

"I did disappear, Your Grace," Basil said, stepping forward. "But now I am back. And if I may be so bold, I would suggest you begin your investigation by finding the man with the missing hand. He should be easy to spot."

"Thanks, Brother Basil. When we



need some advice, we'll know who to ask. Now, Abbot, call in the first witness."

"But, Your Grace," the Abbot said.

"No one has seen anything."

"Call in someone, then."

As McKee began his interrogation, Basil and I retreated to the refectory.

Basil turned to me. "We must think, Dégleau, *think!*" My mind was blank. "Put yourself in the place of the murderer." I tried this, but the effort made me feel uncanny. "You are killing one monk for each of the canonical hours. Why?"

A thought struck me. "But Basil. It's nearly Vespers, and no one is dead yet. Perhaps—"

"That's it, Dégleau! It's now Nones! Between two and three o'clock! Two and three make five; a five-sided figure is a pentagon; Joachim of Fiore predicted that one day there would be a building known as the Pentagon that would be connected with unlimited wealth.

The treasury of the Abbé! We must get there before the murderer!"

We didn't.

VESPERS

The treasurer of the Abbé d'Alton had been bashed in the head with a heavy, jewel-encrusted object that had, apparently, been designed as a murder weapon. And written on the wall, in blood, was the cryptic message "Eye-ah illid-kay e-thay onk-may. E-thay ose-ray." Basil studied the words closely. "Not traditional Latin," he said. "Or Greek. Not even Arabic, of which I know a smattering. Dégleau, I am beginning to wonder . . ." His voice trailed off, perhaps significantly.

As the monks carried away the body of the treasurer, Basil stood lost in thought. "Why do I keep thinking of flowers?" he asked. "Mother's Day is approaching," I ventured. In the ensuing silence, Basil tugged at his lower lip, then his upper lip, then both lips at once. "The library, Dégleau. Yes, the library. We must return to the library."

Since the librarian and the rare-book librarian were both dead, we had the place to ourselves. Basil pored over the precious volumes on the shelves, murmuring the Latin titles that were so meaningless to me. At last he pulled a book down and then stood for many minutes, reading by the fading light of the fourteenth-century sun. I stood watching him. *Gosh*, I thought. *Maybe this won't sell.*

I wandered off into the labyrinth of the library, only to emerge in the laundry room. Ordinarily I would have been surprised to find a dead body in the laundry tub, but by now I was becoming hardened. In his lifeless hand was a piece of parchment with the single word "*sélavy*" scrawled across it. *C'est la vie?* I thought.

"Basil," I said, coming back into the library.

"Shhh," he said, not looking up. "I know."

COMPLINE

That evening the Abbot called a general meeting of the monks. McKee of Spillano was present too.

"How's the investigation?" he said, sneering at Basil. "Found out anything interesting?"

"As a matter of fact, I have," Basil replied.

McKee looked incredulous. "Such as?"

"Such as the solution to the murders at the Abbé d'Alton."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yes."

There was a silence. Finally the Abbot broke down and began to scream hysterically. "For the love of God, then, Brother Basil, tell us who has committed this grisly string of murders. I mean, this string of grisly murders!"

Basil looked about the room. "It may come as something of a shock," he began deliberately, "given the fictiveness of our situation. But it just so happens that the murderer is none other than . . . *the person telling this story!* And by that I mean, none other than . . . *Dégleau!*"

For obvious reasons I immediately became the focus of attention in the crowded room. I laughed nervously, because I was nervous.

"Basil, don't be ridiculous! Why would I do such a thing?"

"I'm not entirely sure," Basil said. "Though I can tell you one thing: You got the idea from a book."

"Book?" I said. "What book?"

"A book in the rare-book room."

"Don't be ridiculous," I spluttered. "How could I—"

"Stop squirming, Dégleau. I saw the book with my own eyes; you checked it out only last month. A story of a murder in which the man telling the story commits the murder. Take him away."

"But, Basil," I screamed, as two monks grabbed my arms. "It's not true! It's a lie! I have never read such a book! Or even if I have, it was trash! What kind of a man do you take me for? No, you fools, I got the idea from—"

I stopped. Unfortunately, I had no stopped soon enough.

"Yes?" Basil said.

"All right," I said. "I got the idea from a book. But not *that* book. From a book written by a famous philosopher of language. An intellectual."

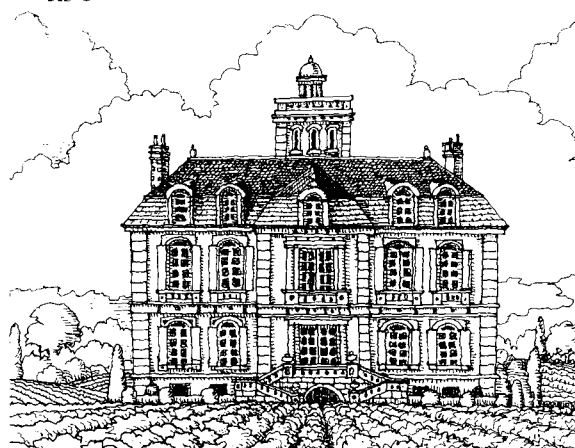
Basil looked incredulous. "Why would anyone read such a thing?" he asked. "Surely it would be boring?"

I hung my head. "Intertextual impulses," I said softly. "I have never been able to control them."

"*Eh bien,*" Basil said. "Intertextual impulses, indeed! They are the curse of the cursed times in which we live! When all one needs," he said, tapping his forehead, "are the little gray brain cells!" And the last thing I saw was Basil de Belge tugging on his famous moustachios, which he prized so much, and which I previously forgot to mention. □

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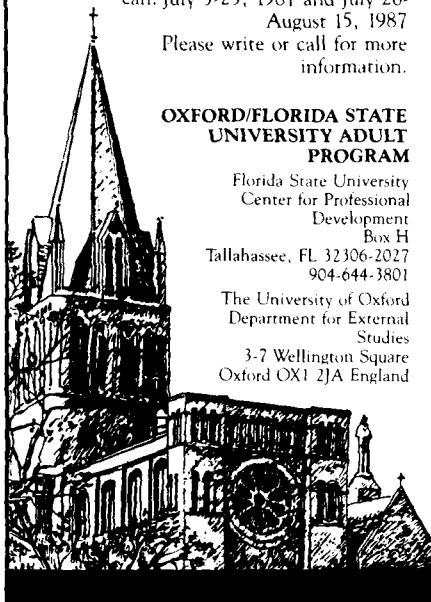
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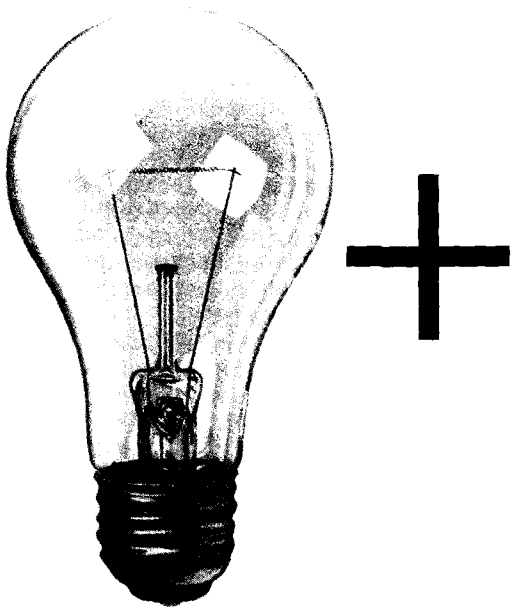
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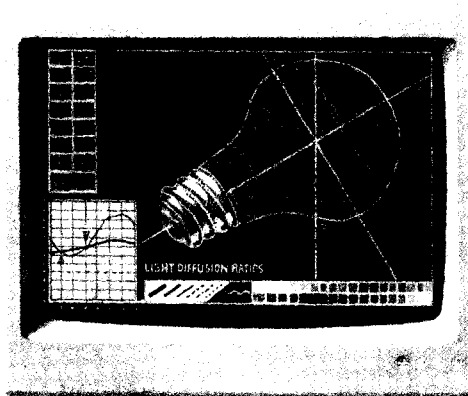
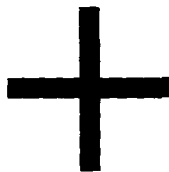
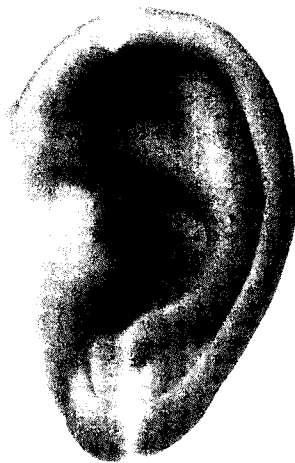
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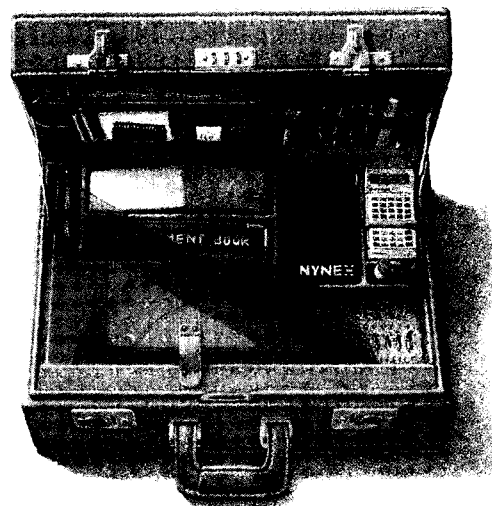
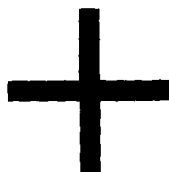
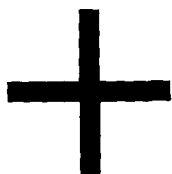


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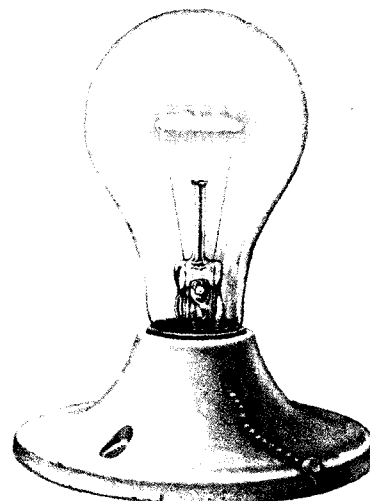
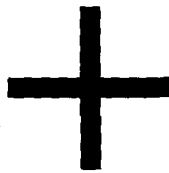
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It's difficult to prepare for a constantly changing future, with the prospect of jobs appearing and disappearing. To ensure their professional futures, young people must cultivate an entirely new outlook.

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In a rapidly changing economy, the specialist with a narrow view will inevitably be headed for obsolescence. In contrast, there will always be a demand for someone who can adapt as new fields emerge. This doesn't mean the stereotypical, shallow person who learns less and less about more and more until he knows nothing about everything. It means someone who can delve deeply into one area of specialization after another.

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Young people shouldn't fear the impact of technology tomorrow if they get a good education today. Good mental preparation—learning skills, thinking skills, communication skills, technological skills—will enable them to take advantage of future opportunities. Those who are ready will have the chance to do work that's as highly challenging and rewarding as ever. And they'll have an array of career options broader than ever.



The study of Jesus has been an extraordinarily active enterprise in recent decades. Though rooted in the past, it is among the least antiquarian of historical or theological pursuits

“WHO DO MEN SAY THAT I AM?”

BY CULLEN MURPHY



A Traveler's Question

IT HAD BEEN A BUSY SEASON AMONG THE HILLS AND VALLEYS of northern Palestine. There, in the land of Genesaret, and in the towns of Tyre and Sidon, and on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, Jesus of Nazareth had reproved a group of Pharisees for hypocrisy, rid a Syrophenician girl of unclean spirits, restored a deaf man's hearing, and fed a multitude of four thousand with seven loaves of bread and a few small fishes. Then, boarding a ship, Jesus sailed to Dalmanutha, where he confronted the Pharisees once more. From Dalmanutha he traveled to Bethsaida, where he healed a blind man. Afterward, according to the Gospel of Saint Mark, as he walked north toward Caesarea Philippi, Jesus asked his disciples, “Who do men say that I am?”

This is one of the most resonant questions in the whole of the New Testament. It is the question, it seems, of a man who wishes to disturb but who is also himself disturbed; of a man who has somehow found himself in deeper waters than anticipated; of a man at once baffled and intrigued by a destiny that he may have begun to glimpse but of which he is not fully aware. And thus, seeking guidance, seeking perhaps to ken the range of possibilities, Jesus put the question to his followers. It is an affecting and very human moment. Some of the disciples replied, “John the Baptist.” Others said “Elijah” or “One of the prophets.” Unmentioned by the disciples on this occasion were the many choicer and less admiring epithets for Jesus then current in Palestine—blasphemer, false prophet, mad-

man. Jesus persisted: "But who do you say that I am?" Only Simon Peter ventured a reply: "Thou art the Christ." In the end Jesus declined to enlighten his followers. He simply bade them to hold their tongues.

They did not, of course, and the questions that Jesus posed, or is said to have posed, have therefore been posed for all time. It may be that Jesus went to his death not knowing quite who he was, regardless of what other men thought. He certainly went to his death with public opinion sharply divided and with his own disciples profoundly confused. There is obviously no consensus even today—even among Christians—as to what the real message of Jesus was and how it should apply to our lives, if it should apply at all. Despite the credal affirmations of the mainstream Christian churches, there is also no consensus—not if one looks at what real people actually believe—as to the identity of Jesus. Was he, as traditional Christian dogmatics hold, both God and Man—"the Word made flesh," a human being who was "consubstantial with the Father"? Did he partake of the divine in some more diluted and, as many twentieth-century churchgoers have doubtless concluded, inherently more plausible manner? Was he simply another of those charismatics who appear from time to time, destroy some complacency, do some good, and bequeath to the human race the symbol of an exemplary life?

The Gospel accounts, of course, offer clues about Jesus, but the Gospels are highly imperfect historical documents. They did not take final shape until the late first century, a full generation (or two) after the death of Jesus, which occurred somewhere around A.D. 30. The earliest surviving manuscript fragment, the so-called Rylands papyrus, which contains a few words from the Gospel according to Saint John, was produced as many as five generations after the death of Jesus. The Gospels were the work of people who already believed in Jesus as the risen Lord and who, as the letters of Saint Paul attest, had assimilated a body, if not always precisely the same body, of early doctrine. (Paul's letters, better known as epistles, date back to around A.D. 50—some twenty years after the Crucifixion—and provide a window on the Christian world as it existed at least a decade before any of the literary efforts now called Gospels.) The Gospels almost certainly were not by any of the twelve apostles and may or may not have been written by men named Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, who may or may not have been alive at the time of Jesus, and who may or may not represent composites of many individual chroniclers. The Gospels are also based on a wide variety of sources. Extracting historical fact, as a modern person would understand that term, from such texts is an enormously complicated task. Contemporary non-Christian documents are of little help. Historical accounts that mention Jesus—there are perhaps a half dozen brief references in the works of Tacitus, Suetonius, Josephus, Pliny the Younger, and a few other classical writers—confirm little more than that he lived, preached, and was crucified.

Even as statements of belief, rather than of historical ac-

tuality, the Gospels are frequently ambiguous, inconsistent, and otherwise problematic. Not until the councils of Nicaea and Chalcedon, three and four centuries, respectively, after the death of Jesus, did the custodians of his memory succeed in codifying Christian doctrine with regard to the identity of Jesus. The councils assumed the doctrine of the Resurrection (it had never been called into question) and implied the doctrine of the Trinity (God as Father, Son, and Holy Spirit), but they also proclaimed the nature of Jesus as true God and true man (their most important business) and, *inter alia*, the doctrine of the virgin birth (a subject that remains a matter of highly nuanced discussion). For a millennium and a half these have served as the basis of orthodoxy. Among the major Christian confessions they still do.

But the question Jesus asked on the road to Caesarea Philippi has proved durable. Over the centuries various answers have provoked a considerable amount of violence; people have lost their lives. In modern times the answers have provoked a considerable amount of scholarly debate; people have lost their jobs. Beginning roughly a century and a half ago biblical exegetes began to acquire new tools as aids in the explication of Scripture—archaeology, for one, but also source criticism, form criticism, redaction criticism, literary criticism, the history of religions, philology, linguistics, semiotics, and several others. Sheer luck produced such finds as the Nag Hammadi manuscripts (unearthed in Egypt in 1945), which consist of a large and virtually intact collection of previously unknown early Christian texts; and the Dead Sea scrolls (discovered in the caves of Qumran, Palestine, in 1947), which disclosed a radical Jewish monastic community contemporaneous with the ministry of Jesus. Historians and theologians have a much clearer picture now than they ever had before of the world in which Jesus lived, of the formation of the Gospels, and of the link between the two. Because these are today more surely understood, many scholars in recent decades have ventured afresh into the life, self-understanding, and significance of Jesus as an actual human being, who lived and died as human beings do. Insofar as these studies are concerned with a hermeneutic, or interpretation, of Jesus as the Christ (meaning the "anointed one," the person somehow chosen by God as the vehicle of divine revelation), they fall into a branch of theological and academic inquiry known as Christology.

Christology and related fields are extraordinarily active enterprises. David Tracy, a Catholic priest who teaches at the University of Chicago, says, "More has been written about Jesus in the last twenty years than in the previous two thousand." The subject has engaged not only prominent clerical theologians from many Christian denominations but also feminists, Jews, and agnostics. In a very direct way the current wave of scholarship (together, of course, with social conditions in Latin America) is responsible for the emergence of liberation theology. By its nature the study of Jesus is rooted in the past, but it is among the least antiquarian of historical or theological pursuits.

Those involved are modern men and women with an eye on the modern world, and the end that many of them have in mind is a reformulation and refinement of the Christian message for the kinds of people who inhabit our times. Tracy compares the present era to that of Saint Paul, in the first century, when the message of Jesus, a Jew speaking to Jews, was refashioned by Paul and others into a thought-language that the larger gentile world, unfamiliar with Palestinian Judaism, could understand and accept. Edward Schillebeeckx, a prominent Dominican theologian, expressed the same idea to me in another way: "In every age we must try to embed the faith in a new culture. That is the delicate function of hermeneutics—the reacculturation of the Gospel. This is the only possible way, in a new period, to believe in the same Christian faith."

It would be fair to describe me as a person who wants to believe. I became interested in the modern study of Jesus as a result of conversations over the years with several friends who are Jesuit priests. Eventually I set out on a kind of excursion, at first as an armchair traveler, but before long as a real one. I chose to speak chiefly with Catholic scholars, in part because I share with them a frame of reference, but also in part—and indeed more important—because much of the most significant and controversial recent work on Jesus has come from Catholic pens. The groundwork for modern New Testament studies was, however, laid almost entirely by Protestant scholars, and their methods and ideas remain very much to the point.

The First Quest

ONE DOES NOT NEED TO PLUNGE VERY DEEPLY OR for very long into the modern literature on Jesus, particularly the modern Catholic literature, in order to sense that something has changed profoundly. Consider one recent but basic Catholic text, *A Christological Catechism*, by Joseph A. Fitzmyer, a leading biblical scholar. Did Jesus claim to be God? Fitzmyer replies: "The Gospels have not so presented that claim. . . . It is impossible to imagine how such a statement would have been understood." What about the Resurrection of Jesus? "The New Testament never presents the resurrection of Jesus as a resuscitation, i.e., a return to his former mode of terrestrial existence." The so-called virgin birth? "New Testament data for this question are not unambiguous." The historical reliability of the Gospels? "The only answer which can be given to this question is meager indeed." Fitzmyer's full responses to some twenty important questions about Jesus are closely reasoned and supported by many pages of careful exposition, but the statements I have pulled out of his book suffice to establish the tone of things.

I do not know how much, but I suspect very little, of the content of *A Christological Catechism* would today strike non-fundamentalist theologians, which is to say most Christian theologians, as controversial or even avant-garde. Fitzmyer's book bears the imprimatur of the vicar-general of the Archdiocese of Washington. It is used in

seminaries. And it affirms, as a matter of faith, all the beliefs essential to Christianity. But Fitzmyer's answers lack the brevity and the certainty, the Thomistic elegance and the sometimes cinematic splendor, of the answers that I learned as a child in parochial school, of the vaguely more sophisticated answers I received at subsequent times in my education, and of the answers that, frankly, one still hears from the pulpit. Living a Christian life, whatever that may mean, and difficult as it may be, probably has not been made progressively harder over the centuries. But defining how a Christian should understand Jesus has.

Christology existed long before it had a name. The Christian communities that endured or were created during the politically tumultuous times after the death of Jesus represented implicit experiments in Christology. The early Christians groped to understand the meaning of Jesus as he had revealed it to them or to their ancestors. They eventually compiled and left behind documents testifying to the understanding that they proclaimed—their "kerygma," to use the term of art. The kerygmatic statements of the early Christian communities were not always in complete accord (the four canonical Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John testify by their differences to this fact), and though the disagreements were sometimes merely a matter of emphasis, they were at other times fundamental. As noted, various councils of what was evolving institutionally into a church stepped in at intervals in a decisively interpretive way, most notably the Council of Chalcedon, in A.D. 451. Chalcedon was convened in order to suppress the idea suggested by various forms of Docetism (the word comes from the Greek *dokein*, meaning "to seem") that Jesus, though assuredly God, only appeared to be human.

After the Reformation, as Bible study by laymen became acceptable and widespread, at least among Protestants, and as doctrine became less resistant to scrutiny (again, among Protestants), the sacred Scriptures began to attract scholarly attention of a recognizably modern kind. The initial stages of this contest between reason and revelation are complex, and the motivations of those involved on the side of reason run the whole range from faith through skepticism to unbelief. Ultimately, the authority of the Bible was undermined, in two ways: at first by the scientific study of the natural world (for example, by the discovery of the motion of the planets), which cast doubt on the Bible's literal truth; and then by historical and textual study of the Bible itself, as if it were any other ancient document, which likewise raised disturbing questions. At the same time, critical investigation confirmed that sacred Scripture and secular history do intersect. Where were the points of intersection? With respect to the New Testament, rationalists during the Enlightenment sought to scrape away centuries of dogma in order to reveal the man Jesus, the Jesus of history. With the naive, somehow endearing overconfidence characteristic of the times, Enlightenment scholars simply assumed that the goal was not only achievable in theory but would in fact be achieved.





A LOT OF THE SCRAPING TOOK PLACE, AS IT CONTINUES to take place, in Germany, for reasons that I find it somehow more enjoyable to keep speculating about than actually to nail down. Whatever the explanation, Wilfred Sheed's famous image—"another damned theologian comes grunting out of the Black Forest"—is apt. One of the first scholars to attempt a comprehensive historical reconstruction of the life of Jesus was Hermann Samuel Reimarus (1694–1768), a professor of Oriental languages at a school in Hamburg. For some years scholars had been in the habit of conducting what are called parallel readings: comparing accounts of the same event that appear in two or more of the four canonical Gospels or in other canonical texts, such as the Acts of the apostles or the epistles of Paul. Those who employed parallel reading were looking for concordance, but just as often they found discord. (Judas, for example, hangs himself in Matthew but dies of an accidental fall in Acts; the Crucifixion occurs before Passover in John but during Passover in Matthew, Mark, and Luke; some of the apostles are described as witnessing the Crucifixion in Luke, but they flee the scene beforehand in Matthew and Mark.) Reimarus came to entertain profound doubts about the historicity—in the sense of "what really happened"—of the New Testament, and wrote a book on the subject, wisely directing that it should be published only after his death. In the book, which was published in sections, known as the *Wolfenbüttele Fragments*, from 1774 to 1778, Reimarus denied the Resurrection of Jesus, deemed the miracles to be unworthy of notice, and, while conceding the value of Jesus's moral teachings, ultimately characterized him as yet another of those apocalyptic visionaries whom Roman Palestine had served up with tedious regularity.

The quest for the historical Jesus went on. In 1835 David Friedrich Strauss's book *The Life of Jesus, Critically Examined* commenced publication. The two-volume work eventually cost Strauss his university teaching job. Strauss accepted Jesus as a historical figure and the New Testament, in rough outline, as somehow corresponding to real events. But he concluded, as Reimarus had, "Nay, if we would be candid with ourselves, that which was once sacred history for the Christian believer is, for the enlightened portion of our contemporaries, only fable."

The dismissal of Strauss from his job was only a prelude to the debate at the University of Tübingen (where Strauss had taught) and elsewhere. For one thing, the quest for the historical Jesus was not merely of academic concern. It had acquired a broad appeal to the educated lay public on both sides of the Atlantic. (Strauss's *Life of Jesus* was translated with remarkable speed for a work of German theology; an English-language version appeared in 1846, translated by none other than George Eliot.) Moreover, nineteenth-century scholars gradually succeeded in establishing certain key relationships among the Gospels, thereby restoring, they thought, a certain amount of credibility to at least some of the texts.

It had been assumed since the days of Saint Augustine

(A.D. 354–430) that the Gospels were written in the order in which they appear in the earliest Greek texts of the New Testament and thus in every edition of the Bible: first Matthew, then Mark, then Luke, and finally John. Augustine had also noticed a certain similarity between Matthew and Mark, and he regarded Mark as an abridgement of Matthew.

Employing a method known as source criticism, nineteenth-century textual scholars suggested that Mark, probably composed in Rome around A.D. 70, was most likely not an abridgement but a source: the earliest and therefore the most primitive of the Gospels (and therefore the most trustworthy? scholars wondered). Matthew and Luke came next, these scholars concluded, and both drew heavily on Mark. This conclusion was based on the fact that Matthew contains 600 of the 661 verses of Mark, and Luke contains 350. Matthew and Luke probably also drew on some other common source: more than 200 verses, mostly sayings of Jesus, appear in both of these Gospels but not in Mark, arguing for the existence of an independent early text or oral tradition. This presumed “sayings source” is known as Q (from the German *Quelle*, meaning “source”), and scholars continue to speculate about the nature of the so-called Q community (if there was one). The Gospels of Luke and Matthew seem to rely on different sources for the balance of their narratives—that is, for those verses that they do not have in common. Matthew’s independent source, known as M, survives in about 230 verses, and Luke’s independent source, known as L, survives in 400 verses. Luke and Matthew are the only Gospels with a Nativity narrative, and their accounts differ, which suggests the existence of two *further* independent sources. The Nativity narratives are regarded by scholars as among the most recent and historically least reliable additions to the Gospels. (Christmas, by the way, was never actually decreed to fall on the twenty-fifth of December. The holiday seems to have replaced a pagan Roman feast day, coinciding with the winter solstice.) As for the Gospel according to John, it was recognized very early as the most anomalous of the New Testament texts and the last to be written. With its modest biographical content and its overlay of seemingly Hellenistic philosophy, John is usually considered separately from the other three Gospels, which scholars refer to as the Synoptic, or “seen together,” Gospels.

The solution to what has been called the Synoptic problem—that is, the problem of the relationships among the three books—was a significant achievement, and it has been allowed to stand, albeit greatly modified and refined, and in several variations, by the majority of scholars to this day. Many nineteenth-century scholars were convinced that, having demonstrated the antiquity and precedence of Mark and of the verses shared by Matthew and Luke which constitute Q—ostensibly the least adulterated of available texts—they were ready to construct a biography of Jesus. One scholar wrote hopefully, “In substance and style and treatment the Gospel of Saint Mark is essentially a transcript from life.” There were other developments that

seemed promising. Philological analysis showed that much of the earliest Gospel material, though it has come down to us entirely in Greek, must have been composed originally in Aramaic, the language that Jesus spoke. Numerous Aramaic constructions and figures of speech were found to occur in the Gospels; when translated back into Aramaic from the Greek, certain Gospel passages even arranged themselves into a characteristically Aramaic form of verse. The clear implication was that critical study had brought exegetes very close to the world of Jesus himself. Meanwhile, in 1859 there was the discovery of the Codex Sinaiticus (it seemed until then to have been born to blush unseen in the library of St. Catherine’s Monastery, at the foot of Mount Sinai) and the publication of the Codex Vaticanus (which had for years been under lock and key in the Vatican Library). These codices, which date roughly from the time of Constantine (who died in A.D. 337), are almost identical—each contains nearly the entire New Testament corpus, in Greek—and they are the best and earliest texts available. They became the basis for subsequent translations of the New Testament.

PREDICTABLY, PERHAPS, LIVES OF JESUS PROLIFERATED like dime-store paperbacks, some of them written by men whose names still cross the modern tongue (Ernest Renan and Adolph von Harnack, for example), most written by men whose names are interred in the indices of unread books. In general the late-nineteenth-century “lives” of Jesus were not really lives at all but vessels, fashioned from the clay of Mark and Q, into which authors poured their own preconceptions and affinities: Jesus as ethical teacher, Jesus as social reformer, Jesus as symbol of humanity—Jesus, in other words, as the kind of fellow who would have fit comfortably into one or another of the familiar categories of the late-nineteenth-century bourgeois world, as someone who might even be asked to tea.

In 1901 Wilhelm Wrede effectively doomed the so-called first quest for the historical Jesus—though not, by any means, historical studies per se—by showing, in his book *The Messianic Secret in the Gospels*, that even the supposedly historical Gospel of Mark contained a filter of myth and belief through which historical fact had been forcibly strained. The “messianic secret” that Wrede discerned in Mark has to do with the repeated injunction, uttered by Jesus in that Gospel, following some demonstration of his powers or assertion of his identity, to tell no one what had transpired or been said. Wrede’s conjecture—switching now from the subject of Gospel truth to that of historical truth—was that the majority of the followers of Jesus had no idea during his lifetime that he made any claim to being the Messiah; that a belief in Jesus as the Messiah came only after his death; and that the writer of the Book of Mark, in order to reconcile these circumstances with doctrine as it had evolved by his time, postulated the idea of a secret maintained between Jesus and his closest disciples (who, especially in Mark, do not under-

stand what Jesus is telling them anyway). Wrede's idea of a messianic secret may be somewhat overblown, but not so his notion that Mark, like Matthew (apologist for and defender of a structured Church), Luke (evangelist to gentile Christians), and John (the mystical theologian), puts across a distinct point of view.

Five years after the publication of Wrede's book Albert Schweitzer, in *The Quest of the Historical Jesus*, wrote the epitaph to a century of work by Protestant historians and theologians: "Each successive epoch of theology found its own thoughts in Jesus. . . . But it was not only each epoch that found its reflection in Jesus; each individual created Him in accordance with his own character. There is no historical task which so reveals a man's true self as the writing of a Life of Jesus." The Jesus whom Schweitzer himself found was not a peasant Disraeli but a strange and, from a modern perspective, unfathomable eschatological prophet; an alien from a first-century world that modern folk had trouble acknowledging as utterly different; a sometimes frightening teacher who spoke and behaved as if the end of the world were literally about to occur. Christians of the Belle Epoque would not have been comfortable in this man's company, Schweitzer suggested. They would not even have understood what he was trying to say.

Above and Below

THE APPROACH FROM HISTORY IS BUT ONE OF A NUMBER of ways in which scholars have sought to understand Jesus better. "Scripture and Christology," a document published in 1984 by the Pontifical Biblical Commission, lists no fewer than ten distinct methodologies, including speculative, historical, anthropological, and existential approaches, and also ones that focus on social concerns, Judaism, and the history of religion. There are more approaches even than these. But historical studies, broadly defined, remain disproportionately influential. The Jesus that people can try to know as they would any other person, the Jesus of history—and why he is important, and what his place should be, and how and when and in what way he should matter—is the Jesus to whom modern scholars keep returning. The reaction during the Enlightenment and afterward against the Jesus of dogma had been, in effect, a reaction against a millennium and a half of what is called Christology "from above." Such a Christology begins with a consideration of Jesus primarily insofar as he embodies a God who enters human history: with the Jesus, in other words, of the incarnation ("And the Word was made flesh"); the Jesus whose most important acts were first to participate in the mortal coil and then to die in behalf of all of the others who had done and would do so; the Jesus of sophisticated terminology, of scrupulous philosophical punctilio. The shift in perspective away from this Jesus has been profound and lasting. Most Christologies today are "from below"—beginning their reflections with the humanity and ministry of Jesus, and necessarily concerned, if not preoccupied, with the Jesus of

history, with Jesus insofar as, embedded in human history, he moves somehow toward God.

David Tracy is one scholar who has been intent on keeping things from going too far in this direction. At Christmastime last year I visited Tracy in his office at the University of Chicago's Divinity School. The school is something of an omnibus institution, a remarkably active and productive place. It is one of the few divinity schools founded on the assumption that theologians, historians of religion, and those engaged in—or about to engage in—ministry can coexist under one roof. Tracy himself looks something like a character from a Jules Feiffer cartoon: neatly dressed in an out-of-date-liberal sort of way, with a carefully trimmed beard. He is the author of several influential books, including *Blessed Rage for Order* (1975) and *The Analogical Imagination* (1981). Although he is regarded as progressive on most issues—I have heard one person describe him, in jest, as a Unitarian—he has been more skeptical than many other progressives when it comes to what the historical study of Jesus can achieve.

Some of his skepticism has to do with his feelings about the importance of faith—faith, to begin with, in God; faith, furthermore, in a Christian tradition. Most, though by no means all, of those who have ventured into the study of Jesus during the past century and a half have professed some kind of Christian faith and therefore have brought faith to the task at hand. Always at least beneath the surface, and often breaking through it, have been the questions, Should the Jesus of history, to the extent that he can be reconstructed, even matter, and if he does matter, how and why? The answers fall across the wide spectrum between what human beings think they can know for themselves and what they conclude they must simply decide to believe.

"In a way, the historically reconstructed Jesus has been a horse that different people have ridden in a lot of different directions," Tracy told me. "My own position is that the most important thing, at the outset, is to be as clear as possible about what it is that one, as a Christian, is confessing. Fundamentally what mainline Christianity has been saying is 'We believe in Jesus Christ with the apostles.' It's important to get the prepositions right. *In* Jesus Christ: this has to mean that one has had an experience of God that one identified as an experience of this historical figure, Jesus of Nazareth, who is believed to be the Christ—that is to say, minimally, the anointed one, maximally, the disclosure of God's own self. Of course, that's the whole range of christological debate.

"The peculiar part of modernity is to say 'I believe in Jesus with the apostles.' What do I mean by 'with the apostles'? The New Testament, after all, was initially called the apostolic writings, so what one might mean by 'with the apostles' is 'with these texts.' Or one might mean 'with the apostolic tradition' as understood by, say, the Eastern Orthodox. Or one might mean with the apostolic tradition as handed down by Peter and his successors—namely the bishops of Rome. A fourth option, which is popular with

many educated Christians, is to say, 'Well, let's look for the historically reconstructed Jesus.'

"Historical study is a very important intellectual enterprise, but it's important as a corrective. We believe in a Jesus who lived in history; therefore, if there are historical errors, they have implications for Christian belief. One of the very fruitful things that has happened has been what you might call the re-Judaizing of Christianity. This was sort of an unintentional by-product. Jesus is so Jewish. And Christianity is, after all, a Jewish religion that then went among the gentiles.

"The most important corrective of historical scholarship has been to begin to alter the view of many Christians that basically Jesus is God walking around in a mask, that he wasn't really human. This is Docetism, and a lot of Christians are really functional Docetists. Historical criticism corrects that very quickly. Good historical work on Jesus clearly demythologizes lots of common Christian views about who Jesus was. This, of course, is resisted by conservatives in the Christian churches. They don't want that. On the other hand, if too much weight is given to this quest for the historical Jesus, very tough problems have to be faced historically. Quite apart from the problems of the Gospels themselves, what can any historian writing about any historical figure—Lincoln, say, or Napoleon—tell you about what that figure really felt or thought? Guesses, that's what it comes down to.

"An awful lot of contemporary Christologies are confused on this point. People who I think are clear on the issue are people like the American Methodist theologian Schubert Ogden, before him Rudolf Bultmann, and in his own way Karl Rahner. It seems to me that, at least as I understand them, my friends Küng and Schillebeeckx in their different ways are too big on the historical Jesus. Their books have been very valuable to me, but at times it sounds like they're saying, 'If we could only get a historically reconstructed Jesus, then we'd have it, then we'd have a Christology.' I don't believe that's true."

The Second Quest

RUDOLF BULTMANN (1884–1976) ARRIVED AT THE UNIVERSITY of Marburg, in Germany, in 1907 and remained there for the next seven decades as one of the foremost New Testament theologians. His thinking resists brief summary, but it can certainly be said that in Bultmann's view, the Christ of faith rather than the Jesus of history was the point on which to fix. Bultmann argued, to begin with, that the historical Jesus had little relevance to belief in Christ. He wrote, "All that is necessary is to proclaim that he has come." Bultmann regarded Christianity as having begun only after the Crucifixion, in the belief system of the disciples, with the life and ministry of Jesus as therefore having little significance. Even if this were not the case, Bultmann argued, it would be impossible to reach beyond the kerygma and say anything with confidence about the historical Jesus, save that he existed.

Behind Bultmann's skepticism, which was powerfully expressed in *The History of the Synoptic Tradition* (1921), lay several factors. One of these was surely Bultmann's Lutheranism (Luther insisted that faith alone must be the basis for belief), and another was the experience of the First World War (which left theologians, like everyone else, emotionally shattered and less willing than they had been before to credit the capacities of human reason). There were also developments in critical method which gave Bultmann, and other scholars, pause. Among these was the new study of the history of religions, which permitted a comparison of Christianity with other contemporary religions (early Christianity appeared to have borrowed much in terms of doctrine and ritual, even as other religions would borrow from Christianity). More important was a methodology mentioned here earlier, form criticism, which had been developed by Hermann Gunkel, an Old Testament scholar, in the early 1900s. It was adapted to New Testament studies by Martin Dibelius and Bultmann.

Form criticism, which builds on source criticism, represents an attempt to go further back in time than the Gospels, into the earliest layers of pre-canonical tradition: into the period between Jesus's life and the appearance of the first Gospel texts. Its chief assumption is that the Gospels are compilations of smaller, pre-literary pieces, or pericopes—hymns, acclamations, sermons, sayings, miracle stories, parables, dialogues, Old Testament prophecies, and other literary forms—that had circulated separately among early Christian communities. (An exception is the Passion narratives—the extended accounts of the death of Jesus. These are believed to have been the first portion of each Gospel to have been constructed, and each seems to have circulated as a coherent package.) Another assumption is that the pericopes were used for different purposes—among others, preaching, instruction, and worship—and have to be analyzed in the context of their probable role in the ordinary life (the "*Sitz im Leben*," or situation in life, as form critics say) of primitive Christian communities. Those communities, moreover, were still evolving. As the earliest form critics saw it, the first Christian communities consisted almost exclusively of Aramaic-speaking Jews. Then came communities of Hellenistic Jews. And finally, after the evangelizing work of Saint Paul, there were large and expanding communities of gentile Christians.

The form critics, invoking what is called the principle of dissimilarity, regard only those pericopes that do not reflect borrowings from the Old Testament, do not reflect Jewish thought at the time of Jesus, and do not reflect the post-Easter preoccupations of the early Christians as likely to be primary material from the time of Jesus. Of course, passages other than those certified by form criticism could very well be historically valid; form criticism simply can't tell which ones are.

Bultmann's painstaking investigation of the Synoptic Gospels, line by line, left him unconvinced that one could discover much at all about Jesus the man. He accepted as authentic some of the parables (for example, that of the

mustard seed), certain statements in which Jesus questions Jewish law (for example, "Is it lawful to do good on the sabbath days, or to do evil? To save life, or to kill?"), and some of the apocalyptic sayings ("Blessed are the eyes which see the things that you see. For I tell you that many prophets and kings have desired to see those things which you see, and have not seen them, and to hear those things which you hear, and have not heard them"). It could not be shown that very much else had a circumstantial provenance prior to the death of Jesus and the birth of Christianity. Bultmann wrote, "Whoever prefers to put the name of 'Jesus' always in quotation marks and let it stand as an abbreviation for the historical phenomenon with which we are concerned is free to do so."

ON SCHEDULE, A GENERATION AFTER THE APPEARANCE of *The History of the Synoptic Tradition*, came a rebellion by many who had been Bultmann's students, and who still employed his methods, but who no longer shared his skepticism (which, to be fair, waxed and waned) of the assumption that aspects of the historical Jesus could be recovered. The participants in what has come to be called the new quest (it should be noted, by the way, that some scholars, especially in England, never quite gave up the old one) had modest aims. They did not be-

lieve, as participants in the first quest had, that a true biography of Jesus could ever be written, and they did not believe that one could readily find access to an "uninterpreted" Jesus. They did believe, however, that it was important to demonstrate the line of continuity between the teachings of the historical Jesus and the teachings of the early Church about Jesus. Ernst Käsemann made precisely that point in a famous lecture, "The Problem of the Historical Jesus," at the University of Marburg in 1953, which effectively ushered in the post-Bultmann age. "Primitive Christianity," he said, "is obviously of the opinion that the earthly Jesus cannot be understood otherwise than from the far side of Easter, that is, in his majesty as Lord of the community, and that, conversely, the event of Easter cannot be adequately comprehended if it is looked at apart from the earthly Jesus."

The new quest did not dispense with form criticism but rather advanced new or refined criteria to get around what might be called the false negative in the principle of dissimilarity. One of these new criteria was the principle of multiple attestation: if a circumstance, event, or saying is mentioned in more than one independent source, then the chances of its being genuine Jesus material, as scholars say, are thought to improve considerably. (For example, the importance of "the twelve"—that is, of those originally designated as apostles—is reported independently in Paul, in Mark, and in Q.) Another criterion was the principle of coherence, which argues for the authenticity of material whose message is consistent with that of other material that has already been found to be genuine through other means. Finally, there were the insights of redaction criticism, a technique that builds on form criticism and involves looking at each Gospel with respect to the editorial process that produced it.

The assumption on which redaction criticism rests is that the evangelists, as editors, were intent on producing works of particular and coherent theological substance. The Gospel of Mark, for example, was written in Rome for gentile readers, and at its core is the disclosure of some version of what Wrede first named the Messianic secret. Mark tends to be critical not only of Palestinian Jews in general but also of the apostles, whose inadequate behavior he mentions repeatedly. Matthew, in contrast, is exceedingly Jewish in tone, didactic, and concerned with presenting a glorified Jesus. He sees the inauguration of the Kingdom of God as having occurred in the risen Christ—not as an event for which Christians must wait indefinitely. Through redaction criticism it often seems possible to look over an evangelist's shoulder as editorial intervention is pressed into the service of theological emphasis. (Consider how "Blessed are the poor" in Luke appears in Matthew as "Blessed are the poor in spirit.") As it happens, all of the Gospels include material that runs counter to their overall points of view. Such material is thought to have been so deeply a part of the early Christian tradition that it simply could not be ignored. It may therefore represent a direct link between the Gospels and history.

ON THE LAST DAY OF THE WORLD: WAITING ON THE ROOF

Eighteen minutes to zero time.
Up here, nothing is higher or quieter
Than we are. The thin, gray roof-grasses
Brood and produce;
Below, crowds thicken doorways—
Feeble, gathering thunderheads. Still you will not
Speak. My skin warms briefly
In the suddenness of sun leaving, in the shimmer
Of wanting to see
Everything at once.
We should take our clothes off.
We stand for a horizon, and it seems so wrong
To be standing.

Hands grip the railing.
I try to read your watch from upside-down;
Large and numberless, infinitesimal quartzes,
The second hand stops at each second.

—Sophia C. Black

ONE OF THE MOST STRIKING FEATURES OF THE NEW quest is the fact that Catholic theologians have taken part in it—and, indeed, for much of the past decade have dominated it. Catholic scholars played virtually no role in the early development of historical-critical studies of Scripture. The few who tried to, such as Alfred Loisy and George Tyrrell, were caught up in the Modernist controversy at the turn of the century and found their works condemned and themselves excommunicated. Various decrees after 1905 by the Pontifical Biblical Commission made it impossible for Catholic theologians even to think about participating in the modern reappraisals of Jesus. Then, in 1943, Pope Pius XII, a man who himself deserves a modern reappraisal, issued the encyclical *Divino Afflante Spiritu*, which effectively opened up the Bible for scientific study by Catholic scholars. Several developments that had occurred between the wars seem to have forced the Church to face the issue squarely. One was the suddenly high volume of archaeological activity in the Middle East (with the region under de facto British and French protection for a short spell), which yielded new information about the world in which the Scriptures had been composed. Another was a general improvement in the translation and reconstruction of biblical texts. Finally, scholars were busily refining their appreciation of how first-century writers had used language. Two decades after *Divino Afflante Spiritu*, in 1964, the Second Vatican Council allowed scholarship to go even further. Catholic writers, who had been waiting on the fringe of Jesus scholarship like expectant homesteaders on the Oklahoma line, were quick to learn and apply the techniques of New Testament criticism.

The participants in the new quest have been prodigiously prolific. Since 1960, when the Protestant theologian Günther Bornkamm's *Jesus of Nazareth*, the first of the important new-quest texts, was published, a major new interpretation of the life of Jesus has appeared about once a year (and there have been hundreds of other books, confined to some narrower aspect of Jesus's life and ministry). All have been based to a significant extent on textual analysis of the New Testament together with the findings of biblical historians. These are not so much biographies as they are investigations. There has emerged, after a quarter of a century, an element of agreement on several key historical points. Given the acute limitations of the critical methods employed, disagreements have flared over thousands of specific details.

What makes so many of the recent Jesus books so riveting to read is that one comes to them knowing that the authors are engaged in an exquisitely sensitive enterprise, that the reliable evidence at their disposal is at times barely on the palpable side of evanescence, and that a jury of the authors' peers seems to have been permanently empaneled to scrutinize every iota of every claim. These books are invariably long and dense, closely argued, and held in shape by a corset of scholarly apparatus. Much of the real work is done in the footnotes. But whether I have

been reading a book by Bornkamm, Hans Conzelmann, or Joachim Jeremias (all of whom are Protestant), by Raymond E. Brown, Edward Schillebeeckx, or Hans Küng (all of whom are Roman Catholic), I have had the sense of being hot on the trail of a profoundly important historical person. Yet what a tenuous trail it is—the kind that a detective cannot simply follow but must create.

The Grand Inquisitor

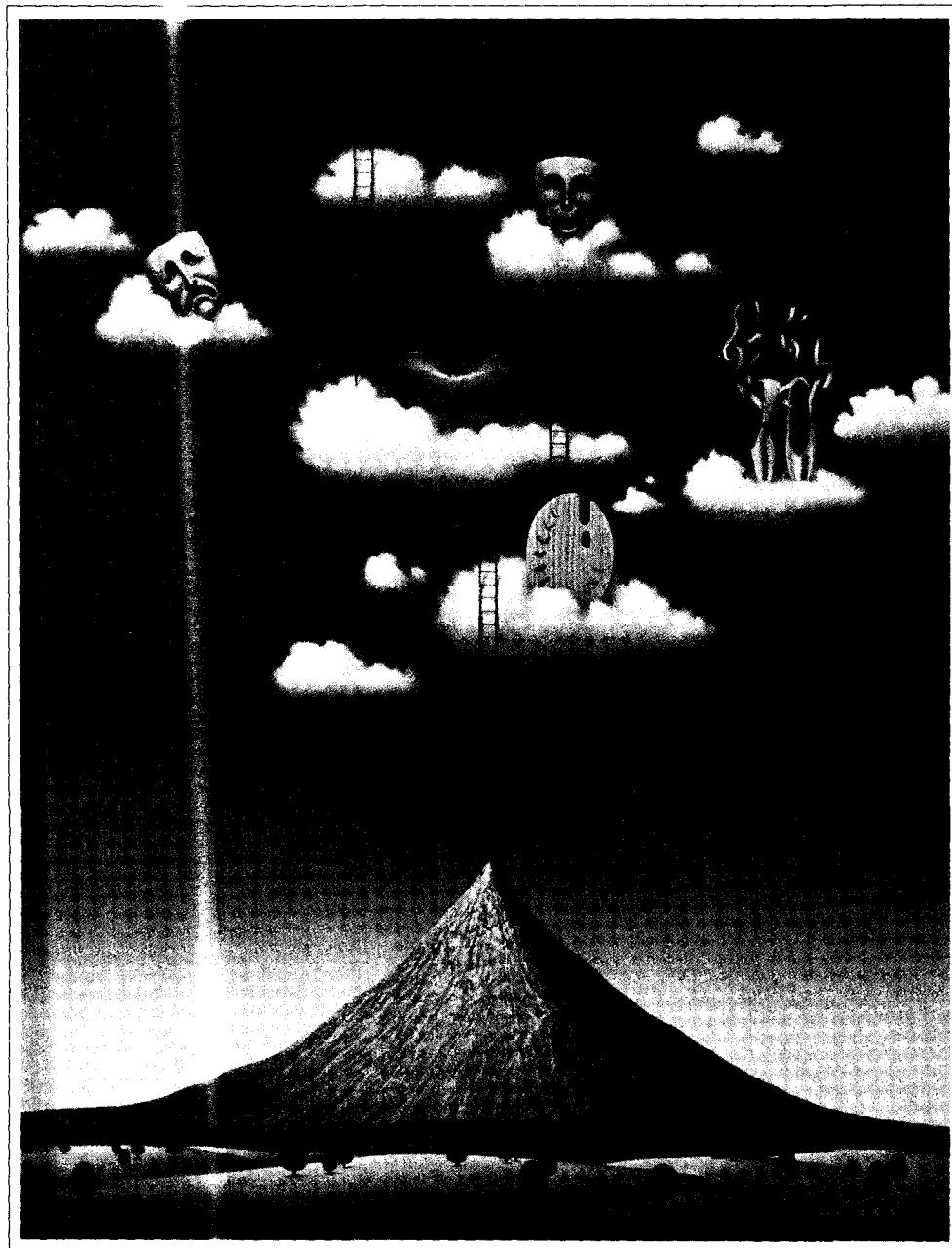
THE UNIVERSITY OF TÜBINGEN, FOUNDED BY COUNT Eberhard the Bearded in 1477, rises above a medieval town of half-timbered houses and winding streets on a crag overlooking the river Neckar, northeast of the Black Forest. The town seems made to wear snow. One of the pleasant prospects of achieving intellectual prominence in Tübingen is the near certainty of having a street named after you, or at the very least a plaque mounted on a doorpost on which you might have leaned. Johannes Kepler studied here, and one can still see the rooms at the Protestant Seminary where the poet Friedrich Hölderlin and the playwright Friedrich von Schiller shared lodgings with the philosopher Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel. Tübingen, like Rome, is built on seven hills, and, like Rome, the town has had a lot to say over the years about Christianity. It was the home, in the last century, of David Friedrich Strauss, Ferdinand Christian Baur, and the other members of the so-called Tübingen School, which first applied to the New Testament the notion of myth—the idea that it contains kernels of possible fact concealed, unfortunately, within an unshuckable husk of religious embellishment. Tübingen is the home today of several well-known writers on Jesus: Eberhard Jüngel and Jürgen Moltmann, the Protestant theologians; Walter Kasper, a Catholic priest who served as secretary of the Vatican Synod held late last year; and Hans Küng, another Catholic priest, whose views on a number of issues have repeatedly met with disfavor in Rome. Every theologian in Tübingen, it would seem, lives atop a hill (with “a clear shot at the others,” Moltmann says), owns a word processor, and works in a book-lined study with a southern exposure and a splendid view of the Swabian countryside.

I spent some time not long ago in Tübingen, and passed the latter part of an afternoon in the company of Hans Küng, at his home high on the Waldhäuserstrasse. The decor had a contemporary, citizen-of-the-world sort of flavor. The furniture was modern and vaguely Nordic, the books on the shelves were in the three or four languages one might have expected, and the clothes on the master of the premises were timelessly mid-Atlantic—dark blue sport shirt and chino pants. Küng, at the age of fifty-eight, looked as spare and well-organized as did his domestic environment. He did not seem any older that day than he was ten years ago, when David Levine did a caricature of him for *The New York Review of Books*; the original was hanging framed in a stairwell.

Küng has had his troubles with Rome. In 1979 he was

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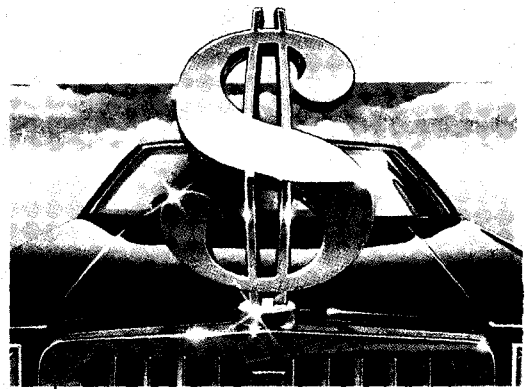
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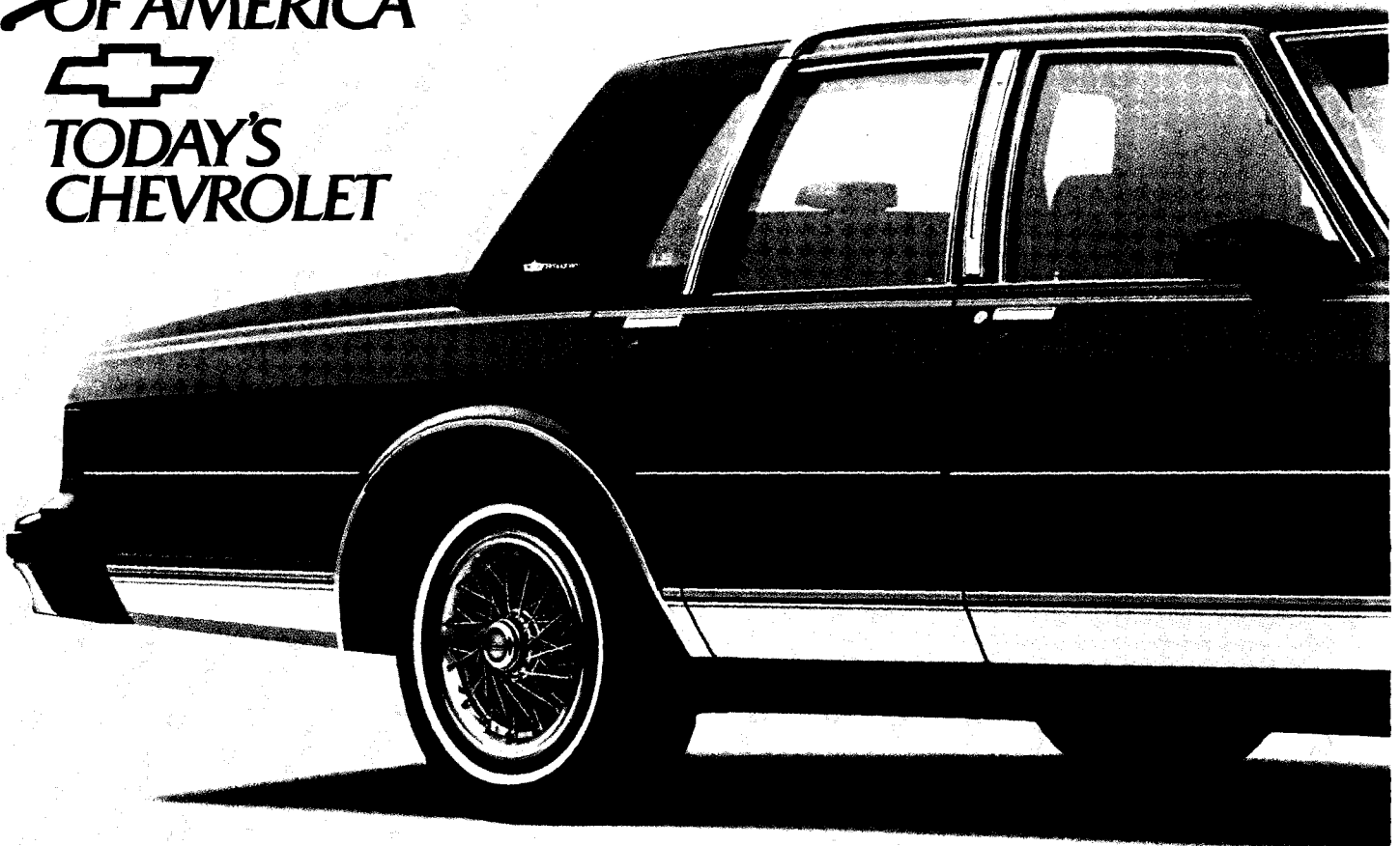
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Heartbeat
OF AMERICA

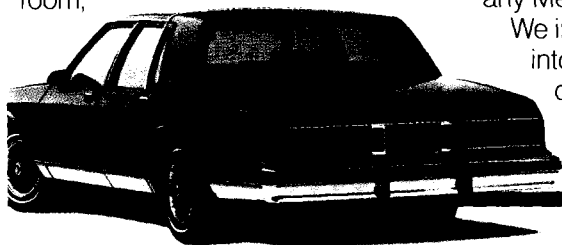
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CHEVROLET



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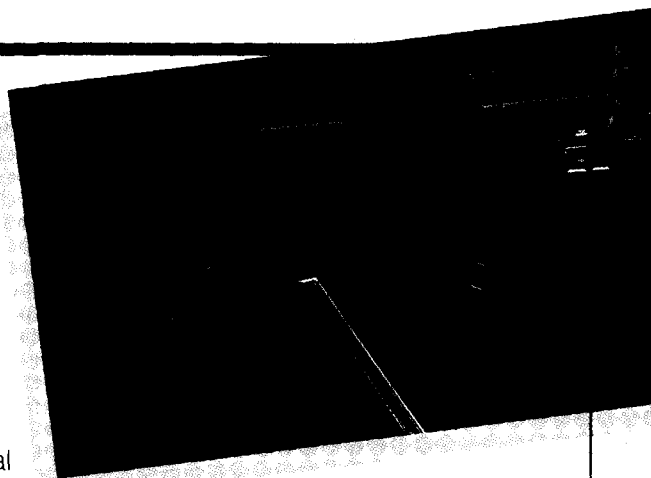
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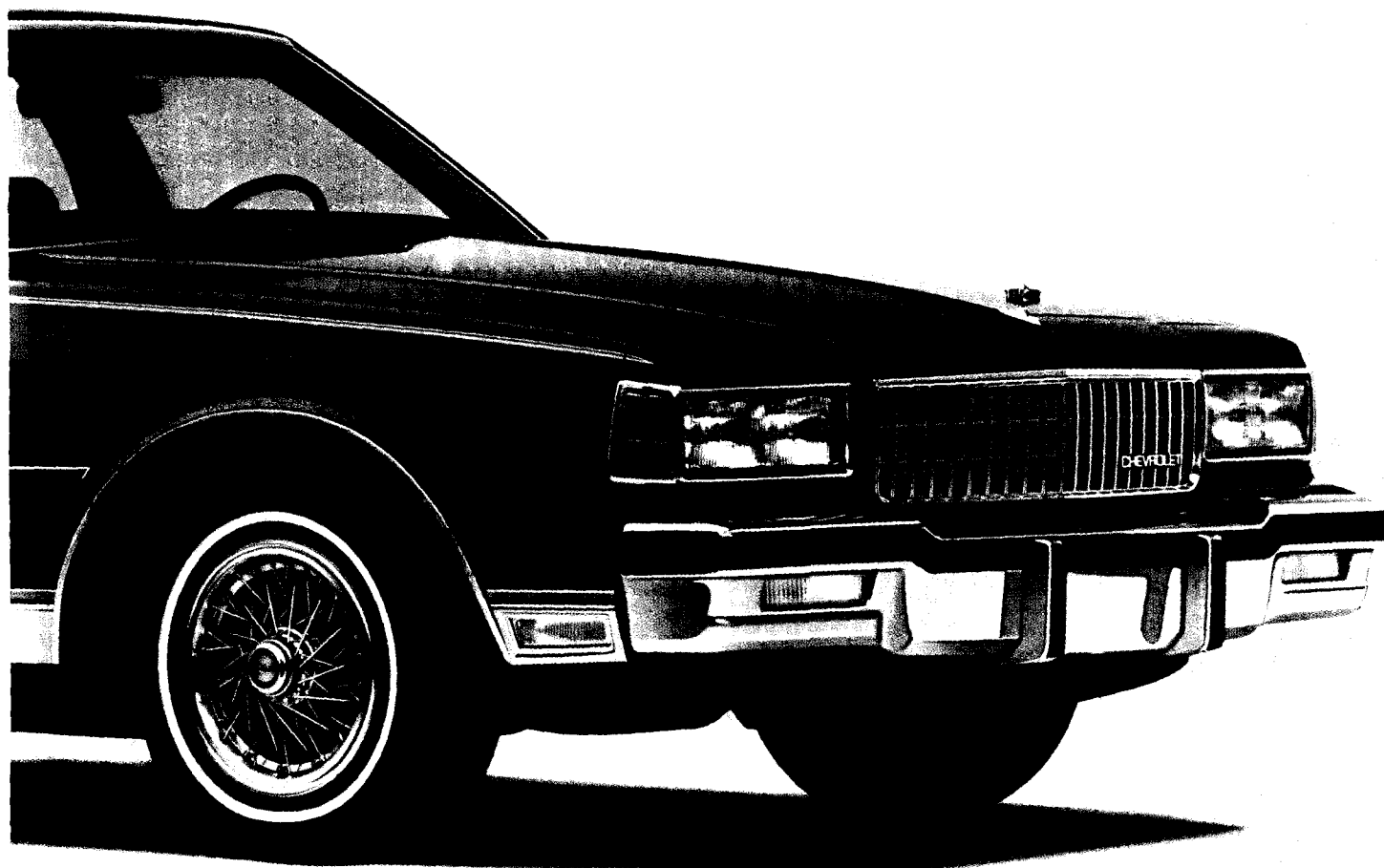
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forbidden by the Vatican to call himself a Catholic theologian, though he retains a professorship at Tübingen. Küng is also the director of his own Ecumenical Institute. Whenever Küng must refer to Rome, he puts a certain spin on the word, conveying the most potent form of contempt, the kind that is somehow empty of both sneering and dismissal.

Küng's Christology—expressed most comprehensively in his book *On Being a Christian* (1974)—is among the purest available versions of Christology “from below.” Küng has little patience with the various proclamations (“from above”) of an established Church; these amount, in his view, to opaque strata of time-bound interpretation. He believes that modern critical methods can recover a core of historical reality. And he believes that they can bring even a skeptic to recognize significant facts about the historical Jesus, and even a skeptic to acknowledge (somehow) Jesus as (somehow) the Christ: the fulfillment of the hopes of Israel, the divinely appointed object of human longing. Küng is saying not that one can accept Jesus as Christ without faith but that what one can learn of the historical Jesus is sufficient to reveal Jesus's message, and that the message in itself is conducive to faith. He is also saying that Church teaching on Jesus the Christ has to be related critically to the original message of Jesus himself. The Vatican's Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith, in its résumé against Küng, found “serious harm to some essential points of Catholic faith” in this view of things, and more particularly in its results.

On Being a Christian is in large measure a vigorous meditation on the Jesus of history, on the Jesus distilled from Scripture by modern scholarship. Küng's intention is to identify what is historically reliable and theologically essential in the Gospels—the Jesus who proclaimed something called the Kingdom of God, who drew sinners (as then defined) into his circle, who preached a new future for the oppressed—and then to follow Jesus as a contemporary might have done. That is, to hear his words, to hear those words in a particular political and religious context, to appreciate the authority with which Jesus seems to have spoken, to contemplate how he lived and with whom he chose to pass his time, and finally to formulate a response. Küng writes: “Would it not perhaps correspond more to the New Testament evidence and to modern man's historical way of thinking if we started out like the first disciples from the real human being Jesus, his historical message and manifestation, his life and fate, his historical reality and historical activity, and then ask about the relationship of this human being Jesus to God, about his unity with the Father.”

I ASKED KÜNG WHY HE HAD WRITTEN *ON BEING A CHRISTIAN* (it is very different from his books on papal infallibility, Church reform, and the priesthood). He said, “In writing my book *The Church* I found myself always speaking about this man Jesus Christ. I realized that I did

not really know who this man Jesus really was. And it occurred to me that many of my colleagues and many of the people who read my books didn't know who Jesus was either. After writing *Infallible?* I was more than ever pushed to discover on what our theology is based. I think I know the tradition—that is, the old tradition—about as well as anyone. I was educated in Rome and spoke in Latin every day for seven years. And I liked it. But I was never able to preach about Jesus. It was easy for me to preach about the Pauline epistles but never very easy to preach about the parables. I decided eventually to preach on the Gospel of Saint Mark, and I did, verse by verse. I experienced in a new way what I had once found boring. I came to the conclusion that basically the Christian message is He Himself. I hate to say it so simply—I've seen in America what television preachers can do with such remarks—but that is a convenient way of getting across the general idea.

“Let me take one precaution. No one who comes ‘from below’ in theology says that there is no ‘above.’ That is a calumny. In essence, though, I am looking at Jesus as the disciples were looking at him; to ask the question, Who is he? That is the question that runs through all of the Gospels. Of course, some of them give him titles—in Saint Mark's Gospel he is called the Son of God—but the Gospels keep asking Who is he? Who is he? What is his relationship to the message about the Kingdom of God? His relationship to the will of God? All of this is seen from the point of view of the disciples. And here, I think, we have to be consistent. We cannot, when it's no longer possible to justify something from below, just come flying in by helicopter. I know that you can simply tell your students that this or that is a Christian truth, and make a big deal about it, with all sorts of sophistication, but the Jesus of history did not say, ‘We are three in one, and now reflect on that.’

“I am often surprised to see the kinds of tricks theologians resort to in order to bring in from above what they cannot justify from below. And I think that the major problems I have had with Rome and that others, like Schillebeeckx, have had with Rome have to do with whether theologians are willing to accept the historical-critical method or not, and whether dogmatics have to be built on a safe historical-critical foundation or not. In *On Being a Christian* I started from below and arrived at the top. Rome would say, ‘Well, you should have said more about Chalcedon and all the rest.’ And Rome would say, ‘You can't get all the way from below, you need a helping hand from above.’ I think the hand is there anyway, all the time. The hand, so to speak, is the message itself. You cannot read one passage of the New Testament without being challenged. Take the ‘Our Father’: there is a challenge in every phrase. But the challenge is not expressed in terms of a mystery. It is never said that you must believe, that there is a whole dogmatic system.

“Always the first thing to ask about the doctrine is, Would Jesus himself understand this? Karl Rahner once said that Jesus would not have understood the first Vatican

Council on infallibility. But the Church instead asks the question of the Grand Inquisitor: Why do you, Jesus, come to disturb us? We have our dogmas about you. We know much better than you. You were not so outspoken. You were not so clear. We have made it much better than you said it."

A Life and a Death

WHAT DID JESUS SAY? HOW DID HE LIVE? NO ONE really knows where Jesus was born: possibly in Bethlehem (as Luke and Matthew claim), possibly in Nazareth. Nazareth was certainly where Jesus grew up. It was a town of so little size and consequence that its name appears in no literary source, or at least none that has survived, until the Gospels themselves. The first mention of Nazareth in a secular source is a carved inscription, discovered in 1962 and dating from the third or fourth century; other archaeological evidence from Nazareth itself, confirms the existence of a town on that site at the time of Christ. There is general agreement that the information in the two Nativity narratives cannot be relied upon as historical fact and that these narratives were inserted into the Gospels of Luke and Matthew to assert certain claims about Jesus: for example, that he was descended from King David, whose own roots lay in Bethlehem. These narratives include elaborate and mutually contradictory genealogies tracing the ancestry of Joseph, the father of Jesus, back to David—an irrelevant exercise, admittedly, if one also accepts the idea of the virgin birth. The Christmas stories in Luke and Matthew are utterly divergent and cannot, as the exegetes say, be harmonized. (The best historical account of the Nativity narratives is *The Birth of the Messiah*, by Raymond E. Brown, a veteran biblical scholar. It is an extraordinary piece of work—I found myself reading all the footnotes, which are helpfully provided at the bottom of each page rather than at the back of the book—and it is a good basic introduction to the way New Testament exegetes do their business.) That the Nativity narratives in Luke and Matthew convey very different information will probably not be apparent in the Nativity displays on town greens throughout the United States. They will show the infant Jesus being visited not only by shepherds (who appear only in Luke) but also by the Magi (who appear only in Matthew and whose number—commonly depicted as three—is not given).

We do not know the year in which Jesus was born, though we do know that the years spanned by his life coincide roughly with the first three and a half decades of the first century. It is possible that Jesus was not an only child, given the references to that effect in the Gospels, the letters of Saint Paul, the Acts of the Apostles, and the chronicles of Josephus. (Here, for example, is Matthew: "Is not his mother called Mary? And his brothers James and Joses and Simon and Judas, and his sisters, are they not all with us?") He was, probably, the son of a carpenter named Joseph, who may have died before Jesus reached maturity.

There is no reference in the Gospels to Joseph after Jesus begins teaching.

The fundamental fact about the young Jesus—indeed, about Jesus at any age—is that he was, as Geza Vermes recently observed, "a Jew and not a Christian." Vermes is a distinguished Jewish historian at Oxford University and an expert on the Dead Sea scrolls. He notes that Jesus was raised in Galilee and spent almost all of his life there (far, in those days, from the religious niceties of Jerusalem), where a sturdy if unsophisticated kind of Judaism was practiced. Jesus was circumcised as a Jew, lived as a Jew, prayed as a Jew, performed Jewish rituals, and spoke in Aramaic to his fellow Jews in terms that they and he would understand. All of this is presented frankly in the Gospels, though Christian scholars for centuries were not disposed to make very much of it. Jesus was inextricably a part of the early-first-century Jewish world. Then as now the Jewish world was large and diverse. Some eight million Jews inhabited the Roman empire, accounting for as many as ten percent of those who rendered unto Caesar.

Despite the Diaspora, which began well before the Christian era, the focal point of Jewish spiritual life remained Palestine, and the Palestine that Jesus knew was a land in religious and political ferment. Jesus may have been old enough to remember, or at least to have heard described in graphic terms, the tax revolt in A.D. 6, which the Romans suppressed. Charismatic, apocalyptic preachers roamed the countryside. Thanks to the chance discovery of the Dead Sea scrolls, we know a great deal about, for instance, the Essenes, who followed a Teacher of Righteousness and held eschatological beliefs similar to some of those taught by Jesus. The eager suggestion, made soon after the scrolls were found, that the Teacher of Righteousness was in fact Jesus himself is not accepted by most scholars. The fact that the scrolls contain terminology that corresponds to much Gospel terminology—for example, references to a conflict between light and darkness—suggests, however, that certain ideas, and ways of talking about them, were in the air. Christian scholars, especially in Europe, have tended to emphasize an abrupt discontinuity between the contemporary Jewish situation and the teachings of Jesus. Jewish scholars such as Vermes and, earlier, Joseph Klausner, who might be presumed to have a greater familiarity with Jewish texts and deeper insight into Jewish history, tend to find a place for Jesus in the multiform first-century Judaic context (as do most American Christian biblical scholars).

IT IS FAIRLY CERTAIN THAT JESUS WAS BAPTIZED BY JOHN the Baptist. Baptism was common in the Jordan Valley among reformist Jewish sects. It symbolized repentance and conversion to the way of the prophets. The tradition of Jesus's baptism is extremely old, appears in three of the four Gospels, and flies in the face of early Christian teachings about the sinlessness of Jesus (recall form criti-

cism's principle of dissimilarity). Ironically, we know more about John's appearance—he dressed in camel's hair—than about that of Jesus, of which the Gospels say not one word. After his baptism Jesus began a ministry in Galilee. How long he preached there can never be known. The Synoptic Gospels say one year, John says at least two. Jesus's message and his behavior attracted considerable attention, a sizable following, and much animosity. When, near the end of his life, he came to Jerusalem (had he been there before during his ministry, as John states?), he was turned over to the Romans by a faction of the Jewish establishment and in short order crucified. Precisely what he did that made a number of sufficiently powerful contemporaries want to see him dead is unclear. It is generally accepted, however, that a sign was nailed to the crucifix stating THIS IS THE KING OF THE JEWS.

To reconstruct what the historical Jesus actually preached, as opposed to what the early Christian communities interpreted, and then quoted him as saying, one has no choice but to rely on the findings of textual criticism. There is consensus on some things. For one, Jesus was an eschatological prophet (and so he viewed himself; in fact, he may have viewed himself as the final one), who spoke of a definitive coming of the Kingdom of God (meaning, in some sense, "salvation"). There is no record of his ever advocating secular revolution against Roman occupation; divine intervention in the very short term would have made that unnecessary. Many of his contemporaries entertained similar beliefs. The Kingdom, Jesus said, is "at hand," and he invited those who listened to him to embrace it. Jesus did not, however, say precisely when it would come (on one occasion he admitted that he did not know when it would come), though he said it would come soon. He did not spell out what its coming would entail. There is no evidence that he intended to found a Church, at least not as the term is commonly understood, but Jesus clearly wanted to call together a group of followers, and he appointed leaders—"the twelve"—to help guide that body.

Jesus was obviously iconoclastic. He spoke with enormous personal authority. Almost never do the evangelists record him citing earlier prophets, Scripture, or the law to justify his statements. (By and large, where biblical citations are attached to sayings of Jesus, they have been added by the evangelists, whoever they were, as glosses, in order to provide a grounding in prophecy and therefore a context of fulfillment.) Apparently Jesus's teachings on several matters deviated from contemporary Jewish belief—for example, in forbidding divorce. On his own authority he performed exorcisms and forgave sins. And he associated freely with the outcasts of society—lepers, prostitutes, the poor, and collaborators with the Roman regime (notably tax collectors). None of this seems to have gone down well with the religious authorities: Jesus remonstrates, "The Son of man came eating and drinking, and they say, Behold a man who is a glutton, and a winebibber, a friend of tax-collectors and sinners." But were these grounds for execution?

E. P. Sanders, an Oxford historian, argues in his provocative new book *Jesus and Judaism* that they probably were not. What the Jewish establishment may have feared more than anything else was simply a disruption of public order and subsequent Roman reprisals—a well-founded concern, in retrospect, given the calamitous rebellion in Palestine a generation after the death of Jesus, which resulted in the destruction of the Temple. Jesus was not the only charismatic Jewish preacher to be executed during Rome's occupation of Palestine.

Sanders argues, too, that much of the central message of Jesus—about concern for the oppressed and about the love and forgiveness of God—was not antithetical to all Jewish thinking, though it is often portrayed that way in the Gospels. (This is especially the case in the Gospel of Saint Mark, which appears to have been compiled in Rome in the sensitive period right after Nero's persecution of the Christians and in the midst of the Jewish revolt in Palestine; one theory is that Mark was trying to put some distance between the beleaguered Roman Christians and the rebellious Palestinian Jews.) But the interest of Jesus in sinners and the downtrodden, unique or not, was clearly fundamental to his preaching. The parables of Jesus, which are largely though not wholly taken as authentic, and his sayings, particularly those known as "aphorisms of reversal" (for example, "But many that are first shall be last; and the last shall be first"), which are also largely accepted as authentic, speak overwhelmingly about the dispossessed. Three verses in Matthew and Luke that most exegetes agree are among the oldest in the tradition and that almost certainly constitute Jesus material are included among the Beatitudes, delivered during the Sermon on the Plain (as Luke calls it; according to Matthew, it is the Sermon on the Mount): "Blessed are the poor: for yours is the Kingdom of God. Blessed are you who hunger now: for you shall be filled. Blessed are you who weep now: for you shall laugh." It is, of course, words like these that provide much of the impetus for modern liberation theologies, whether they be focused on political and social liberation for the downtrodden, as in Latin America, or on the liberation of women everywhere. Among the better-known liberation Christologies of the former kind are those by Gustavo Gutiérrez (*A Theology of Liberation*, 1971), Juan Luis Segundo (*The Liberation of Theology*, 1975), and Jon Sobrino (*Christology at the Crossroads*, 1976).

As a growing number of feminist New Testament scholars have recently been pointing out, Jesus seems to have displayed attitudes toward women that were highly uncharacteristic of the first-century world. That those attitudes survive at all in Gospel texts compiled by men who may not have shared such views serves only to emphasize the importance of the tradition. Jesus associated freely with women and taught some of them as disciples. Women are frequently observed among his following, and many—for example, Martha, Mary, Susanna, and Joanna—are mentioned by name. The subjects of Jesus's parables are

as likely to be women as men, and women in the parables are held up as models for emulation (or the reverse) no more or less often than are men. Jesus repeatedly expresses his concern for the plight of widows, refuses to shun the company of prostitutes and adulteresses, and performs numerous miracles in behalf of women. As noted, Jesus also forbade divorce. In the twentieth century divorce may be liberating for some women, but in the first century it was a calamity for most women. (In Jewish law a wife could not initiate a divorce, but her husband could do so at will and had no obligation to his spouse afterward.) The historicity of the preaching by Jesus on divorce is accepted by almost all scholars, though few go so far as to assert that in these sayings we have the *ipsissima verba*—the “very words themselves”—employed by Jesus. (A modern analogy: No one disputes the historicity of Jimmy Carter’s famous “malaise” speech; in that speech, however, Carter never once used the word *malaise*.)

The Jesus movement, like other reform and renewal movements in first-century Judaism, was highly egalitarian, and the egalitarianism appears to have survived into the early decades of Christianity. The pre-Pauline Christian baptismal formulation, preserved in Paul’s epistle to the Galatians, is a radical declaration. It reads: “There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for you are all one in Christ Jesus.” Elisabeth Schüssler Fiorenza, the author of *In Memory of Her* (1983) and perhaps the most prominent feminist theologian writing today, has attempted to reconstruct—as best one can, given the essentially androcentric nature of the sources—the role of women in the earliest Christian communities. She argues persuasively that many women played key roles in the early Church, served as priests and missionaries, often worked with their husbands as a team, and were members of the church leadership. Eventually, however, the Church readjusted to the patriarchal patterns of the surrounding culture. There is some speculation, incidentally, that one of the hypothesized pre-Gospel sources—L, the source thought to be unique to the Gospel according to Luke—may have been the work of a woman. Luke contains more passages involving women (about forty) than any other Gospel; roughly half of those passages appear only in Luke, and most of them seem to come from L.

THE QUESTION OF JESUS’S SELF-UNDERSTANDING IS intriguing but ultimately elusive. It is not clear which of the titles or designations with which he is endowed in the Gospels he actually gave himself. Son of God, Servant of the Lord, and Messiah seem mainly to have been added to the texts by later believers. (There is a lot of controversy about the term *Messiah*, which had a range of meanings in the first century.) Jesus refers to himself on some seventy occasions as “the Son of man,” a designation that appears to be somehow mystical and significant. It turns out to have been, among other things, a

conventional way of speaking about oneself in Aramaic in the third person (as Jesus does in this passage: “Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man has nowhere to lay His head”). In passages that scholars accept as reflecting the earthly Jesus, he calls himself a physician (in the sense of a healer of souls) and a shepherd (leading a flock), and he accepts the designation of prophet.

What chiefly seems to distinguish Jesus from other Jewish charismatics is the intensity of what has been called his *Abba* experience, an experience that perhaps lies at the heart of his sense of authority. *Abba* is an Aramaic word for a male parent—the word a son would use (the connotation is “father dear,” but the word’s simplicity and ease of pronunciation suggests the speech of a child) rather than a word that might be used by a historian, an exegete, or a social-welfare agency. Jesus refers to God as “*Abba*” repeatedly in the Gospels. *Abba* is not a word that first-century Jews commonly used in prayer or supplication. The word is not unique to Jesus, but it is employed by him in a unique fashion, and if there is any word in the New Testament that one can be absolutely certain that Jesus used, used frequently, and used with a particular meaning, it is this one. The word even appears in its Aramaic form in the Greek text of the Gospel according to Mark. Greek texts are the earliest ones we have; the survival in them of Aramaicisms—whether these are words or peculiar speech patterns—is of considerable exegetical significance. In Mark, Jesus is quoted as saying on the eve of his death, “*Abba*, [and then, translated] Father, all things are possible to Thee. Take away this cup from Me. Nevertheless not what I will, but what Thou wilt.” *Abba* is twice used in the epistles of Saint Paul. Personalizing a relationship to God in this way, and with such frequency, is utterly new. On just one occasion does Jesus speak of God in the sense of “your father in heaven” or “our common father”: in John 20:17, a passage that occurs, significantly, after the Resurrection. Everywhere else he refers to God simply as his own father. (One might ask, what about the Lord’s Prayer? The word *our* in the prayer’s opening address—“Our Father, who art in heaven . . .”—is actually an emendation by Matthew; the shorter and more authentic version in Luke omits the pronoun.)

In the view of scholars the *Abba* tradition survives in the Gospels not because it represents anything traditional about Judaism but because it stuck in the memory of those who had known Jesus. Jesus used *Abba* to mean something special, to imply a relationship, to somehow define his own ministry, and he used it at some of the most critical points in his life.

Jesus did not, however, invoke *Abba* when he was on the cross. He said, instead, “*Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?*”—“My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?” The question is another of those that scholars believe ring true historically. The words, quoted as Jesus would have uttered them, in Aramaic, come from Psalm 22. And after Jesus spoke them, he died.

Resurrection

IMET WITH EDWARD SCHILLEBEECKX ONE DAY LAST winter in his room at the Albertinum, the Dominican House at the Catholic University of Nijmegen, in the Netherlands. It was a cold and snowy day, and Schillebeeckx, who suffers from a heart condition and had just recovered from the flu, seemed somewhat frail; his thick eyeglasses and fine white hair reinforced the impression. Schillebeeckx, a Fleming by birth, is the author of many books on a variety of subjects: marriage, clerical celibacy, Mary, the Eucharist. During the early 1960s he achieved considerable prominence as an adviser to the Dutch bishops at the Second Vatican Council. Not until relatively late in his life did Schillebeeckx undertake the two works that have won him widespread recognition—*Jesus: An Experiment in Christology* (1974) and *Christ: The Experience of Jesus as Lord* (1977). A third book, completing what will stand as a christological trilogy, is in preparation.

Schillebeeckx has on three occasions—in 1968, 1976, and 1982—been challenged by the Vatican to explain his theological views. Each time he has been exonerated. The challenges have come on various issues: prominently, his failure, in the Church's view, to place enough stress on the traditional Chalcedonian formulas regarding the divinity of Jesus and to emphasize the "objective reality" of the Resurrection. Schillebeeckx's response to the first charge has always been simply that the terms used at Chalcedon, redolent of Middle Platonism, have no real meaning any longer for modern people. Over a millennium and a half such basic words as *person*—as in "two natures in one person" and "three persons in one God"—have been radically transformed in meaning. (I recall David Tracy saying that, sure, he could affirm the language of Nicaea and Chalcedon, but that he had had the benefit of a great deal of study. He wondered what a poll of ordinary Christians would reveal about their understanding of any statement in their creeds.) The question of the Resurrection consumes a considerable portion of Schillebeeckx's book *Jesus*, and it was the subject that I most wanted to discuss.

"The first thing to remember," Schillebeeckx said, "is that there are limitations to what we can know by using the historical-critical approach. The only texts that we have show Jesus already proclaimed as Christ by the Church and by his first disciples. The New Testament is the testimony of believing people, and what they are saying is not history but expressions of their belief in Jesus as Christ. But that belief is filled up and determined by who Jesus historically was, and this allows us to reconstruct Jesus to a certain extent. In *Jesus* I tried to reconstruct what happened to the apostles at the Resurrection, what is meant by the Resurrection. It was, of course, impossible, but we have some important elements of the story. Here is the central one: We know that the apostles were flying away after the death of Jesus. Then, within a matter of days, they are boldly proclaiming that he lives. What happened in between?"





There are no eyewitness accounts in the Gospels of the Resurrection, and certainly nothing to justify the common portrayal of that event in devotional art: as the great boulder rolls away, Jesus, clad in a winding sheet, blazes forth in glory from his grave. What one does find in some of the Gospels are divergent accounts of various people visiting Jesus's tomb and finding it empty. These are thought by Schillebeeckx and others to reflect an ancient pilgrimage tradition. In the decades between the death of Jesus and the writing of the Gospels, Christians visiting Jerusalem were shown an "empty tomb" as a devotional aid; the empty-tomb tradition was then incorporated into the Gospel texts. Far from being a proof of the Resurrection, the stories of an empty tomb reflect the practice of people who already believed.

Later on in the Gospels there are similarly divergent accounts of appearances by Jesus to one or more of the disciples. These cannot be taken at face value either. The idea of an *appearance* is probably not meant to convey an actual sighting but rather to suggest something more along the lines of a recognition. This is the sense it has in the epistles, when Paul describes his blinding on the road to Damascus, his vision of Jesus, and his subsequent conversion. It is clear from the context that what Paul really experiences is a "voice," a word that survives today with a full complement of notoriously ineffable connotations. It may very well be, as Schillebeeckx suggests, that the evangelists, writing after Paul, used Paul's description of his encounter (with a "risen" Jesus) as a model for their own descriptions of what transpired in the aftermath of the Crucifixion.

THE FACT REMAINS THAT CHRISTIANS BELIEVED, soon after the death of Jesus, in something they called a Resurrection—believed in it so intensely that they were willing to die for it. (Few if any of the twelve apostles are thought to have died a natural death.) Schillebeeckx begins his exploration of the "Easter experience" with the failure of Jesus's ministry in Galilee, a failure that is nowhere stated explicitly in the Gospel texts but that has been inferred by many scholars. For example, the number of references to the large size of the crowds that Jesus attracts diminishes markedly in the latter half of some Gospels, and anathemas are pronounced on towns that have apparently washed their hands of Jesus ("Woe unto you Chorazin. Woe unto you Bethsaida"). Rejected in Galilee, Schillebeeckx contends, Jesus decided to bring his message, the eschatological message about the imminent coming of the Kingdom of God, to Jerusalem. He probably knew that his life would be in danger. ("One would have to declare Jesus something of a simpleton," Schillebeeckx writes, "if it were maintained that he went up from Galilee to Jerusalem in all innocence, without any idea of the deadly opposition he was to encounter there.") And he probably made some sort of connection in his own mind between the possibility of death and the coming of

the Kingdom. The account of the Last Supper, though heavily overlaid with material that reflects a developed liturgy of the Eucharist, also contains very early passages suggesting, in what may be a recollection of Jesus's own words, that death was not to be the end of the matter.

Jesus was arrested, and the disciples fled. The theme of rejection and denial by the apostles is so strong in the Gospels that behind it must lie some hard core of fact. The apostles fall asleep while Jesus prays in the Garden of Gethsemane; they run away when the authorities come to get him; Simon Peter even refuses to admit having known him. As Schillebeeckx sums it up, the apostles left Jesus "in the lurch." (This notion survives in texts that were written under the auspices of a Church that had been led by the very men the Gospels criticize; there is obviously some importance to the idea of rejection.) As the disciples scattered, perhaps to Galilee, Jesus was tried before the Sanhedrin and convicted, not, in Schillebeeckx's view, for anything he had preached (although the Gospels contend that he was condemned for blasphemy) but rather on the technicality of his refusal to answer the tribunal's questions—in other words, contempt of court. The nature of first-century Jewish legal proceedings is one thing that historians can reconstruct with a fair degree of reliability. Another is the horrible technique of crucifixion, which caused death, often by asphyxiation, only after prolonged agony. Indeed, a leg of the victim was sometimes broken in the end, in order to diminish his capacity to raise his hanging body, anchored by nailed feet, and thereby gain a full breath. This apparently was not necessary in the case of Jesus. He was already dead when the executioners came around to break his leg.

The Resurrection was, at least in part, a Resurrection of faith. The disciples had been dispersed. They dared not associate with one another. At the same time, in the view of Schillebeeckx, they began to reflect on the traumatic events of the recent past, experiencing intense feelings of guilt and repentance. They had been men "of little faith," as Jesus had said they were. But had they *lost* the faith? Schillebeeckx describes a conversion process in which the disciples, upon recollecting the Jesus they had known, and what he had done and said, came one after another to a kind of illumination: a palpable sense of forgiveness and renewal, and a conviction that fellowship with Jesus—a risen Jesus who was actively present—remained possible. Precisely what happened, of course, one cannot describe. It is very likely, however, that it was the apostle Simon who was the first to experience a conversion, and that he was instrumental in gathering the disciples ("but some doubted," in the words of Matthew) together once more. Among the apostles it was Simon to whom Jesus made his first appearance (for example, in Luke: "The Lord has indeed risen, and has appeared to Simon") and it was to Simon that the early Church, though putting the words in the mouth of Jesus, gave the additional name Peter (Latin for "rock"), apparently in recognition of the fundamental role he played.

As for the Resurrection itself—as something that occurred in reality, and not merely in the minds of the disciples—Schillebeeckx deems it to be so alien to human experience, so “apart” from human history, that it cannot be adequately explained or understood by means of historical-critical methodology. One accepts it on faith. And when we met in Nijmegen, Schillebeeckx made it clear that he does. “The Resurrection is a vindication of Jesus,” he said, toward the end of a long conversation, “but it is not only a kind of ratification of the values proclaimed by Jesus. It is also a ratification of the person of Jesus. Something happened to Jesus himself. The Resurrection is not only about what happened to the disciples after the death of Jesus. There are some theologians who are saying that the Resurrection can be reduced to the Resurrection of our belief. I think there is more. As I said, something happened. Something happened to Jesus.”

The Jesus books of Edward Schillebeeckx are remarkable pieces of scholarship, extraordinarily erudite yet thoroughly accessible. One has a sense of the author as a man of infinite patience. One has the sense of him also as one who lives for his subject, in all meanings of that phrase. I asked him, as I was leaving, how he spent a typical day. Schillebeeckx said, “I work. And I work. And then of course I get my sleep.”

The First Coming

NOT LONG AGO A PHOTOCOPY OF AN ARTICLE IN *THE New York Review of Books* appeared on the bulletin board at the Jesuit Residence on the campus of Loyola University, in Chicago. Scrawled on the article was a question: “Can you believe this was written by a member of the Loyola faculty?”

The author was Thomas Sheehan, a professor of philosophy, and the article, though ostensibly a review of Hans Küng’s *Eternal Life?*, was really an evaluation of the status of recent scholarship about Jesus. Sheehan referred to a “liberal consensus”—a consensus that, in his view, had emerged among progressive theologians who employ or rely on modern critical methods—and he argued that the liberal consensus represented not merely a demythologizing of Christian, specifically Catholic, belief but also the dismantling of orthodox doctrine. Theologians had, he wrote, “pushed Catholic theology to the point where it seems to break down.” Sheehan described this development as immensely promising. The appearance of Sheehan’s article provoked something of a tempest. The Catholic magazine *Commonweal* commissioned and printed several rebuttals, generating in turn numerous letters to the editor, responses to the letters, and responses to the responses. The magazine required several issues to purge itself of the debate.

Sheehan’s latest book, *The First Coming: How the Kingdom of God Became Christianity*, was published this fall. The title of the book is taken from Saint Justin Martyr, an early Christian apologist and the first to refer not only to the first

coming, of Christ, but also to some sort of second coming. Jesus had spoken of the coming of the Kingdom of God, which he believed was imminent, but early Christianity eventually shifted the focus from the message to the messenger. (The proclaimer became the proclaimed, in Bultmann’s famous phrase.) The Christian tradition, in Sheehan’s view, amounts to an enormous distortion of the original message of the Kingdom of God. Sheehan proposes a reinterpretation that is free of the notion of Christ (“that is, without interpretations that equate the kingdom of God with Christ’s salvific acts . . . and ultimately with his divine person”) and more or less free of Jesus (“not dismissing the prophet, but also not turning him into an idol”). It is Sheehan’s hope that the contemporary resurgence in critical studies about Jesus means that Christianity will discover what he believes it always was about: “Not God or Christ or Jesus of Nazareth, but the endless, unresolvable mystery inscribed at the heart of being human.”

I JOINED SHEEHAN FOR LUNCH ONE DAY AT A RATHER crowded restaurant on Broadway Street. He is sharp-featured and swarthy in appearance, precise and self-confident in speech. There is a kind of voice that, though not loud, somehow tends to be everywhere audible in a room dense with conversation, and Sheehan’s voice is like that. (The result was that as we talked, surrounding conversations were gradually extinguished; I think everyone was probably listening to Sheehan’s peroration.) He expressed a certain puzzlement at the refusal of Christian scholars to draw the conclusions that he himself draws from the evidence. “They say, ‘Yes, the scholarship says this, or that, or the other, but I still believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, he existed from all eternity.’ They just continue to incant the myth.” Sheehan explained that while some had called him a post-Christian agnostic, he preferred to be thought of as a “pre-Christian catholic, catholic with a small c”—willing to acknowledge what was universally valid in the message of a pre-Easter Jesus who was not God. On such terms alone is he willing to affirm a belief in what Jesus is about.

“I can subscribe to that formulation,” he said, “only as long as I am allowed to interpret it: Jesus is a symbol of human liberation. I believe that, sure. The real issue is that Jesus didn’t come to proclaim himself. He didn’t come to proclaim any particular interpretation of himself. He came to proclaim the Kingdom of God—something that in itself is problematic, couched as it is in an apocalyptic, eschatological language.

“To say I believe in Jesus means, first of all, that I want to take Jesus at his word. To take Jesus at his word means to step behind Christology and take the content of the message as it was actually preached. We can find out through scholarship what that message was. What is the message of the Kingdom of God? The future is now present—where the future means the eschatological coming of

God—granted, present in an incipient, inchoate way, but present and soon to be fulfilled. That's the bottom line. Translate that into terms we recognize: the incarnation of God among his people, God refusing to make a distinction between divinity and humanity. Translate that: religion is over; religion that draws distinctions and tells you how to get from the human to the divine is over. Eschatology is converted into the tasks of justice and mercy. It's as simple as that.

"There's nothing absolutely foundational in Christianity that is obligatory for anybody—for the Salvadoran guerrilla, the Evanstonian bourgeois Catholic, David Tracy, or me. What you have is always the slippery ground of hermeneutics, of the need to interpret. Frankly, I don't think that there's a definable orthodoxy any longer even within Roman Catholicism. I know a Jesuit theologian who told a group of us that the Christ event—Jesus sent by God and the whole ball of wax—applies only to Western culture. 'Christ is the symbol of Western culture for being touched by God. Ontologically, the Christ does not apply, may never have had any significance, for Eastern cultures.'

"I think what we have today is an explosion of pluralities. All efforts to reduce to unity are over. This is not without precedent. In the first century A.D. Christianity was not a unity, it was a plurality of different approaches. Johannine Christology was very different from Mark's Christology. Q Christology was very different from that of Luke and Matthew. You don't even get the same interpretations of what the victory of Jesus was. Was there a Resurrection? Was it an exaltation? Was it a rapture into glory? What you had was a plurality that only pulled itself together under force of political circumstance after two or three hundred years. At Chalcedon, perhaps. In the early years variety was the norm. You didn't even have the same structures for governing the Church. Did all early Christian communities have bishops? No. Perhaps what we're seeing as the Church enters its third millennium is a reprise.

"That doesn't mean that we've lost anything. Everything is still available for retrieval—for pulling from it some kernel of truth, depending on the interest of the group looking back into it. If you break down the surfaces of positions you can still find something in the most speculative fourth-century Cappadocian Greek Fathers that is useful today for liberation theology."

Thomas Sheehan is a layman. He is a philosopher, not a theologian, and he stands at the modern end of a long, uneven, tradition: of secular writers who have ventured into Jesus territory. His book will probably hit a nerve in some

educated Christians, who will suspect that Sheehan is saying what many theologians don't dare to say but deep down really believe. I think that perception is wildly incorrect.

Christmas

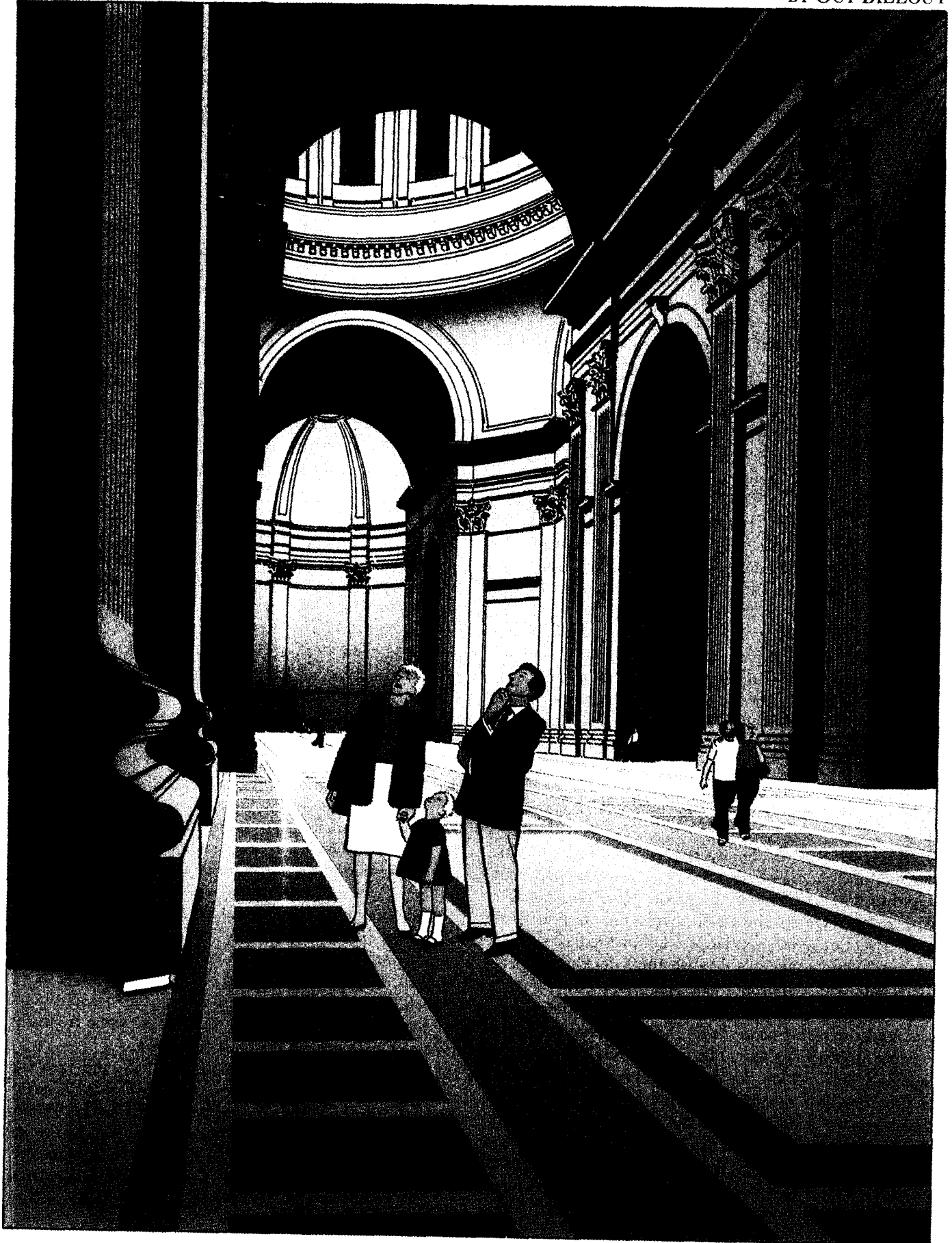
A STRIKING QUALITY OF JESUS IS HIS UTTER INDEPENDENCE—in his life and in subsequent history. No one interpretation has ever achieved a monopoly. In his recent book *Jesus Through the Centuries*, a survey of perceptions of Jesus in art, literature, philosophy, and social science, the historian Jaroslav Pelikan, of Yale University, calls Jesus "the man who belongs to the world." It is hard to think of any other figure who, over the years, has been claimed by so many and in so many different ways and for so many different purposes, who yet has never been identified exclusively with any single cause, and who has remained perpetually available for use. The diversity that Pelikan finds is extraordinary. And Pelikan is concerned only with how Jesus has been perceived in the West.

Diversity of interpretation will inevitably increase; on this point Sheehan is surely correct. The scholarship of the past few decades has largely been specific to the developed world. It has involved the tasks of both demythologizing and translating: of making the content of first-century Palestinian texts somehow accessible to educated Christians in the twentieth-century West. But the developed world's way, for so long the dominant way, is already a minority's way. It is in the Third World that most Christians now live. There are more Presbyterians in South Korea than in Scotland, more Anglicans in Africa than in England, more Catholics in the Southern Hemisphere than in the Northern Hemisphere. We are only just beginning to hear from scholars in the Third World—in Latin America (primarily), Africa, and Asia. In East Africa, Christians call Jesus "the first ancestor." In Ghana he is "the great snake." The Lakota Sioux refer to him as "the buffalo calf of God." Contexts shape Christology, and they always have.

There is something to be said, finally, for mythology. Around Christmastime last year the context I found myself in was Chicago, Illinois. I had spent a long day talking with various scholars about Jesus research, and at times I had had the distinct impression of being present at some sort of clinical procedure. Walking up Michigan Avenue in the early evening through a light snowfall, I came to the Water Tower, brightly lit. On the pavement nearby was a Salvation Army band, which, as I approached, began to play "O Little Town of Bethlehem." And I must say that it was quite a thrill. □

PROP

BY GUY BILLOUT



DECEMBER 1986

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A Short Story



MAY ANGELS LEAD YOU HOME

BY SHARON SHEEHE STARK

THE DAY AFTER HIS FATHER'S FUNERAL JOSEPH Kleeve sat in his office, but not very well. "He has ants in his pants," he overheard Debbie, his secretary, tell some girlfriend over the phone. He was just wrapping up his business with Mildred Gaugler.

"Okey doke," he said. "I'll give it my best shot. Have a good day, now." A notch at a time he was nudging her out the door.

"Chust hold your horses once!" The full-bodied woman came heavily about and regarded him with bleached, unyielding eyes. "Now mindt," she said, "don't forget to make Lizzie pay for the gas it takes to come here." She shook a finger at him. "Extra yet for aggravation."

"Mildred," he said, "to the best of my knowledge, the law, God bless it, doesn't pay beans for aggravation."

"The boss is rutchy today, say not?" she said to the secretary, who looked up from *People* with a smile like the white of an apple.

When Mildred was gone, he went back to his desk, put his feet up, and tilted back. Mildred Gaugler had just retained him to recover something called a "hollyhock teapot." The object had been willed to her by her deceased mother but currently resided with her oldest sister, Lizzie. She wanted the teapot, plus gas, plus aggravation. He buzzed his secretary. She came to the doorway.

"Deb," he said, "what gets into people?"

"Beats me," she said, yawning. She went back to her desk.

The truth was, he bore a special fondness for Mrs. Gaugler and the cousinage of like clients who had been with him from the beginning—sixth-, seventh-generation Pennsylvania Dutch who saw fit to trust him despite his almost abject outsidership. He would never adjust to their strange hybrid tongue, nor relish their doughy suppers. They got a kick out of him when he tried.

He settled their multitudinous boundary disputes, represented their drag-racing sons and disgraced daughters. Against his better judgment he drew up endlessly particularizing wills in which, for instance, one hollyhock teapot is specifically bequeathed to Mildred Gaugler. In the meantime the testator forgets and gives the teapot away, and then thoughtlessly dies. Much aggrieved, Mildred decides to sue the estate; she is joined in that action by a dozen other heirs, who are missing sewing machines, chocolate sets, bean dryers. The very thought of all that dusty stuff made him fidgety.

He popped out of his chair and circled his desk three times. He ate an apple, a granola bar. He took his pulse and blood pressure. Normal was boring. He set up the projector and put on his favorite reel, his son winning the district wrestling championship last year. Debbie came right away when he buzzed. She sat down, facing the screen, foot tapping the practiced beat of her tedium.

"Watch this, Deb. . . . Watch him pussyfoot out of this one. . . . You're not going to believe this pancake. . . . What a whizzer. . . . Ever see a Granby roll into a Peterson? Hold on—Christ, was that nice or was that nice? Hey, don't go, semi-finals coming up."

"Phone's ringing," she said.

"Let it."

After Michael pinned his opponent in the finals, Joseph Kleeve flicked the switch quickly, before the film moved on to the tragedy at the state tournament. He checked his watch. "I'm going for a walk," he said.

"Suit yourself."

It was not an ideal day for a stroll. A walking-stick of an old woman traversed the windy corner at Sixth and Widcombe, stepping sideways and forward at the same time. A heavy gust spun Joseph like a top, and when he came about the world stood at an angle, unfamiliar to him.

"The streets have shifted," his wife had said as she watched him dress for work. Louise always delivered difficult advice in obliquities and riddles. She wanted him to stay home another day or so. "Just until you get your bearings." Joseph lowered his head and plunged into the wind, shoulders rolled forward like wings.

Up the cold canyons now, figures whipping by, the crags of the city spiking jaggedly around him, the grays and tans and glints of brass buffed to a smoothness like marble. Joseph kept his stride deliberate, rhythmic, to encourage himself. He marched on and on, the blocks slipping by like minutes, and for one of those minutes Joseph forgot who he was and was instead the man he came from, his dad, the day they did Dog Jaw Mountain.

Through heavy winds and hailstones, hard into the boulder country, Harold Kleeve had led Troop 24, stepping high and lively long after it was clear he'd led them wrong. What Joseph remembered most about the hours they were lost was how his father saved face manually, pushing up at the corners of his mouth, reinforcing that image of a leader of men, even as his eyes reddened with the terrible strain of bravery.

Neither would he admit to finer retail than Pincus Brothers, a higher good than the quality shoes he sold there. He had spent his life preaching Naturalizers for wise women and bore only scorn for the mother who would shoe her babe in less than Buster Brown. But what happened when faith failed, when he didn't believe any of it? Monday nights and Dollar Days and the slow, damp let-down of every January. What did he think then, varicose veins at eye level? How did he bear leading one more club-woman to the x-ray machine that showed if the feet were pinched, his doubts as crowded as the tiny white toe-bones. Toe-bones, teapots—how did a man's life attract such things?

Joseph was astonished to see that he'd already walked far beyond the business section of town. He was passing large Victorian showplaces turned into studios and offices, a renovated house with windows like ice-cube trays. Freezing, he hailed a cab to shuttle him back down to Sixth Street. Instead of going to the office, he took his car out of the lot and drove to the mall. He phoned and told Debbie not to expect him for the rest of the day. "I'm at the law library," he told her.

"Come off it," she said.
"That's what I tell people."

"Okay," he conceded,
"I'm at the mall. I'm goofing off."

He ordered a chili dog from a girl with flawless skin and eyes the green of mint. "You look like a man who makes decisions all day," she said, smiling. He thought maybe she ran a consulting firm on the side.

He would subscribe to her service, whatever it was. He would tell her things he never told anybody else. He wondered how his father had felt with a pretty ankle in his hand. Priestly? Like a lucky man?

"You need C, the decisive vitamin," she said, selling him a large Orange Julius, the consultation over.

At the electronics store he bought earphones for jogging and a little box named Boris. Boris could beat experts at chess. He brought the companion book on how to beat Boris.

When he ran out of quarters, he left the space-game arcade and drove out to Lum's VW. Larry Lum said, "Hey, baby, only new item on the lot is that tangerine Vanagon."

The small purchases he'd made—the hot dog, the gadgets—lay like a handful of millet at the bottom of his bereavement. He was still sucking hunger. And Lum's sound system, deft as a spider, wrapped him in sticky desire, packaged for easy handling. A Mercedes might be needed to fill him up, but a tangerine van would go a long way. "If I can take it with me," he said.

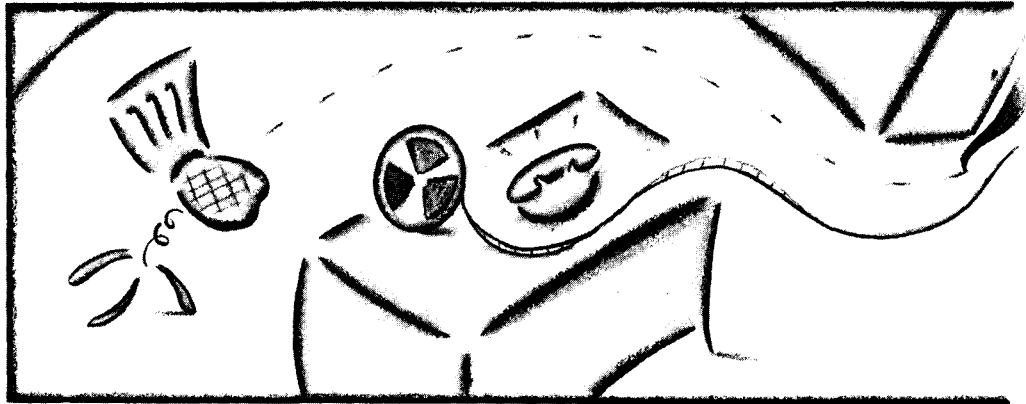
"No sweat," Larry Lum said. "I'll put the boys on it right away. Tell you what—I'll even have them drive the

old one out to the house tomorrow. Or did you plan on trading her in?"

"Oh, no," he said quickly. "I need them both." His dad had got a kick out of the women who put their new shoes on and carried the old pair home in a box like a coffin.

AS WAS HIS WONT, WHEN IN NEED—AFTER LOSING IN court or suffering affront—Joseph headed for the first point on the road to recovery. He went straight to the Improper. Before the cocktail hour a lounge was a woeful thing—naked, bereft, its cracks and shabbiness laid open, cigarette burns in the leatherette, the urine smell that such places take on after a decade or so with the same foam rubber. Always at least one boozy housewife, trying to read her watch in the dark, muttering about dinner. Waitresses standing around, still tired from the night before, always getting over somebody named Rick.

At the end of the bar stood Kilray, the dining-room host, in his cerulean cutaway and frilly ecru shirt. The man looked torpid, stalled, as if his life could not possibly re-



sume until the dinner crowd began to dribble in. Avoiding Kilray's eyes, Joseph hunched low over his Lambrusco.

When Kilray shambled over anyhow, Joseph gave him a taut sidelong look, a curt nod. The man had dank, pouched cheeks and small, insolent eyes. He put his hand on Joseph's shoulder and brought his face too close. "Liar game must be slow, you're cutting out this early."

Joseph shrugged, waiting for the inevitable "trouble with you guys" number, which, in due course, came. Stiffly polite, he endured the smug aggression masquerading as a friendly ribbing between equals. "Just as a fer instance," Kilray was saying, "what if the person on the other side is some poor orphan kid and your client's trying to grab his last dime. Whatcha gonna do, counselor?"

"Punt," Joseph said.

"What if your client's up for murder and says to you, 'Kleeve, ol' boy, I did it, sure as God made popcorn, I stabbed her eighty-nine times and buried her out back.' Whatcha tellin' this clown, counselor?"

"Ribbet," Joseph said, winking at the bartender.

"Who you for, anyhow?" the man said, belligerent now. "The criminal or the victim?"

Joseph fixed him hard. "Simple," he said. "Before the crime, I'm on the victim's side. After the crime, I'm for my client." He paid for the drink and left, Kilray's breath still wet on his neck.

The way home was long but handily subdivided. If he drove straight out the old highway, five or six reasonably congenial way stations were on his route. His last regular stop within the city itself was a place called The Office. Dark hardwoods and a dignified, dyspeptic bartender contributed to its clubby atmosphere. The Office catered to a primarily professional crowd—journalists, lawyers stopping for a respectable two drinks before heading out to the suburbs, where civic-minded women waited in gleaming kitchens. These women received their husbands in rooms as tranquil as funeral parlors. They wore headbands in primary colors and had definite opinions on real subjects and kept their shoelaces tied.

Or the wives would arrive from offices of their own, their lunchtime purchases in stiff bags from tony shops. Joseph had nothing against these women, but he'd never wanted any of them. Why did he shame his wife because she was a mite irregular? He imagined Louise asleep in her antique choir gown. Louise coming home from a flea market, wearing all her new-old things at once. Should Louise reform tomorrow, he would set that new Louise against ever rarer expectations, the ideal forever revisable. She would never be right. He would never have the right wife. If he did, he would probably lose her.

Page Levingood stood over Don Briggs, one foot on the rung of the latter's stool. Joseph watched two others approach. No, he did not want their women; and he did not want their practices. The lawyers acknowledged Joseph obliquely and went on with their conversation.

They were the legal gentry, and Joseph knew that whatever scorn he bore for them was returned a hundredfold, and with a disdain more confident than his own. He knew that these men saw him as unbridled and eccentric, disgracefully got up, vulgar. They viewed his criminal clientele as the company he kept, defending felons as tantamount to being an accessory after the fact. His dealings with the likes of Mildred Gaugler made him practically casteless. What did he care what they thought?

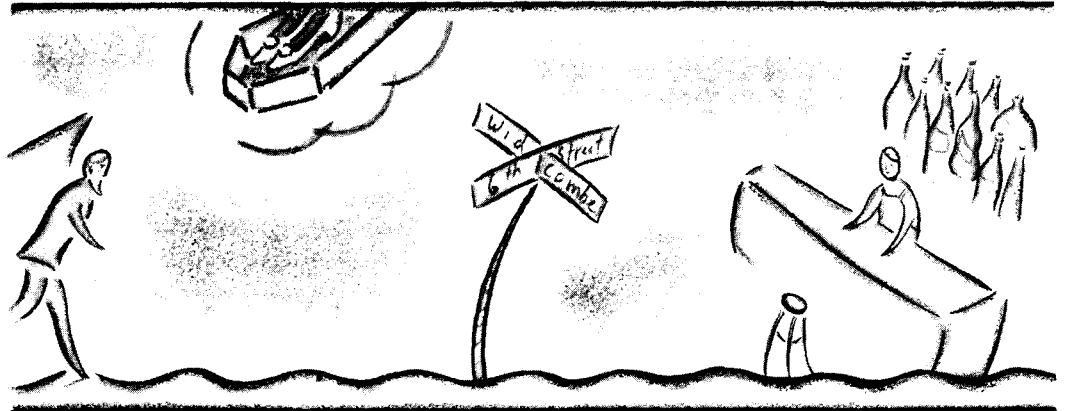
He ordered another Lambrusco. Something in the air reminded him of Michael, only twice in his life his father's son. When he was a baby, his eyes were round and cobalt blue, and sometimes when you held him he would wedge his head under your chin and drive up until you cried uncle. And later—was he nine, ten?—when he set his whole self against the world, he made his teachers weep and his mother beg for clemency. For all that independent spirit,

the boy could hardly bear the precariousness of the outlaw life. He would not be cast out. Joseph picked up his drink and went to crash the clique of gentlemen specialists.

"Don," he said. "Page." To the other two he gave a genial nod and raised his glass. They were young, young men. So many new lawyers had come to town that Joseph could hardly keep track. "Kleeve," he said.

"Oh, wow, hi," said the smaller of the two, thrusting out a hand. "How are you, sir? Wow, you're practically a legend. They say you're a courtroom gorier. Grrrr!" He was eager, clean, shiny as the buttons on his blazer. Waves of thick, burnished hair, neat-fitting clothes—a lawyer doll. The other young man was eager to get on with his hypothesis. "So anyhow, these two couples have a verbal agreement about the two houses, but nothing on paper, when party number one—"

Taking tiny, thoughtful sips, the shiny young man mulled the question while the two older lawyers nodded in false attentiveness, their eyes watching the secretaries straggle in. Joseph said, "Gotta run. It's a long way out to God's country."



"Yeah, take it easy, Kleeve," Page Levingood said, the questioning way you say good-bye when you haven't bothered yet to say hello.

Joseph carried his glass out with him.

NOW HE WAS PASSING BETWEEN THE TREES LINING A wide boulevard, his way cushioned with fallen leaves. The drive was quiet, quiet, and after a while he was riding not in his big hollow van but in the magic light inside a forties railroad car. He is six, and the box of brightness that contains him contains his father as well. They have come from a small town a few miles south, where they have made burial arrangements for his father's father, who died an indigent in the house of a patient landlady.

They are a thoughtful pair, but not sad. The old man had been a stranger to both of them. Harold Kleeve sits with a bag on his lap. The bag bulges with popcorn balls and Good n' Plenty, wax lips and moustaches and little milk bottles holding colored syrup. Bubble gum, pumpkin seeds, comic books, all things Joseph's mother would have

vetoed out of hand. Harold Kleeve is a staunch upholder of parental unity, but tonight is different; tonight is an island, father and son and dark all around.

The train does not rock and sway in the jaunty, unserious style of trolley cars. So smooth, in fact, is the ride that the light seems the vehicle; they are traveling in troughs of light, and the boy thinks of the pneumatic tubes that ferry money around the store where his father works. Despite the lateness of the hour, he is saucer-eyed. His father tries to explain the principle that keeps the train tracking; Harold Kleeve is always showing and teaching.

Joseph unfolds his Fleer's Double Bubble fortune: *Keep looking: What's lost will be found.*

"Son," Harold Kleeve says, shaking tobacco into a cigarette paper. "If you don't do anything else in the world, you square it with the landlady and you bury your dead."

The boy watches his father's smoke rise and form a large blue circle under the lights, and the dark outside is the world.

Entering the Hessian Inn, he spotted a former secretary. Her name was Cathy Koolbaugh, and she was dining with

terstate. It would carry him to within a half mile of his front door. The bars were spaced farther apart now. The inns that contained them were eighteenth-century wayfarers' stops, one in each country village. It was very lonely between towns, and the tavern lights drew Joseph like lines thrown to him in the darkness. The places had names like the Womelsdorf Tavern, the Drovers & Farmers Hotel, Lavina Stump's Place. They smelled of stale beer and dry rot and frying, the damp stone walls covered in damp blond paneling. In one of those places he shot a game of baseball darts against a guy named Ron, whose tiny daughter sat on the stool munching Slim Jims and calling Joseph a "poophead" every time he scored. The men talked about upkeep, on cars and beards. "Must you cut it much?" Ron wanted to know.

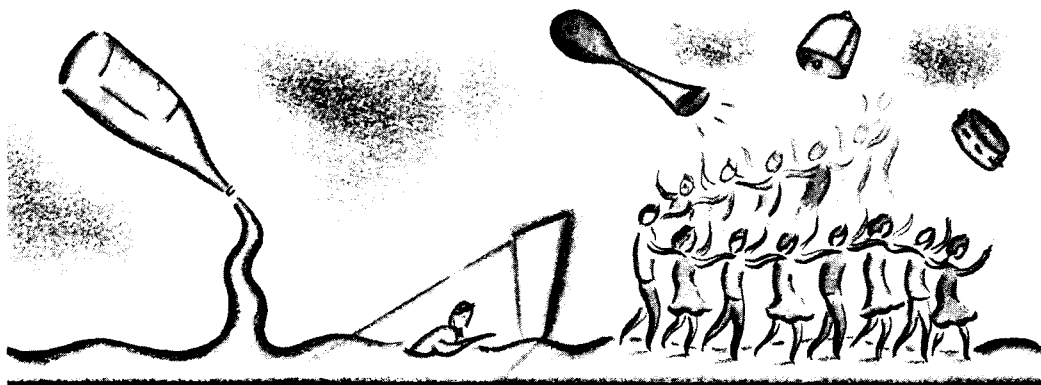
"I pretty much let 'er rip," Joseph said, fondling his red bonfire of a beard.

"Now, me, I get the wife to trim it good Saturday night. Makes it nice for church." Joseph left feeling vaguely chastened.

Deeper yet into the country. He stopped at the 1780

House. He ordered a beer from an ancient, cadaverous bartender who served him and headed upstairs to bed, telling Joseph to "outen the lights" when he left.

The lot outside the next place was parked solid. Big farmers' cars—Pontiacs, Impalas, a goodly number of four-wheelers and pickups. Country music floated in the damp air, and the moon was a snippet of skin adrift in the



a young man. Hoping to avoid her, he waved off-handedly from the foyer, pretending he'd just dashed in to buy a pack of cigarettes from the vending machine. Outside, he tossed the L&Ms into a hedge. He had no real cause for his discomfiture; the girl hadn't the faintest notion how he'd misused her name.

Once, after one of his friskier rampages, Louise and Michael had turned into a chorus of hissing indignation, ordering him to leave forever. "Get out! Get out! Get out!" they shrieked. "I'm splitting this hovel," was his response. "And don't try to stop me." Sleeping on his office couch, he'd awakened in the early hours, sodden with the incomparable grief of the spirit not yet hardened to exile. He could not survive another second without hearing their voices. Yet penitence was out of the question. Stupidly, he phoned without rehearsing first. When Louise answered, to his horror he started to cry. Humiliated, he had to think fast. "Remember Cathy Koolbaugh?" he sobbed. "I must have been crazy to let her go. I'm heartsick, heartsick. I think I'm in love with the girl." "Oh, you liar," Louise said softly, and hung up.

Joseph stayed on the old road that ran parallel to the in-

mottled dark. The jangle of noise when he opened the door hit him in the ear like a wire brush.

Not a seat to be had in the house. Not at the bar, not at the oilcloth-draped tables laden with platters of ring bologna and American-cheese cubes and sweating pitchers of dark beer. Joseph had almost forgotten how it was on Ladies' Night at the Longswamp Hotel.

The noise grew, aggressive, excruciating, and seemed to ease off only as the din from the "boom-bas" blunted the hearing. Joseph looked for a chink in the wall of bodies pressing the bar. Even the nine or ten boom-bas players had to fight for space on the narrow strip of floor allotted them. Dozens of like instruments hung from hooks on the wall behind them or leaned against tables and laps, awaiting their owners' turns on the floor.

The players pumped and pounded and drummed to "Slap Her Down Again, Pa," and then "The More Beer Polka." The jukebox jumped and the floor shook; the sound hummed, like blood in the bones. Several bangers wore the look of serious musicians and appeared to be refining fancy mannerisms. One very tall man described a high, elegant flourish after each strike of the cymbal. An-

other, younger man hunched over his stick like a bass player, eyes closed, the tip of his tongue lolling.

The boom-bas itself was not unlike a pogo stick in size and function. Its heavy spring base gave it bounce, and the wealth of attached noisemakers turned it into a kind of compound percussion instrument. A band-on-a-stick. You might find bolted along its length a tambourine, a cowbell, a bicycle bell, and a musical block. Often a strap of sleigh-bells would appear, and a Good Humor bell, and maybe now and again, on the deluxe model, double cowbells and a shiny brass Model T horn. Set like a coolie hat on the top was a set of cymbals, and above that, covering the tip of the stick, was something akin to a hood ornament, a personal totem—maybe a beer-tap handle, a Mack bulldog, a Kiwanis K.

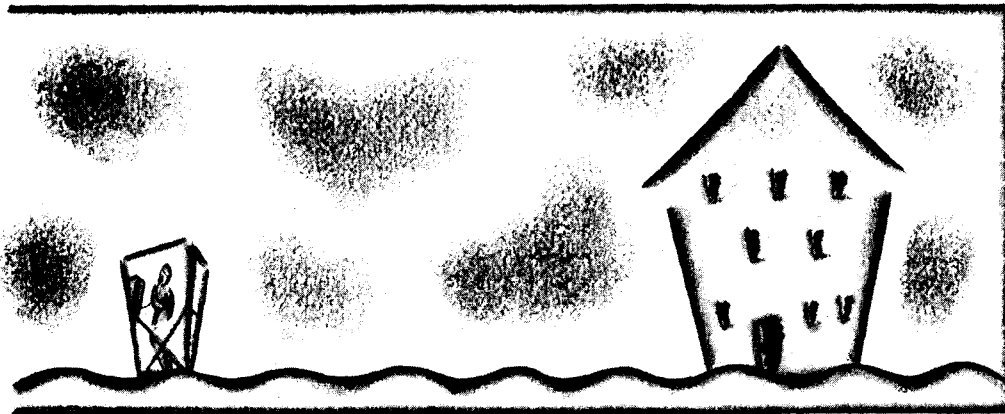
Two players staggered, exhausted, to their seats; two more took their places. The reconstituted crew battered through "Chattanooga Choochoo," rallying, it seemed, around the rowdiest among them, a damp dumpling of a woman, playing with crashing abandon, all parts invested, from the flying elbows to the liquid ripple and shift of

The women had blonde or blue or pewter-toned very short perms you could see through in the light coming from the kitchen. They wore earrings of shiny plastic and startling circles of rouge drawn low on their large German faces. Each time he finished his beer, somebody replaced it, and then they'd all sit around grinning from him to one another. He might have been a kid they'd agreed to take for the day, only to find themselves at a loss as to how best to keep him entertained.

When the music started up again, Mildred hooked his arm and yanked him out of his seat. "Loan us your stick once," she said to Irene. "For Lawyer Kleeve here."

By the time they had edged their way out, the floor trembled again at full capacity. Mildred bumped a coat rack out of the way and set him up at the very edge of the players' area. She showed him how to hold the stick and then zipped around, taking a firm grip on him from behind. "Now, that there's your tempo," she said, demonstrating. He felt the heavy tides of her flesh against his as she pumped him up and down from the armpits. "Move!" she cried. "Don't be s'darn poky!"

"Bounce from the knees, Mister." Verna, having joined them, was trying to make herself authoritative over the din. "Bounce, darn you!" She was wearing a short-sleeved rayon shirt that said Grundsow Lodge Auxiliary over the pocket. While Mildred operated his body from behind, Verna made his arm go, ringing here, clacking there, honking to "Knock three times



breast and belly. She had lively little foam-soled feet, and her slacks, too short, were overstuffed peach polyesters that rode up and down as she stretched and flexed, her face florid with enjoyment. Such gusto worked like a giant mouth, sucking onlookers in; people watched with tiny, undecided smiles that reminded Joseph of screen doors cocked partway open. He found himself bopping in place, pumping his shoulders in ragged counterpoint to her looser rhythm, the flesh of her upper arms swinging, jiggling like satin sleeves.

The music stopped and Joseph's woman came off the floor, sopping with sweat, a plump hand calming her heart. When she came abreast of him, he was disappointed to see how common she was offstage. Common as Mildred Gaugler. Good grief, it *was* Mildred Gaugler!

And now it was too late to look away, because she'd already spotted him. "Ay, don't tell me!" she cried. She pinched his cheek and led him by the elbow to a table taken up by four equally vivacious late-middle-aged women. Somebody handed him a glass of beer, and Mildred Gaugler introduced him. "And this here's my Ladies' Night regklars," she said. "Myrt, Verna, Vi, and Irene."

on the ceiling if you wa-ant me." After a while somebody yelled, "Ease up once. Now let him go," and they released him as tenderly as they might a kid on his first bike.

The women took up their own instruments and positioned themselves on both sides of him. He began to move, woodenly at first, not bouncing so much as pitching from the waist, and when he poked his rear out too far, one of the women whacked it back with her stick. What an ingenious device it was. The more you drank the faster you learned. He began to warm to his art. In the frenzied heat his muscles loosened, liquefied. The women's boisterous enjoyment spattered him like sparks from an arc-welder. He imagined he could hear the jolly rattle of the skeleton inside his clothes.

When the record changed, he took a break and bought his table another pitcher. Then, to the grave and stately opening strains of the *1812* Overture, he sashayed back out to the floor. The players' faces turned immediately serious, then solemn, then rhapsodic, as the sound behind them swelled with fife and violin, and then guns and cannons and fireworks and extra shots of passion and madness. Joseph hammered and bashed and went crashing

into crescendo with the rest; the boom-bas line was one human musical fever that broke in concert, and then they all stood, slightly dazed in dripping skin, dazed and luminous and a little embarrassed, when the music stopped.

Joseph stayed for two more considerably less affecting numbers. He began to add his own dips and furbelows; he danced around the stick. How quickly the alien way became a way of life. Then he and Verna and Vi and Myrt followed Mildred Gaugler around the room in a raucous, wobbly conga line, hammering between tables, banging the tabletops like drums as they snaked in and out.

The quiet hit hard. Looking up, he saw that the place had emptied out and a burly bartender was pulling the plug on the jukebox. Joseph's party returned to their table, where Irene was waiting with her arms crossed, her lower lip shoved out. Joseph handed her boom-bas back.

"Don't do me no favors," she said.

"Oooops," he said. "Looks like I've been a bad boy."

Mildred Gaugler turned to the others. "A bad boy," she happily agreed, "but a darn good *man*, say, ladies." Verna and Vi and Myrt nodded wholeheartedly.

"Well," Joseph said, "I'll drink to that. Bring us the best you've got," he called to the waitress wiping the adjacent table with a towel.

"Last call was twenty minutes ago," she said without looking up.

He hunched his shoulders and turned up his palms. "Ooooooooooh," he said. Then he bowed from the waist to the petulant one. "Good night, Irene," he said. He kissed her hand. She pushed at her curls. "Night," she replied coyly. "Nice to meetcha, I guess."

He turned to the others. "And good night, ladies."

As he headed out, Mildred called after him, "Button up, now. It's nippy out."

IN THE TINY TOWN OF KEMP HE GOT OUT OF HIS VAN. The phosphorescent clock face in the window of Groff's Garage said 3:10. A tiger tomcat crossed the street with ridiculous aplomb. Joseph tried the door of the Kemp Hotel. Resting his brow on the painted wood, he pounded and pounded. Then, stretching, he peered through the glass until he could make out the shadowy gallon jars of vinegar beets and pickled tripe. The glass canister of two-cent pretzels. Higher up, the stingy glint coming from the single shelf of bar whiskey. Joseph scanned slowly, fine-combing, as though night life were sometimes microscopic. He stopped and stared. The only action to be had was trapped in the backbar mirror. The face that flickered there frightened him, a slow-burning, bearded old man embedded deep in ice, lost in the endless perspective of things. He turned away and glanced back, turned and swiveled back, again and again, until he was sure the image would keep. Then, sighing, he gave up and stepped down from the stoop and, listing heavily, made for the only lighted building in town.

HE FUMBLING IN HIS POCKET, FOUND A QUARTER, and dropped it in. When Michael finally picked up the phone and thickly articulated "Hello," Joseph said, "Get your mother."

"See's shleep, slip . . . sleeping."

"It's okay," Louise cut in. "I'm up. I'm on the extension. Joseph, where are you?"

"Foambooth."

"Where?"

"Beau'ful downtown Kemp."

"Our Kemp? You're right here? Hold on a minute." He heard her scraping around. Then, "You're right!" she said. "There you are. I see you in the phone booth. I'm looking right at you!" she cried, as if he were some beatific vision. A pause, then quietly, "Why are you calling?"

"House is dark," he said.

"It's late. We were in bed."

"You sleeping in that goddamn choir robe?"

"No," she said. "First time I washed it, it fell apart."

"I'm sorry to hear that," he said.

"Where've you been?"

"Out with the ladies," he said. "Your old hubby's a killer on the boom-bas stick." He started to hum from *1812*. "Puh puh puh puhpuhpuh puh puh! puh! puh! Puh puh . . ." He stopped.

"Joseph? Joseph, what's wrong? You still there? Joseph, are you crying?"

But he could not sing and he could not speak. Nor could he bring himself to hang up. After a long time Louise said very softly, "Joseph, come home."

"Then turn on the lights," he said, raggedly.

"Michael," she called out. "Turn on the lights."

"All of them," Joseph said.

"All of them," she echoed.

He poked the phone in his pocket and waited. He blew his nose, and, tilting back, craning awkwardly over his shoulder, he tried to see up the street to his summer-yellow house with all the latticework and white porches. He squinted and swiped at the glass. But the booth was too bright and he could not see out. He occupied the box of light as he occupied his life, and for a moment he felt as discrete and unquenchable and alone as a distant star.

"Joe," she was calling from his pocket. "Joseph?"

The phone leaped out of his pocket as he lurched forward. Thrashing the door back, he hung out far enough to see for himself. Ah! All three decks were blazing to beat the band. He watched the amber bug lights come on, outlining the porches. The floods were under the eaves. A bare bulb burned like God in the attic.

He stumbled back in and took up the dangling receiver. "Ay, such a sight!" he said, in tipsy imitation of Mrs. Gaugler. His laugh was sloppy, lopsided. "Ay, ay, ay, looks chust like a showboat!"

"I'm glad you like it," she said. "Now come home."

"I'll try." In the tenderest of disconnections, Joseph set the receiver back. He turned up his collar and, tugging his coat close, stomach rising, re-entered the river of time. □

*In this second part
of a two-part article the
author describes a series of structured
exercises that enable some couples to interrupt
their repetitive power struggles and
transform their partnership*

INTIMATE PARTNERS

Patterns in Love and Marriage

BY MAGGIE SCARF

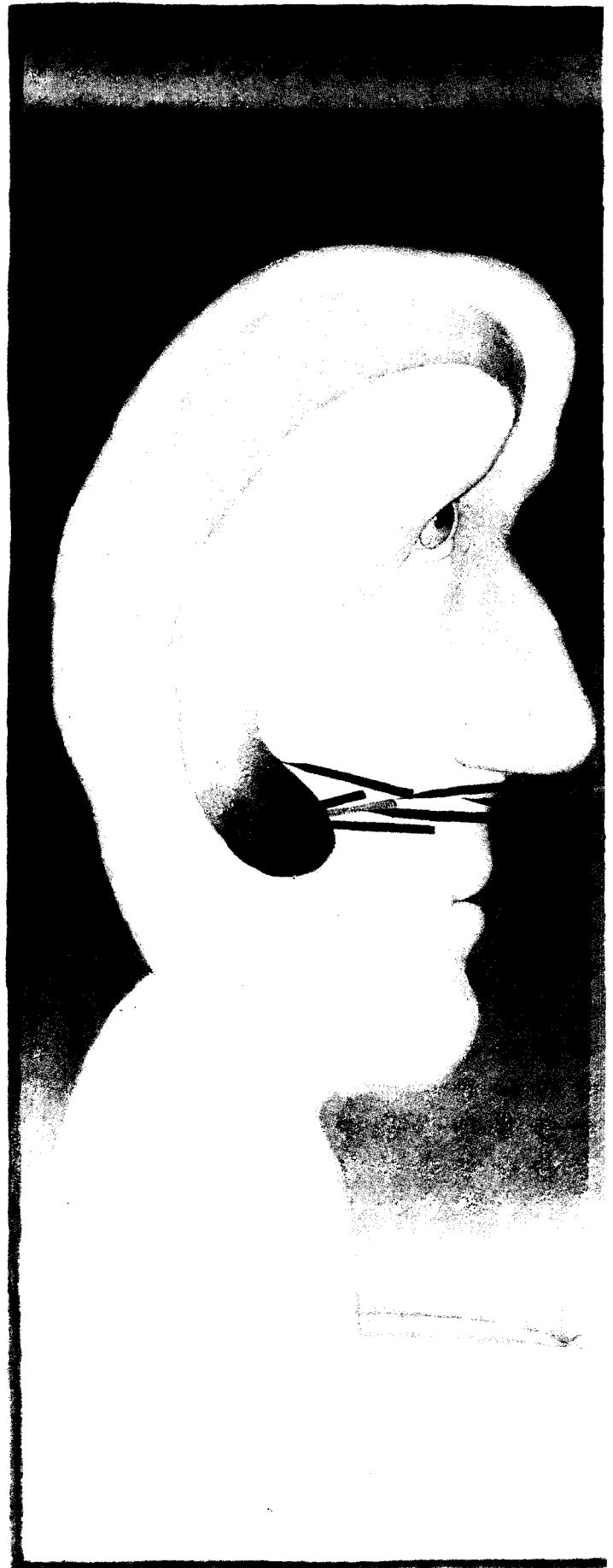
Tasks

WHEN IT COMES TO LOVING, WE ALL DO IT IN WAYS that are familiar and find it hard to imagine that there may be other options—other ways of being in a close relationship. In many instances, though, the familiar ways of loving are painful. If, for example, the members of a couple “polarize”—so that each is disavowing certain parts of the self, projecting them onto the partner, and then condemning those qualities in the partner—the marriage becomes suffused with misunderstanding and conflict. The mates feel trapped, for their way of relating to each other is extremely ungratifying and they have no idea of how to change things.

How, in fact, can changes in the relationship be brought about? Opinions on this subject differ. Some experts believe that in order to improve a troubled marriage, the problems of each partner must be addressed separately.

Other marital experts disagree. They believe that the individual issues of each spouse are far less important than is the way in which the partners interact. The couple has created, as every couple does, unspoken rules that regulate their existence together—but the rules they have created cause them pain. What must be addressed, according to this view, is the dysfunctional rules of the relationship, not the individual partners themselves. But how can the rules of the marital system be changed?

According to the therapist Stuart Johnson—who was for many years the director of family therapy at the Yale Psychiatric Institute, and now maintains a flourishing private practice in New Haven—the use of behavioral tasks can prove enormously helpful in initiating movement in a positive direction. For while many couples are well aware that they are replicating unhealthy patterns from the past, they simply don't know how to behave in different ways. What these partners need, according to Johnson, is “a taste of





the honey” of being in a totally different kind of emotional relationship.

Behavioral tasks get couples into this new kind of relational world—one in which being a whole, separate, and autonomous person, and being able to remain close to your whole, separate, and autonomous partner, are not perceived as incompatible.

For those couples who are capable of carrying out these structured exercises (and many mates are not, because the power struggle between them is too intense to permit collaboration), they can utterly transform the intimate partnership. I must warn the reader, however, that while the tasks seem deceptively non-challenging, they are constructed in such a way as to make shifts in the emotional system inevitable. These innocent-appearing exercises are in fact remarkably effective stratagems for initiating change—for sorting the self, the other, and the entire relationship out. They should therefore be handled with care.

Task 1: Talking and Listening

THE DIRECTIONS FOR CARRYING OUT THE FIRST TASK are the following: The members of the couple are asked to select a particular hour during the forthcoming week, and to agree that this time is to be spent together, with no interruptions allowed. They decide—perhaps by the flip of a coin—who will be entitled to the first half hour of that time. The mate who goes first (the wife, let us say) is then in charge of the family microphone, and *must talk about herself only*. She is not permitted to say anything at all about her spouse or their relationship.

The other partner is to listen attentively but to make no verbal response whatsoever. After the half hour is over, the speaker and the listener switch positions. The second partner talks, and the first one gives him her complete attention, with no interruptions allowed. Any discussion of the mate or of the marriage is, as before, forbidden.

At the end of the hour, when both partners have talked and both have listened, the homework is complete. (The following week the two may want to reverse the order in which they speak.) A final and very important part of the exercise, however, is that when it is finished, *no discussion of it is to take place*. The members of the couple are simply to resume their lives, without comment.

If the mates are in therapy, their homework assignment is discussed during the next session. Couples who want to try carrying out the task on their own can approximate this by agreeing to postpone all discussion of the exercise for at least three days. Because the rules of the task prohibit the ongoing, back-and-forth interchange between the spouses, the usual operation of a projective-identification system is (for that one hour, at least) blocked. In a projective-identification situation it takes both members of the couple to tango—it is almost impossible for any mate to tango alone. If, for example, a wife perceives her own feelings of inferiority and inadequacy as being her husband's thoughts and feelings about her, she needs to sus-

tain the projection by experiencing her self-accusations as accusations and reproaches coming from her mate. She must (albeit quite unconsciously) provoke him to treat her like an incompetent dodo, thus enabling her to fight the bad feelings as they become manifest in him, instead of experiencing them as painful feelings that exist within herself.

"The collusion between the partners," Johnson explains, "has to translate into *behavior*. In order for the husband to accept the negative projection, in response to the unconscious cues that she's sending him he must act in ways that fit her perception that these painful, horrible, self-accusatory ideas are not anything emanating from within her own head; they are all coming from within *his*. One way of looking at this is, by the way, to see him as behaving protectively—helping her to turn an internal conflict, which she finds intolerable, into a fight that is going on between them." Most of us can appreciate the reasons why a person might find it easier to fight an enemy outside than to confront the enemy within.

So long as the pair of them continue to operate within this kind of relational system, however, their interpersonal difficulties cannot—almost by definition—be resolved. The rules by which they're operating won't permit it. She must continue to provoke him to provoke her to provoke him to provoke her. . . . to go round and round in a vicious circle, in which neither person can possibly connect with the other, because his or her own repudiated, dissociated feelings stand directly in the way.

The agreement that when one is committed to speak the other is committed to listen interrupts the usual interaction between the partners and impedes the continuous flowing together of what is self and what is other—the blurring of personal boundaries that takes place in projective-identification situations. The task compels the members of the couple to face each other as separate, autonomous people. Merely being in such a circumstance can be experienced by both participants as something surprisingly different and gratifying.

Imagine, for example, the impact that this assignment might have upon couples who are in pursuer-distancer relationships. She who chases (I use this pronoun because it is more commonly the woman) is dependent upon him who runs away to express autonomy needs for both of them. Similarly, he who is in flight from emotional connectedness must be assured that someone is still after him—otherwise he might have to accept responsibility for his own feelings of vulnerability, which she expresses for both of them. They have divided the ambivalence—the needs of the self and the needs of the relationship—right down the middle of their emotional attachment.

The pursuer has split off, denied, and dissociated any self of her own; she perceives needs for autonomy as selfish and bad, and can recognize them only as they exist in her mate. The distancer obliges by needing ever greater areas of individual turf—and the more she chases after him for closeness, the greater is his need for space. Intimacy is,

as he perceives it, something that could swallow a person alive—a state that, moreover, only his partner desires. The distancer cannot experience the wish for emotional communion as his own, for it would make him feel too much at risk, vulnerable to rejection and abandonment.

The rules of this couple's system command that the pursuer chase after the distancer forever, but that she (or he) never catch up. They enjoin the distancer, moreover, to keep on running—so long as he (or she) never really gets away. Clearly, maintaining the polarization requires a collusion between the members of the couple to express the thoughts, feelings, qualities, attributes, and so forth that are being strenuously denied by the mate. When, therefore, the pursuer is forced (by the rules of the task) to talk *only about herself*, she is compelled to stop chasing and focus upon the person she is, inside. She cannot continue recycling her usual remarks, which tend to center upon the partner (particularly his shortcomings) and on things that are happening in the relationship.

In complying with the rules of the exercise she must concentrate on trying to be an autonomous person, and on doing so in the presence of her mate. It is to be hoped that she, while carrying out the task, will learn that being herself (rather than continually pursuing someone who continually eludes her) is what makes closeness to the partner possible.

The distancer, halted in his headlong flight from intimacy, is made to learn what happens when he does give her his attention—for he has been commanded to listen to her for that full half hour and not to run away. And he, in turn, gets to do what he knows how to do best—that is, behave autonomously—but this time to do so in the company of the partner. The distancer experiences (perhaps for the first time ever) talking about himself and his own concerns without feeling guilty about excluding or rejecting the intimacy-seeking spouse—or that he's in danger of having her engulf him.

Her wishes for intimacy have often, by the way, been one-sided. For the most part, she has set the subjects around which their intimate relating is to take place. And on those occasions when he has tried to talk to her about matters that don't concern her or the relationship—that have to do with him alone—she has usually cut him off rather quickly. Although she desires closeness more than anything else in the world, the pursuer wants it at her own time and in her own way. She needs him to be there for her, but she has trouble hearing things that remind her of his separateness and independence. They have similar problems—aspects of the great problem, which we all find so difficult, of dealing with human aloneness.

The members of the couple often discover that although the exercise is autonomy-enhancing, the process of going through it makes them feel unaccountably intimate. Being separate persons in each other's presence promotes a sense of closeness. This experience contravenes the unspoken rule that people in a projective-identification system live by, which is: If you are autonomous you cannot be

intimate, and if you are intimate you cannot be an autonomous person. "It puts them," Johnson explains, "into a kind of emotional system that neither one has, usually, ever seen before—one in which independent personhood and closeness to the partner are synonymous."

Having been there, if only for the hour of working on the task, the couple begins to realize that such a relational world could possibly exist.

Task 2: Odd Day, Even Day

ON FIRST HEARING, THE INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE SECOND task may sound eccentric. This assignment is to be added to the last one—rather than replacing it. If, however, the members of the couple feel that they have milked the first exercise for all that they needed or wanted from it, they can drop it as they proceed with the Odd Day, Even Day task.

The instructions to be followed are these: The couple divides up the days of the week between them. For example, the wife may take Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, while her husband takes Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. On Sunday, their day off, they are free to (in Johnson's words) "practice their pathology"—that is, to let their tried-and-true, recurring cycle run its familiar course.

On her days of the week the wife is the person in charge of the intimacy in the relationship; on his days the husband takes control. Each partner, on his or her day, must make one intimacy request; the mate has agreed ahead of time to meet it. Beyond that, while both are certainly permitted to express other intimate needs, the mate is under no obligation to respond positively to more than the one intimate need on alternate days.

It is important to add that each mate's intimacy requests must be non-cosmic—that is, not "Love me forever." The intimate need communicated should be on the modest side, Stuart Johnson suggests. "The request ought to be something readily achievable," he advises, "which can be performed on that same day, and not carried over to the next one." It should be something that a partner can *do*.

There is no straightforward way that a husband can respond if his wife says to him, "I want you to adore me." If she makes such a request, she is commanding him to behave spontaneously. It is senseless to ask him to have certain feelings that by their very nature can only be spontaneous and that, furthermore, cannot be spontaneous in

this situation, because she has requested that he have them. Paradoxical communications of this sort ("I want you to tell me about how much you love me") tend to place the other person in a highly uncomfortable position and usually bring little satisfaction to the person making the request—who, naturally, wonders if that expression of love really did come from the other's heart.

If one spouse says to the other, "I want you to be particularly tender and loving to me," he or she must also give the partner clear directives about what actions being tender and loving would translate into. One person might, for example, explain "being tender and loving" this way: "I want you to spend the next hour talking with me about some of the things that are on my mind." Another might say, "I'd like to go out for a walk, just the two of us." Still another might say, "I can't think of anything else I'd like more at this moment than having you give me a five-minute massage."

Requests such as "Rub my back" and "Help me to think through the problem that I'm having at the office" and "Let me choose the movie that we go out to see tonight" are readily achievable ones, which are most appropriate to make. Needless to say, it would be self-defeating to make requests that would produce untenable conflicts in the partner. It would be unwise, for example, for a husband to ask for fifteen minutes of his wife's time just as she is rushing out the door on her way to an important appointment.

I should add that many couples will want to define certain

problem areas in their relationship as off limits for the Odd Day, Even Day task. Such proscribed topics will most frequently have to do with sex or money—the two most highly charged marital issues, around which power struggles are very likely to be taking place. When a subject is put under ban by pre-arrangement, intimacy requests relating to it are not to be tendered.

It is, generally speaking, counterproductive to attack the most distressing, painful issues directly. Instead of charging head on through the heavily defended front door of the relationship, it is far easier to enter (one small, relatively non-threatening step at a time) through a more accessible side entrance.

The Odd Day, Even Day task is, it should be mentioned, a variation on a therapeutic assignment first used by the famous Italian analyst Mara Selvini Palazzoli. It was developed by Palazzoli and her Milanese colleagues as a device for breaking up struggles being waged for control of



the parenting of a child. Each of the adults locked in the power struggle was certain that he or she knew how a child should be nurtured and disciplined; each believed that the mate, blind to the real facts of the rearing process, was interfering in misguided or downright malevolent ways. As a way of dealing with this impasse, the Italian clinicians put first the mother and then the father in complete control of parenting, on alternating days.

What this rotation of command served to demonstrate to the parents, by means of their own *experience*, was that they could co-exist in a system in which neither one of them was in perpetual and complete authority. Instead of having to compete continually in an unresolvable and, to their child, destructive contest, they could share control of parenting, by shifting the leadership on a daily basis.

The rules of the Odd Day, Even Day task, as adapted for use by couples, serve to block the desperate power struggles that are ubiquitous in troubled relational systems. In such unhealthy systems the partners usually assume that there is only one kind of intimate attachment: you can be the controller or you can be the one who is under the control of the mate.

The carrying out of the task, however, puts the couple into a different kind of emotional framework. They cannot maintain the ongoing, determined battle for ascendancy, because the rules of the task decree that control of the intimacy in the relationship will oscillate back and forth between them. The partners are thus able to achieve by mutual agreement what neither could ever quite attain on his or her own—a sense of being in undisputed charge, at least during certain designated time periods. Taking turns gives to both what neither person could manage to get separately.

Many people take the position that they can be intimate with the spouse as long as they are totally in control of that intimacy. "In other words," Johnson says, "they are willing to be intimate so long as they're not vulnerable—which is an absolute impossibility." Real connection with another human being involves vulnerability—opening oneself to the other person, and not trying to maintain control over what he or she does or says. Intimacy requests, which are simple statements of personal needs, are small steps in the direction of letting mates know that vulnerability can be safe.

It is easier, obviously, for a partner to make an intimate request when he knows that his mate has committed herself in advance to meet it. It is easier to satisfy his request

when she is aware that on the following day her own turn is coming. Good stroking produces good stroking. Under the new rules control is shared with rather than wrested from the partner. Each person remains in charge of his or her own self, and works out a mutually agreeable arrangement with the equally empowered mate.

If, moreover, the two are to function within the guidelines of the task, they must modulate their needs for closeness and their needs for separateness in what are for them novel ways. The partner who, for example, forever runs away from intimate exchange is now expected to look within, to *ask himself what he wants from his partner*, and to request, in the simplest terms possible, that she meet his need. In the past such behavior would have been—literally—unthinkable for him, because he has difficulty experiencing such a need or wish as anything that exists within himself.

The autonomy-seeking distancer has, by and large, denied wanting or needing much of anything from anyone else. One might suppose that his difficulties in experiencing his own intimate wishes stem from an underlying assumption that it's better not to have such needs at all. If he did have them, he feels, they would be compromised, misunderstood, or otherwise unmet by his intimate partner, or they would be swallowed up in *her* needs, in some fashion. In any case, his needs will not be satisfied. He has come into the relationship believing that it's better not to have intimate needs or wishes, because the other will certainly deny them. This somewhat

crude defensive tactic (which frequently involves infantile feelings that the partner should somehow meet his needs even if he himself is not quite aware of their existence) is accompanied by an underlying rage—for the needs are there within him, and they are not being met.

Unless his partner reads his mind (which she is of course unable to do), she will have to deal with his unaccountable, illogical, and often very subtly expressed anger at her. He, naturally, doesn't know what he's angry about either (if he knows that he's angry at all). His intimate needs are being short-circuited—suppressed before he can even take cognizance of their existence.

Experiencing an intimate need as his own and making a request of his partner that is related to that need are the new things that the emotional distancer must (in order to play by the rules of the task) now begin doing regularly.

The pursuer, for her part, has no such problem in recognizing her emotional needs or conveying them to the



mate: this is her area of expertise. It is, however, frequently difficult for her to recognize that he might have symmetrical wishes and desires of his own—emotional matters that he needs to share, and that the two of them have concluded to push out of sight. Now, alternating who makes intimate requests and who fills them, the mates get intensive training in that aspect of the emotional exchange in which each of them is deficient.

In the process, as the alternation of the odd and even days provides an ebb and flow of emotional exchange—experience in recognizing intimate needs and in getting them met—each partner's inner concerns inevitably become much more apparent to the other partner. What the mate wants and needs is often so unaccountably different from the wants and the needs that are one's own! The mate, as an independent center of motivation—a universe unto himself or herself—comes more and more clearly into view. And, just as the autonomy-enhancing first task produced an unaccountable sense of closeness in the couple, so this intimacy-enhancing second task brings with it a sense of the profound separateness and individuality of the members of the pair.

Task 3: Adding Requests

THE DIRECTIONS FOR CARRYING OUT THE THIRD task are the simplest in the sequence: What comes next is more of the same. Once the pattern of alternating control of the intimacy in the relationship has become familiar, the number of requests allotted to each partner should begin to increase. Instead of the one a day prescribed in the second assignment, the couple might move up to two or three or four.

It is, I hope, clear that there will be intimate wishes and needs expressed throughout this process that will not be presented as formal requests and will not be part of the task. To such informal requests the spouse may react as he or she pleases, with "Yes," "No," "Maybe," "Later, if possible," or any other answer. But when an intimacy need is presented as being part of the assignment, the mate is obliged to respond positively and to meet it.

Spouses would, however, be well advised not to move ahead too rapidly. It's most prudent to become completely accustomed to the give and take of intimate gratifications before assuming more and heavier emotional burdens. And as to the ultimate number of requests to be honored each day, there is no external limit on how high any couple should think of going. Rather, the limit should be the internal one of whatever the system seems able to tolerate. Some couples may want to ascend slowly and allow the number of intimate needs expressed daily to grow by just one a week; they may decide that they've reached their desired total when they get up to four or five or eight. Others may want to increase the figure more. While working on this third assignment, couples ought to monitor their own performance. When they feel they have gone high enough, and worked on this task long enough, it will be

time to move forward to the fourth assignment. But the process ought not to be hurried. It is wise to get very comfortable with how it *feels* to negotiate the intimate exchanges in the relationship before beginning the next task.

If the first exercise (Talking and Listening) is still in use—or even if it's not—variations upon it can be useful as intimate requests. If, for example, a quarrel erupts, a partner may state an intimate need that involves taking ten minutes to discuss his side of the story, and then asking for ten minutes in which to listen to the mate. This is an extremely effective way of preventing fights from escalating—because it forestalls the exchange of projections that can so easily get under way.

Task 4: Control and Meta-Control

THE RULES FOR THE FOURTH TASK WILL SOUND odder and more artificial than anything presented thus far. They are a variant of the Odd Day, Even Day task, in which the partners learned to share control of the intimacy in the relationship by agreeing to take charge of it sequentially. In this fourth task they move in the direction of sharing control simultaneously. This is how healthier emotional systems—in which covert or overt power battles are not being endlessly waged—actually function.

The structure of the assignment is this: The overall schedule for each partner remains unchanged. However, the person who is in charge for the day—say, the husband—may make as many intimate requests as he wants. The wife must respond positively to all of his requests, with one important exception. If she reaches the point at which meeting a particular need feels like too much of a demand, she has the power to announce to her partner that she is canceling the game for the rest of that day.

She cannot, in other words, say no selectively. If she responds negatively to one of his intimate needs, that day's assignment is over; the rules decree, furthermore, that the partner cannot argue with this decision. Once she has said that the intimacy is over for that day, she is under no obligation to say yes to the intimate requests that he puts forward subsequently. The task is finished—until the following day, when the game resumes with the players in reversed positions.

At this point the wife is in charge of the intimacy in the relationship, and she may ask her husband to meet as many of her intimate needs as she wishes to have met. He, of course, now has the power to stop the game.

The new instructions enable the spouses to feel in charge *at the same time*—each person's control is non-competitive with the other's. Both spouses can negotiate their intimate needs from a position of strength and entitlement, because each maintains control of a different yet important domain.

In this system a wife who meets fifteen of her husband's intimate needs on a given day still retains the capacity to cancel the agreement. She is ultimately not trapped in

their relational system, for she can choose to say, "That's enough; I won't play any more today." Thus, while he retains control of the intimacy within the emotional system, she has meta-control—she can decide whether she wishes to stay in the game (a metaphor for the ongoing intimate interaction) or to take a breather. This option—choosing to go outside the system, when necessary—combats the terrible feelings of being trapped and powerless that are endemic in polarized marital systems.

The rules of the fourth task introduce the partners to a system in which saying no to the mate's need in a given circumstance is an available option. This is of particular importance to the inveterate yea-sayer in the relationship, who often feels manipulated by the spouse. (Frequently, each partner is certain that he or she is under the control of the other. Both experience themselves as the controllees in the relationship and fail to comprehend that it is the system that regulates the behavior of them both.) The realization that saying no to the spouse is both acceptable and possible renders saying yes a real act of freedom.

When this small set of new rules is introduced into the homework, interesting things usually begin to happen in the relationship. As might readily be imagined, each partner is a bit reluctant to refuse one of the other's requests (thereby canceling the game for the rest of the day), because it is so clear that the other partner can, on the following day, retaliate in precisely the same manner. And what has been learned about the partner in the course of carrying out the preceding assignments is now very handy information to have.

Each person knows (from the Talking and Listening task) what matters are foremost on the partner's mind. Each person knows also (from the Odd Day, Even Day homework) which particular intimate needs and desires are of critical importance to the mate. Negotiations with the partner are, as a result, far more easily manageable—because such information makes it easier to trim the sails of one's own intimate needs to the winds of the relationship's reality. Going too far on a particular day would tempt the partner to cancel out of the game entirely—and so requests are usually phrased empathetically, with the knowledge of what emotional burdens the system and the intimate other can tolerate.

The sequence of exercises, in its entirety, is directed toward blocking the tendency to polarize around vitally important issues—such as who has the power and control, who is actually feeling which feelings, and who should give those feelings expression. These are large problems, which many bright and good-hearted people—people who really are committed to their marriages—struggle blindly and fruitlessly to resolve. The tasks can serve to resolve these issues so simply and readily that the members of the couple are at a real loss in attempting to comprehend the nature of the wonderful thing that has hit them. Their relationship may change profoundly without either one of them being able to explain what has happened, or exactly why.

The Five Ways Intimate Partners Relate

THE DEGREE TO WHICH THE "I" OF EACH PARTNER remains connected to the "we" of his or her family of origin—in thrall to that family's emotional program—will have everything to do with how flexible, comfortable, and gratifying a marriage the pair will be able to work out.

By way of illustrating this statement, let me talk about the great differences possible in a marital relationship, depending on how successfully each partner has differentiated his or her own separate, distinct self from the family context in which that self developed. The framework that I shall use in the following discussion is the ingenious and wonderfully illuminating one devised by Stuart Johnson for use in the teaching of clinical trainees.

There are in Johnson's schema five possible ways for intimate partners to relate to each other—which differ according to the degree of separation and individuation that the members of the couple have achieved.

LEVEL 5: PARADOX

At the very lowest level of differentiation on the developmental ladder are those mates who exist in a world that Johnson calls "Paradox." In this world neither of the two major human needs—to be a separate self and to be emotionally connected to another human being—can be met, because being close to a partner and not being close to a partner are equally terrifying prospects.

For someone as poorly differentiated as are those at this level, to be intimate with another person is to negate one's separateness entirely. Getting closer to the partner is experienced in the internal world as virtually being absorbed by that person, so that one's distinct self disappears into the relationship. Intimacy is a merging and fusion of the self and the other—which involves the threat of losing one's own separate personhood. Every step nearer is therefore accompanied by terrible anxiety, for it feels like a step closer to self-annihilation.

The very natural reaction to this threat of losing one's own separate personhood is to move away—to run for the hills, psychologically speaking. This withdrawal from intimacy is automatic, but in its wake a new difficulty inevitably develops—for, it turns out, being alone and autonomous is not the solution either. To be alone is, on the contrary, experienced as a terrible emptiness—an abandonment, a sense of awful nothingness, of non-being. Autonomy is experienced as not mattering to anyone, as the absence of a necessary confirmation and validation of one's existence. In the paradoxical way of these emotional complications, the move toward separateness has produced the same result as did the move toward greater closeness—the threat of self-annihilation. As a result, the driving impetus to move toward the partner returns, and the vexed cycle repeats itself.

Intimacy in this person's world is the very negation of autonomy; autonomy is the negation of closeness. This is

an unresolvable problem—and many of the people at Level 5 are schizophrenics or suffer from severe borderline disorders. Their close relationships tend to be difficult, transient, and unstable. How could they not be, since being close and being separate *feel* equally dangerous?

LEVEL 4: PROJECTIVE IDENTIFICATION

The first step upward on the differentiation scale is called "Projective Identification"—it is that relational world in which so many married partners become mired for long periods of time or even their entire lives together. There is, it must be said immediately, a marked contrast between couples at this level and those at the one below it. At Level 5 the problems of one's needs for separateness and one's needs for emotional connectedness are equally insoluble. At Level 4 the dilemma has been partially worked out.

People at this stage of differentiation are capable of taking conscious ownership of half the closeness-separateness polarity. They can be intimate *or* autonomous, but they experience intimacy and autonomy as mutually exclusive. There is in their interpersonal system a clear-cut choice to be made: you can assert and express your need for warmth, openness, and nearness to the partner *or* your need for distance and personal space in which to develop your own separate self—but you cannot do both. While Level 4 mates are both struggling with an inner conflict—about being close and achieving a separate, individual identity—they deal with it by dividing the needs up between them. Each splits off, represses, and projects into the partner whichever side of the internal dispute he or she has disowned.

At Level 5 neither need could be met. At Level 4 each partner expresses one of them—and retains contact with the repressed need through the thoughts, feelings, and behavior of the mate. Thus, a person who is fully aware of her need for autonomy, but has rejected her need for intimacy, finds someone in a complementary position. She tends to fall in love with someone who, for reasons of his own, can be intimate but has difficulties recognizing and legitimizing his need to be a separate, self-sufficient person.

Suppose that she was raised in a traditional, somewhat sexist family and that she was strongly affected by the feminist movement during her late adolescence and early adulthood. At the time of meeting the man who is to become her partner she is in rebellion against what she con-

siders to be the woman-trap—becoming the intimacy-carrier in the family. By observing the experiences of her mother and the other women in the family, she has seen how thankless a position this can be; she is aware, moreover, of the new possibilities opening up for women like herself.

Such an intellectual position would be fine if she did not—as an individual at this emotional level tends to do—deal with the softer, more pliant, adaptive, and closeness-seeking aspects of her inner self by splitting them off and repressing them decisively. The result of this unconscious maneuver is that she loses touch with her own intimate needs so completely that she experiences herself as totally lacking them—a being sufficient, emotionally speaking, unto herself.

The complementary partner she chose, or was chosen by, was, perhaps, also raised in a fairly traditional family—one in which the man earned the living and maintained a superior position, and the woman took charge of the household and occupied a secondary place—but may have gotten insufficient nurturance along the way. Perhaps he was made to feel guilty about his needs, or perhaps his mother, in order to retain her own area of command, tried to keep him infantilized and dependent as long as was possible. He, for whatever historical reasons, experiences himself as needy—and he wants a self-sufficient woman to take care of him.

Therefore, he applauds her super-autonomous stance, finding it enormously attrac-

tive. The male partner in the emotional system that this pair has created would be the closeness-seeker, while his wife would express the autonomy needs for the pair of them. She would assume his need to be a separate person and assert it for him, along with her own. He would carry her need for warmth and relationship, along with his own, well within his conscious awareness—because staying close to the mate is his area of specialty. Inevitably, a pursuer-distancer relationship would develop.

Frustration and confusion are inevitable, because the rules of the system decree that neither can get what he or she seems to desire so ardently, and at some level both members of the pair seem to know it. In a way, the intimacy-seeker has promised to chase but never overtake the partner, and the autonomy-seeker has promised to run but never get too distant from her breathless, dissatisfied pursuer.

Suppose that the wife in this situation were offered a job



that required her to spend long periods of time away from her spouse. In the course of making a decision she would tend to recognize her autonomy needs primarily and perhaps exclusively, while her husband would see and assert the competing needs for togetherness. As a result they would polarize around the issue and come out of their corners swinging—instead of recognizing that both of them want to be intimate and both of them want space in which to develop their own interests and separate talents.

Although ambivalence about personal space and the need for personal closeness to the partner is the basic concern, mates at Level 4 can and do polarize about any human-relationship issue that can be imagined—competence/incompetence, logic/emotionality, strength/weakness, martyr/tyrant, angry/never angry, irascible/even-tempered, devil/angel, and so forth. If the issue can be placed on a continuum, the spouses will be at either end of it.

What one partner is, the other partner is not—or so it seems at the surface of the relationship. Underneath, however, self and other are inextricably and confusingly intertwined. For it is impossible when spouses use projection as a means of relating to each other for either mate really to know whether the anger is in himself or in the intimate other.

In these marriages the partners' underground wiring is crossed. A depressed wife may be hauling her husband's unacknowledged vulnerability and sorrow for him, while he is assuming her disowned healthiness—disowned because she learned in an earlier context that she was not lovable unless she was weak, needy, and dependent. Level 4 relationships are always characterized by such unconscious *quid pro quos*. The overriding problem for both of the spouses is that of recognizing just where one person ends and the other person begins. But so long as projections continue to be exchanged, that problem remains unresolvable.

LEVEL 3: CONSCIOUS SPLITTING

This level may best be thought of as a way station between the two very different interpersonal worlds that exist above and below it. When swept up in a marital battle, partners at this level are likely to behave and even feel like Level 4 couples, but eventually, when they calm down, they can acknowledge the existence of their own internal ambivalence.

The key difference at Level 3 is that even though the

spouses are projecting unwanted thoughts and feelings onto each other, they are more conscious of doing so. Each is able, when the smoke clears, to take ownership of that dark, "split off" side of the internal battle—the need to be close or the need to be separate—that has been banished from awareness and is being connected to only in the thoughts, feelings, and behavior of the intimate other.

Partners at this level may process unwanted mental material through each other—in other words, engage in Level 4 behavior—but they are able to achieve some insight about what they are doing. A story told by a husband and wife whom I interviewed is a good illustration.

The couple, who were in their early fifties at the time of our talks, had gone to Rome for what was to be a working vacation for him and a purely relaxing vacation for her. But the husband, once in Rome, became more and more involved with his Italian colleagues; he was the owner of a

successful family corporation and was thinking of forming an Italian subsidiary. His wife was left fuming and miserable in their hotel—or out sightseeing, and lunching, and sometimes even eating dinner by herself. The tension between the two of them rose as she continued to demand more of his time and attention and he asserted his need to devote himself and his energies to the important decision at hand. The trip, which was disastrous, culminated in one of those marital quarrels that neither partner finds it bearable to think about afterward.

What, exactly, had happened? To begin at the beginning

of this sequence, the husband had asked his wife to accompany him—an intimate request on his part. Traveling together to a foreign country is, however, an intensely closeness-fostering experience, and a couple often has much more emotional contact in these circumstances than during the round of daily activities at home. He had apparently responded to what he perceived as intensified demands for intimacy by withdrawing, running away. Something about the situation had scared him, and his reaction had been to assert autonomy for the pair of them.

Later on he could acknowledge this, and was able to say: "Sure, I knew that I wanted to spend more time together, but she started haranguing me about my other arrangements almost from the time we got there! So while I did initially want to be with her, she didn't give me much space in which to feel that. My feeling was that I was being *dogged*—that she was chasing after me so hard that I'd better never stop running, or there wouldn't be a minute



that belonged to me!" His own wishes for closeness had been thoroughly disowned in their interaction—but he could, upon reflection, recognize that such needs really did exist inside him, and had indeed been responsible for the original invitation. A Level 4 individual could not have made conscious contact with these repressed, denied aspects of the self at all.

The wife, it should be noted, had accompanied her spouse on this vacation in a less than totally willing frame of mind. She was a clinical psychologist with a demanding practice. Their trip to Rome had required her to take two weeks from a busy schedule—and then to sit there tapping her toes in a hotel lobby, when she would have been far more content to have remained at home. She could, however, admit that she had been unusually demanding and irritable because she disliked traveling, and hadn't really wanted to go along with him in the first place.

Why, then, had she gone? Her answer, given with a shrug and a wry toss of her head, was that she had decided to do so because he was so keen on it. It had been, given his enthusiasm, impossible for her to refuse him. So even before embarking upon the journey she was championing the togetherness and intimacy in the relationship, and discounting her autonomy. Little wonder that she had been so provoked by his withdrawal; she had sacrificed her own wishes and needs on the altar of closeness. In the course of their Italian sojourn they had polarized around the question of who wanted intimacy and who wanted to withdraw.

But each was, in retrospect, capable of becoming aware of the "split off" side of his or her internal conflict—her suppressed desire to be separate and his to be close. Couples at Level 4 cannot do this. They cannot recognize that there is any inner battle going on, for the autonomy-carrier perceives himself as uniquely without feelings and the intimacy-carrier perceives herself as wanting only warmth and togetherness. What is introduced at Level 3 is a greater awareness of complexity—of a conflict within the self as well as a conflict with the intimate partner.

Level 3 is not really an experiential world unto itself—as are the other levels I have described—but a mezzanine of sorts between the levels below and above it. One could, in fact, think of Level 3 as a large waiting room, with various couples milling around in it and with escalators bringing other couples down from Level 2 and still others up from Level 4. Those arriving from below would be partners whose relationships were improving—because both were in the process of taking conscious ownership of those devalued aspects of the self which they had been projecting onto the mate. Those couples coming down from above would be people whose relationships—owing to great stress or to difficulties arising around a life-cycle shift—were deteriorating. Such a pair might, if their problems remained unresolved, continue their journey downward; the relationship might even break apart. Or the partners might, after a period of time at this level, spontaneously move onto the "Up" escalator and return to that far healthier transactional world with which they were already familiar.

LEVEL 2: TOLERATING AMBIVALENCE

This level is called "ambivalence" because ambivalence is what each partner is now able to contain and to tolerate. Spouses at this higher level of separation and individuation can take conscious ownership of *both* sides of the fundamental inner conflict. The Level 2 partner is able to endure the tensions generated by this conflict without transforming them into a conflict between himself and his mate. He can accept responsibility for his psychological inwards, because he feels complete—able not only to take care of himself but also to bond intimately with another human being.

Couples at this level of development can recognize with relative ease the point where each one of them ends and the other begins. The husband who is angry, for example, knows full well that the anger is within himself and not in his intimate partner. The wife who feels uncertain about whether she wants to spend her Sunday afternoon painting or walking in the woods with her spouse is able to experience these competing wishes as a conflict that is *inside her*. People who inhabit a Level 2 world can take responsibility for their ambivalent needs, thoughts, feelings, and desires.

In dealing with the ongoing business of the relationship, these couples tend to work matters out in a two-step process. First, each of the partners recognizes and honestly addresses his or her own inner ambivalence. Second, each brings an up-to-the-minute report on his or her own conflict into their mutual discussion.

The wife engaged in choosing between remaining in her studio and painting and going for a walk with her spouse concerns herself with her own ambivalent urges as well as with any potential conflict with her mate. If she should experience her need for closeness as existing only in him (as a Level 4 or Level 3 person would do), she might agree to go out walking but end up feeling exploited and annoyed—because the only internal need she was aware of was a need to spend that time alone in her studio, painting. But at Level 2 both members of the couple would be far more likely to consult all of the cards in their inner decks, and play out a transactional game that was much more mutually gratifying.

LEVEL 1: INTEGRATED

Level 1 on the scale—"integrated"—is relational heaven itself. It is, Stuart Johnson suggests, less an interpersonal reality than an ideal. Couples who exist at this Olympian level no longer conceive of their needs for independence and for togetherness as conflicting forces within each partner, or as a conflict between them. Instead, autonomy and intimacy are experienced as integrated aspects of each partner's humanity and of the relationship they share.

This peak of healthy functioning can be conceived of as the Level 5 experience turned inside out. For at that lowest level of individuation being close and being a separate person were experienced as equally dangerous; they

amounted to the same thing. At Level 1 the two needs have collapsed in upon themselves in a similar fashion, but now the inner experience is that being close and being separate are both equally safe and gratifying. Both are acceptable all of the time, and there is no conflict between them that requires resolution.

What has to be negotiated by the partners in this interpersonal world is the *activity* to be engaged in—not whether to assert one's need for intimacy or one's autonomy at any given time. Thus, if one member of a couple wanted to finish watching a television program and the other wanted to go to bed and make love, the matter could be worked out fairly easily.

The mate watching TV would not tend to feel that his wife was crowding him, trying to take away his autonomy (his choice about the way in which he wants to spend his time). He might indicate to his wife that he wants to complete the autonomous piece of behavior in which he is engaged, and can't do that and make love to her at the same time. So could she wait until he is feeling a bit more interested? A couple at this level will easily work out some kind of mutually acceptable quid pro quo, because the fact that one feels different from the other—and is a fundamentally different person—is not experienced as a threat or a betrayal.

Couples in an "integrated" relationship of this kind perceive autonomy and intimacy as states of being—not, as at Level 2, as spatial positions on a closeness-distance continuum. At Level 2 being close or being separate was fundamentally tied to what the partners happened to be doing. If they were making love, each had sacrificed a certain degree of his or her separateness and autonomy. If each was involved in an independent activity—if she were doing some errands downtown and he were at the zoo with their son—each had surrendered some of the intimacy in the relationship.

At Level 1, however, intimacy and autonomy are perceived as aspects of the way the members of the couple *are*, rather than of what activities they happen to be engaged in at the moment. During lovemaking, for example, a partner may be doing something highly intimate, but his essential separateness is not being obliterated or denied. The feeling at this highest level of self-differentiation is that while he cannot exercise his autonomy at that particular moment, being close to the partner will not bring his separateness into question. On the contrary, he experiences himself as more fully able to be himself—who he really is—in the presence of the intimate other. Being close to the partner supports being a distinct, separate person.

And being separate supports a sense of closeness, because to the degree that my spouse lets me know that he recognizes and feels comfortable with my essential differentness, I can feel safe about letting my hair down and being who I really am with him. And even though I may be visiting a dear family member in Texas while he remains at home in Connecticut, I carry my feelings of closeness to

him within me. Intimacy is an internalized state of being—I can feel near to him no matter where I am, and whatever I happen to be doing at that moment. So his championing and protection of my autonomous needs (such as making that visit) enhance my ability to be close to him.

At this integrated level of relationship partners can live comfortably with their differences—even with differences about certain deeply held beliefs and values. For instance, one highly functional couple I interviewed were in their late twenties—the husband owned an automobile-radio sales and repair shop, and the wife worked in the mayor's office of a small Connecticut city. They had one young daughter, and an important religious difference—she was a devout Catholic, and he was a lapsed Catholic who was not interested in religion at all.

She regretted, she said, that he could not share a belief that was so important to her, but the agreement worked out between them was that he would support her church-related activities and not undermine her with their child. He, in turn, would never be asked to do anything that would make him feel compromised or ridiculous—nor would she cast him in a bad or wrong light in the eyes of their children (she was pregnant, and their second baby was due very shortly).

The negotiation of this important difference supported each person's separateness in a way that both of them could live with relatively easily. Most important, in order to work out the arrangement, each had had not only to understand that the partner was a different person but also to recognize the particular ways in which his or her differentness manifested itself. Recognition of the partner's *otherness* is, in a situation like this, another way of getting to know who he or she is. Separateness feeds closeness, and closeness feeds the capacity for being the different person that one is.

At higher levels of separation and individuation, the clinician Mark Karpel observes, a couple's intimate relationship takes the form of a dialogue between separate beings, rather than the form of fusion and interpersonal merger that it takes on the less-differentiated levels below. "Dialogue represents the mature stage of human development," he writes, "in which the poles of 'I' and 'We' are integrated in such a way that they nourish and foster one another."

Individuation (the differentiated 'I') and dialogue (the differentiated 'We') are complementary parts of the overall process of both partners' simultaneous self-delineation in relationship. . . . dialogue represents the mode of relationship that maximally fosters continuing individuation for both partners. Unlike fusion where difference is avoided, in dialogue it is sought and affirmed. Partners aim toward an ideal of responding to the other as a whole and truly *other* person and not merely as a part of their own experience.

Autonomy and intimacy in these circumstances are mutually self-supporting and self-enhancing states of being. □

Attorney General Meese has argued that the Supreme Court should show greater respect for the original intent of the framers of the Constitution. But is this demand itself consistent with the intentions of the most important and influential framer of 1787, James Madison?

MR. MEESE, MEET MR. MADISON

BY JACK N. RAKOVE



The Ambiguity of Intent

THE CONSTITUTION TURNS TWO HUNDRED NEXT year, and Americans will be asked to celebrate the remarkable Convention that met in Philadelphia during that famous hot summer of 1787. Yet events may be conspiring to make the Constitution an object not just of celebration but also of controversy. For the past year, a flurry of op-ed pieces and other essays have debated the merits of Attorney General Edwin Meese's call for a return to "a jurisprudence of original intention." Now, however, with the retirement of Chief Justice Warren Burger, his replacement by Justice William Rehnquist, and the appointment of Antonin Scalia, the Supreme Court, which has often been narrowly divided on crucial questions, seems about to make the fundamental change in direction that Meese and many other conservatives have long demanded.

Whether such a change will in fact occur is another matter—especially since the same reorientation was supposed to result from the four appointments that Richard Nixon made during his first term. But whatever happens, the growing influence of conservative legal scholarship, coupled with real controversy over many of the Court's most significant decisions, guarantees that the issues Mr. Meese

has raised will remain the subject of public debate for some time.

What is this debate about? Taken at face value, the idea of a jurisprudence of original intention is simply that a judge interpreting the Constitution or a law should adhere as closely as possible to the expressed ideas and purposes of its framers. In this sense, original intent would explicitly tell judges how they should read the laws they apply and enforce: narrowly and with great restraint. But in a more fundamental sense, the question that conservatives are raising is not How do judges judge? but, rather, What role should the judiciary play within the constitutional system? For, conservatives argue, if judges can freely ignore the intentions both of the original framers of the Constitution and of legislators, they can substitute their own preferences or values for the decisions of popularly elected officials. As the branch of government least accountable to the public, the judiciary should hesitate before imposing its opinions on the political departments.

At another level, of course, conservative complaints spring from strong objections to key decisions of the past three decades—those controversial rulings involving abor-

tion, mandatory busing, affirmative action, the rights of the criminally accused and convicted, school prayer, and aid to religious schools. In its rulings in these areas, conservatives argue, the Supreme Court has violated the original intent of the Constitution in three ways. First, the Court has often ignored or distorted the original meaning of the Bill of Rights and the Fourteenth Amendment, the textual sources that most clearly identify the rights the Constitution explicitly protects. Second, the Court has established new rights that the written Constitution does not even mention—most flagrantly in its rulings on abortion. Third, by creating new rights and by imposing radical remedies (like busing) for past wrongs, the Court has attacked the constitutional principle of the separation of powers. No longer content simply to decide individual cases, the federal judiciary has set itself the task of making broad social policy, a responsibility that properly belongs to the elective branches of government. A judge may properly strike down laws that promote segregation or administrative rules that confine prisoners in excessively vile conditions. But when he takes over the management of a school system (as Federal Judge W. Arthur Garrity did in Boston) or mandates the expenditure of public funds to alleviate jail overcrowding, he acts as judge, lawmaker, and administrator together—and that concentration of power, James Madison wrote in *Federalist* 47, “may justly be pronounced the very definition of tyranny.”

This attack on the undemocratic nature of the judiciary turns on its head the position that conservatives have traditionally favored. Conservatives once relied on the courts to protect the rights of property against regulation by progressive majorities in the state legislatures and Congress. Now they hope to restrain “the unfettered and inevitably arbitrary wills of an elite few”—which is how Terry Eastland, Meese’s spokesman at the Justice Department, characterizes the Court—so that democratic majorities in the states can presumably restore prayer to the schools, restrict abortion, suppress pornography, and fill the jails to overflowing. And since these social issues would largely fall under the control of the states, the attack on activist judges also clothes itself in the garb of federalism.

This reversal has led many liberals to accuse Meese of opportunism. Anthony Lewis has argued that “what really interests the present Attorney General is not judicial philosophy but particular political results,” while Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., suggests that the “shamelessly selective” way in which Meese applies his theory to actual cases proves that he is “the biggest chameleon of the lot.” What respect does Meese show for original intent, some liberals have wondered, when he declares that the President need not faithfully execute a law whose constitutionality he questions? Meese’s complaints about judicial activism would vanish, they suspect, if the Court were to strike down the War Powers Act, or if new appointments produced a reliable majority of conservative justices willing, say, to eliminate affirmative-action programs root and branch.

Lewis and Schlesinger are in effect interpreting Meese’s

remarks according to their view of his intentions. Ironically, in doing so they illustrate one of the key difficulties with the Attorney General’s position. Establishing the intention behind any action is a tricky business—as Meese or any other attorney surely should know. It is difficult enough to gauge the intent even of a single person—whether it be Edwin Meese in his Bar Association address of 1985 or James Madison in 1787. The task grows geometrically more complex when we try to ascribe intent to groups of people—especially men who were acting two centuries ago, who left us incomplete records of their motives and concerns, and who reached their decisions through a process that fused principled debate with hard-driven bargains.

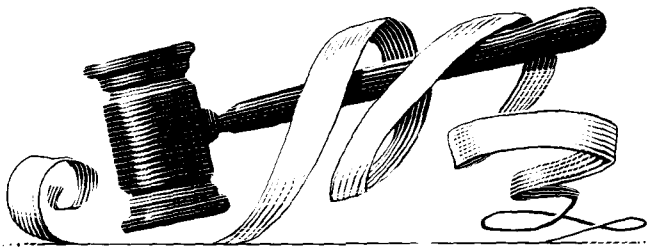
Justice William Brennan presented objections of this kind in an address last year at Georgetown University, in which he dismissed Meese’s “doctrinaire” position as “arrogance cloaked as humility.” In the first place, Brennan noted, our historical sources typically offer only “sparse or ambiguous evidence of the original intention” of the framers of the Constitution. (Here he echoed the late Justice Robert Jackson, who once wrote that the historical records were “almost as enigmatic as the dreams Joseph was called upon to interpret for Pharaoh.”) Nor is it even clear, Brennan added, *whose* intent deserves the greatest weight. The Constitution and the Bill of Rights were the joint work of the fifty-five delegates to the 1787 Convention and the ninety-odd members of the First Congress. But they became supreme law only after being ratified by hundreds of convention delegates and legislators in the states—and arguably it is their understanding of what they were approving, not that of the framers, that we ought to respect.

Justice Brennan has a different idea of the role that history should play in jurisprudence. Rather than recover the “static meaning” that the Constitution had “in a world that is dead and gone,” judges must trace the distance between the framers’ time and our own, and then apply the great underlying principles of the Constitution to the modern problems that our litigious society asks the courts to resolve. And while judges should ordinarily defer to the expressed will of the legislature, they cannot make majority rule the only basis of decision. For within the larger scheme of our system the great duty of the judiciary is to protect individual and minority rights against improper actions by popular majorities.

HOW SHOULD AN INFORMED AND REASONABLY IMPARTIAL citizen respond to these claims? The great difficulty is that the Constitution does not tell us how to resolve disputes over its meaning. Nowhere does it explicitly endorse the idea of judicial review, the doctrine that gives the judiciary the special function of protecting the Constitution against violations by other branches of government—by Congress, the President, or the states. Nowhere does it say whether later interpreters should follow their best understanding of the original intentions of

the framers and ratifiers of 1787–1791 (or 1865–1868, in the case of the critical Civil War amendments), as Attorney General Meese proposes, or whether they should seek to apply its general principles to new realities, as Justice Brennan argues in response. Nowhere does it tell us whether we should read what scholars call the “silences” of the Constitution as freeing us to interpret the document as we see fit or as withholding from the judiciary the broad power that its detractors insist the judiciary has usurped.

In all that has been written on this subject in recent months, little has been said about the historical Constitution itself. Yet one cannot talk about original intent without taking history far more seriously than the current disputants have so far done. That is precisely why the approach of the Constitution’s bicentennial may serve an unexpectedly useful purpose. Because the debate between Meese and his critics may remain academic until we learn whether our aging justices will outlast our aging President, perhaps the bicentennial offers a convenient occasion to turn the discussion back to its eighteenth-century roots—to ask how and why the Constitution was made, and even how its framers thought it should be interpreted. And by the same token, the existence of serious controversy over the meaning of the Constitution may prevent next year’s celebration from degenerating into the kind of pageant that the new patriotism otherwise promises it will become.



Founding Father

ONE PROOF OF THE DANGERS OF ALLOWING LAWYERS to meddle with history can be found in the efforts that both Attorney General Meese and Professor Laurence Tribe, a leading liberal scholar at Harvard Law School, have already made to enlist James Madison on their respective sides of the current controversy. In what are virtually textbook examples of “law-office history,” Meese and Tribe both manage to get the point half right. The Attorney General rightly notes that Madison believed that judges should interpret the Constitution according “to the sense in which [it] was accepted and ratified by the nation,” in 1788, while Professor Tribe correctly observes that Madison held that the intentions of the framers “could *never* be regarded as the oracular guide in expounding the Constitution.” Neither cites, much less tries to resolve, the apparent contradiction in Madison’s opinions.

Unlike his good friend Thomas Jefferson—who had the habit, Madison once wrote, of “expressing in strong and round terms, impressions of the moment”—Madison liked to savor his distinctions. The one he sought to develop here is among his most puzzling. And because that is the case, his attempt to explain how the Constitution should be interpreted offers a usefully ambiguous starting point for asking what an appeal to original intent means in practice.

Madison’s distinction can be restated in this way: In trying to interpret the Constitution a judge should ignore whatever he may learn of the original intentions of its authors, the delegates to the 1787 Convention, but he should defer to the popular understanding of the Constitution that prevailed at the time of its ratification. The distinction has one great advantage. It is consistent with the idea that the Constitution derives its force from the consent of the governed. (One can ask, though, whether a consent given in 1788 expresses popular sovereignty more effectively than the “inevitably arbitrary wills of an elite few” justices can claim to do today.)

Yet if Madison’s position has its logic, it creates as many problems as it solves. Why should we assume that those who merely ratified the Constitution grasped its meaning better than those who wrote it—or those who have since seen how it works in practice? The debates of 1787–1788 elicited a range of opinions about its likely effects. Some of these predictions were quite sensible, but others nicely illustrate what the late Richard Hofstadter called “the paranoid style in American politics.” And how can we possibly discover what the anonymous voters and obscure local leaders who were passing judgment on the Constitution thought? Did they read *The Federalist* with the same insight that students of political theory now bring to it? And if we treat *The Federalist* as our best evidence of how the Constitution was understood—as so many commentators have done—do we not find ourselves again relying on the intentions of the framers, since Madison and Alexander Hamilton wrote all but a handful of its eighty-five essays?

Madison’s objections to giving any weight to the framers’ intentions present a more serious and perhaps fatal problem with a jurisprudence of original intention. Simply put, the appeal to original intent cannot be justified on its own terms. There is no reason to believe that the framers thought their intentions should guide later interpretations of the Constitution. They never considered publishing the journal of their deliberations, which would at least have provided a curious public with a skeletal history of the evolution of the text. Nor did Madison allow his notes of the debates at Philadelphia to appear in his lifetime—even though disputes over the meaning of the Constitution arose as soon as the new government was organized, in 1789.

There are many ways to set about examining the current controversy from the distant vantage point of the framers. But the one that perhaps best reveals the range of possibilities, difficulties, and ironies that the quest uncovers is

to view the making of the Constitution from the perspective of Madison, the framer who is now regarded, as Michael Kammen has noted, "as the most profound, original, and far-seeing among all his peers." He is, in fact, the member of the Convention whose intentions we know best, and whose ideas now dominate our own understanding of the founding.

Madison the man hardly cut a commanding figure. He lacked the stern charisma of Washington, the restless ambition of John Adams, and the engaging charm of Jefferson. He was less cosmopolitan than Franklin, less bold than Hamilton. Thomas Paine was a far more pungent writer, and Patrick Henry a far more stirring orator. What set Madison apart and enabled him to exercise a special in-

fluence of his own was the relentlessly logical intellect that he brought to bear on all public questions. Once he was done examining an issue, even his opponents found it hard to avoid viewing it from the perspective he had fashioned.

Madison had just turned twenty-four when the Revolutionary War broke out, in April of 1775. Three years had passed since the completion of his studies at the College of New Jersey (now Princeton University), but Madison remained a directionless young man with little ambition. In our own time, he would have been a natural candidate for graduate school.

The Revolution changed all that. Slowly Madison found in public life the commitment and fulfillment that the management of a plantation or a legal practice could never have provided. From the moment of his election to the Orange County Committee of Safety, in late 1774, until the end of his presidency, in 1817, his active involvement in politics never flagged. And even in retirement, his concern with the Republic and *res publica*—public affairs—continued unabated, until his death in 1836 marked the passing of the last of the Revolutionary patriarchs.

For a number of reasons, virtually every attempt to explain the Constitution centers on Madison. To begin with, he played the most critical role throughout the course of events that led to the writing, adoption, and amendment of the Constitution. From the moment he entered the Continental Congress, in 1780, no one was more actively engaged in the efforts first to ratify and then to amend the Articles of Confederation, the country's original federal charter. When the delegates to the Federal Convention assembled in May of 1787, the ideas that Madison had incorporated in the fifteen-point Virginia Plan set their basic agenda. He quickly assumed a leading role during the debates that followed, forcing his colleagues to view the problems of republican government from the elevated heights he had scaled. And once the Constitution was ratified, Madison (now in Congress) took the lead in drafting the amendments that eventually formed the Bill of Rights.

Even more important, our understanding of what the framers intended is largely derived from Madison: from his speeches and writings as well as from the invaluable notes he kept of the debates at Philadelphia. The most profound statements of the theory of the Constitution, scholars agree, are found in his contributions to *The Federalist*, especially in papers 10 and 51, the seminal texts of American political science.

But most important, the issues that Madison struggled with were, finally, the same issues that we are being asked to consider today. Can the rights of individuals and minorities be safely trusted to the will of democratic majorities within the states, or will they be better protected by the presumably more enlightened officials of the national government? Can any constitution enumerate all the rights and liberties that deserve protection? How much latitude may judges exercise in interpreting the Constitution, and what weight are they obliged to give to the intentions and

SIGODLIN

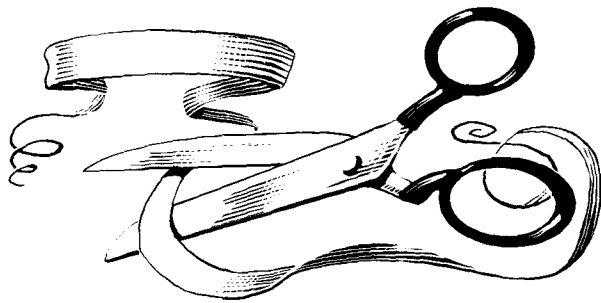
When old carpenters would talk of buildings out of plumb or out of square, they always said they were sigodlin, as though anti-sigodlin meant upright and square, at proper angles as a structure should be, true to spirit level, plumbline, erect and sure from the very center of the earth, firm and joined solid, orthogonal and right, no sloping or queasy joints, no slouching rafters or sills. Those men made as they were: the heavy joists and studs yoked perfectly, and showing the dimensions themselves, each mated pair of timbers to embody and enact the crossing of space in its real extensions, the vertical to be the virtual pith of gravity, horizontal aligned with the surface of the planet at its local tangent. And what they fitted and nailed or mortised into place, downright and upstanding, straight up and down and flat as water, established the coordinates forever of their place in creation's fabric, in a word learned perhaps from masons who heard it in masonic rites drawn from ancient rosicrucians who had learned the term from the Greek mysteries' love of geometry's power to say, while everything in the real may lean just the slightest bit sigodlin or oblique—the power whose center is everywhere.

—Robert Morgan

understandings of its adopters? Madison pondered the first two of these questions in great detail in 1787–1788, and the third in the years to follow, especially as he monitored the growth of judicial power that the great Chief Justice John Marshall did so much to foster—originally in the landmark 1803 decision *Marbury v. Madison* (the suit that most clearly established the principle of judicial review).

It is easy enough for both sides of the current controversy over constitutional interpretation to appeal to Madison's authority. Like today's liberals, Madison doubted that individual rights could be safely left to the judgment of democratic majorities. But like the conservatives, he had serious reservations about the political capacity of the judiciary. Indeed, when, in 1821, he criticized the Marshall Court for "mingling with their judgments pronounced, comments & reasonings of a scope beyond them," he might just as well have been attacking Professor Ronald Dworkin's argument that judges should decide cases not according to constitutionally sanctioned rights but rather in the light of broad principles of moral philosophy.

For the historian, however, the deeper challenges are to explain the complexity and nuance of Madison's thought, and—still deeper—to recapture what was experimental, and thus tentative and uncertain, in everything that he and his colleagues sought to accomplish. It is this self-consciously experimental nature of the Convention that, ultimately, makes the search for its definitive "original intention" so problematic.



"The vices of the political system"

MADISON CAME TO PHILADELPHIA THE BEST PREPARED of any of the delegates. He had spent the preceding months diagnosing what he called "the vices of the political system of the United States" and reviewing the history of the great republican confederacies, both ancient and modern. His readings, he recalled, had failed to satisfy his curiosity about "the process, the principles, the reasons, and the anticipations"—in a word, the intentions—"which had prevailed in the formation of . . . the most distinguished Confederacies," and this frustration led him to keep a detailed record of the debates. But what Madison set out to preserve—once a quorum appeared, on May 25, 1787—eleven days late—was the fate of his own intentions. For he approached the Convention in the grip of a great intellectual passion, with the same exultation that in 1776 had led John Adams to rejoice at be-

ing "sent into life at a time when the greatest lawgivers of antiquity would have wished to live."

Three sets of major issues that Madison knew the delegates would act on should be familiar to everyone who can recall school lessons on the Constitution. First, to free the union from its "imbecilic" dependence on the good will of the states, the new government required independent power to make and execute its own laws and to raise its own revenues. It proved far easier to forge agreement on these points than on a second set of issues, which involved balancing the conflicting interests that the delegates represented: small states and large, slave states and free, northern merchants and southern planters.

But the time and energy that the prolonged maneuvers over these claims commanded might better have been devoted to a third set of issues: how to divide power among the three independent branches of the new government. Here the delegates drew their major lessons from the new constitutions that most of the states had written at the time of independence. The central feature of these constitutions—as Gordon Wood has shown in his brilliant study *The Creation of the American Republic, 1776–1787*—was their concentration of power in the legislatures, and especially in the lower houses. How to prevent these sovereign bodies from running roughshod over both the state constitutions and the two weaker branches of government—the executive and the judiciary—had emerged as the great question of American constitutionalism.

Most of the framers shared Madison's concern about the failings of the state constitutions. What set Madison apart was the depth of his analysis of both the source of the problem and its potential solution. More than any of his colleagues, he believed that the time had come to rescue not only the union from the states but also the states from themselves. It was in his brilliant assessment of the problems of republican government within the states that Madison most directly challenged the position that conservatives affirm today—namely, that claims to individual and minority rights not explicitly protected in the text of the Constitution are better left to the judgment of democratic majorities within the states than to the arbitrary will of federal judges.

The simple truth, he thought, was that incompetent lawmakers were passing too many laws, and that these poorly drawn acts were in turn being revised or repealed before anyone knew how well they were working. More alarming still, the "injustice" of the laws that had been adopted since 1776 suggested that the will of the majority could not be regarded as "the safest guardian both of public good and private rights." Self-interested or "factious" majorities within the assemblies or among the people at large were giving free rein to their impulses, undeterred by any of the moral restraints that one might hope would check such "vicious" behavior—honor, or a sense of the public good, or even religion, whose effects on public policy Madison strongly distrusted.

What kinds of rights did Madison fear that these major-

ities would violate? Some of his concerns would warm the heart of the most ardent Republican. In 1787 Madison was particularly anxious to protect the rights of property against unjust laws arising from "the lower orders" of society. Alarmed by the passage of paper-money laws and by Shays' Rebellion (an uprising of debtor farmers in Massachusetts), he foresaw a day when "power will slide into the hands" of "those who will labour under all the hardships of life, and secretly sigh for a more equal distribution of its blessings"—when, for example, the number of Virginia tenant farmers, which was growing, would be sufficient to pass laws breaking up the great estates of Madison's own class.

Yet the rights of property hardly exhausted his fears. Madison was no less intent on protecting the rights of religious dissenters and nonbelievers against even the weak forms of established religion that still survived in six of the states. In 1785 he had led the opposition to a Virginia bill to levy taxes to support all "teachers of the Christian religion"—a measure that, in the context of the time, can be fairly equated with the kind of non-discriminatory aid to religion in general which many conservatives now argue that the establishment clause of the First Amendment was *not* meant to prohibit. In his view, the private exercise of religion was to be entirely free from both regulation and support by the government.

Rights of property and conscience, as well as the body of civil liberties that had come to be recognized as part of the Anglo-American legal tradition, were thus among Madison's central concerns. But what is perhaps most striking about his thinking on this subject is that he strongly resisted the idea that any constitution or bill of rights could ever fully identify the entire range of liberties that deserved protection. Bills of rights had been part of many of the state constitutions of 1776; Madison's first notable action in public life had been to secure an amendment to the most famous of these, the Virginia Declaration of Rights. But by 1787 he and virtually every other framer of the Constitution believed that such statements, however carefully drawn, had little worth. Bills of rights were not self-enforcing; they were mere "parchment barriers" (he later wrote Jefferson) that "overbearing majorities in every state" had repeatedly violated, and that "an infinitude of legislative expedients" could always find ways to circumvent.

How to prevent majorities within the community or the legislature from violating individual and minority rights was thus Madison's overriding concern in 1787, and it was reflected in virtually every major facet of his constitutional thought.

The great discovery that Madison carried to Philadelphia was that laws destructive of private rights were far less likely to be enacted in an extended national republic than within the smaller spheres of the states. Because a national republic would embrace so many diverse and shifting interests, the danger of the wrong kinds of coalitions forming and enduring among the community at large would be greatly reduced. And the new Congress, he predicted,

would consist of legislators far more enlightened and scrupulous than the petty demagogues who controlled the state assemblies. (This, of course, was the theory that took its mature form in *The Federalist* papers 10 and 51.)

But Madison was prepared to trust congressmen only so far. From his own experience of state government he had concluded that "the real source of danger to the American constitutions" was the "powerful tendency in the legislature to absorb all power into its vortex." What he accordingly feared in 1787 was that both the national executive branch and the judiciary would prove not too strong but too weak. Alone, neither could resist the legislature, which could claim to speak for the will of the community. To give the executive branch and the judiciary the influence and political strength they separately lacked, Madison proposed that they should be allied in a Council of Revision. This Council would "examine" every act of Congress before it took effect, and its "dissent" would "amount to a rejection" unless Congress overrode this veto.

This remedy would secure the national government against "the mischiefs of faction," Madison believed, but within the smaller spheres of the states, which would still conduct much of the ordinary business of government, majorities rooted in economic interests or religion or other passions would continue to violate private rights. To deal with this residual danger to liberty Madison formulated his most radical proposal: to give the national government a "negative" (or veto) over every state law, to be exercised in the first instance by the Council of Revision, with Congress (or perhaps just the Senate) retaining a right of final judgment. Of all the intentions that Madison voiced at the Convention, this was the most original and, to his mind, the crucial one. Armed with such a power, the union could protect itself against the interfering laws that the states might pass. But more important, the negative would further enable the national government to act as a "dispassionate and disinterested umpire in disputes" within each of the states, curbing "the aggressions of interested majorities on the rights of minorities and of individuals."

It is difficult to see how Attorney General Meese can invoke the true original intentions of the "Father of the Constitution" to confirm his opinion about the proper place of the judiciary. The idea that claims to individual rights could be safely left to the judgment of majorities—especially state majorities—runs directly contrary to everything that Madison thought at the time the Constitution was adopted. The Madison of 1787 would also have opposed the current conservative cry that judges should simply decide cases, not make policy. Far from isolating the judiciary from the political arena, the Council of Revision was intended to bring it into the lawmaking process itself as an advisory body to the legislature. Madison sought thereby to improve the quality of law at its source, so that American legal codes would gain "the perspicuity, the conciseness, and the systematic character" that they otherwise might lack. The judiciary would then actively protect "the

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community at large" against "those unwise and unjust measures which constituted so great a portion of our calamities." Thus Madison, who hoped that the judiciary would act "to restrain the legislature from encroaching on the other co-ordinate departments, or on the rights of the people at large; or from passing laws unwise in their principle, or incorrect in their form," was not an unqualified defender of legislative supremacy.

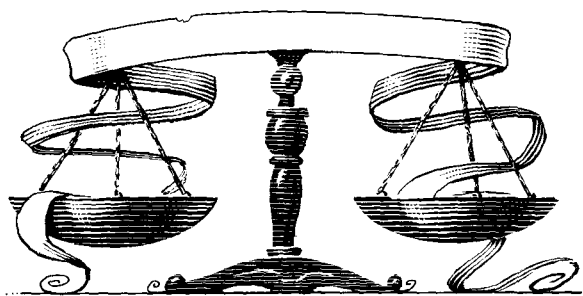
Nor, finally, can it be said that the principal author of the Bill of Rights believed that judges should protect only those rights that the text of the Constitution explicitly recognized. On the contrary, Madison, James Wilson, and other federalists took seriously the argument that the constitutional recognition of particular rights would imply "that those rights which were not singled out" would be rendered "insecure." Madison in particular feared that "a positive declaration of some of the most essential rights could not be obtained in the requisite latitude." Under political pressure and at the urging of Jefferson, Madison finally (but grudgingly) admitted that a bill of rights might help, over time, to instill in the people a greater respect for "the fundamental maxims of free government." But even as he was shepherding the first amendments through Congress, in 1789, he privately described them (amazingly enough) as a "nauseous project," required only for expedient reasons of politics.

Doubtless, Madison would look askance at many of the specific claims of "rights" asserted in recent litigation. It is difficult to imagine him using the First Amendment to protect pornography or invalidating state prohibitions of contraception on the grounds that (in the famous words of Justice William O. Douglas) "penumbras, formed by emanations" from the Bill of Rights established "zones of privacy" into which public authority could not intrude. Equally important, Madison and many of the framers might well have been staggered by the range of remedies that the courts have devised and imposed after finding that individual and minority rights have indeed been violated. It is, after all, one thing to say that judges should simply void laws that clearly infringe upon such rights. But when judges move further and provide practical remedies for the redress of past wrongs—by mandating schemes for hiring minority workers, say, or making teacher assignments to alleviate the effects of segregation—they may act in political and administrative capacities that outrun both the boundaries of judicial competence and the notions of separation of powers to which the framers were so deeply attached.

On balance, however, Madison's larger concerns lend greater support to Justice Brennan than to Attorney General Meese. His general theory did invite judges and legislators alike to be generous, not frugal, in defining and defending the range of personal rights. Moreover, one can readily project many of his eighteenth-century concerns to the civil-rights issues that lie at the core of the activist jurisprudence of the past three decades. What, after all, was the edifice of Jim Crow segregation that the Court struck

down, if not a classic example of how self-interested majorities within the states could trample on the rights of minorities? One could easily argue, too, that Madison would support the "one man—one vote" decisions of the early 1960s: he endorsed the regular reapportionment of legislative seats as early as 1785. And almost certainly Madison would find "nauseous" the current conservative claim, backed only by the most tendentious and selective scholarship, that the First Amendment permits non-discriminatory federal support of religion.

The fact that the critical modern steps in favor of desegregation, reapportionment, and separation of Church and State originated with the judiciary would probably have surprised Madison, but only because he expected that judges would command so little influence and respect. He would not, I think, be disappointed with the results. In each of these areas, expanded rights and liberties have had to be wrenched from the control of groups whose behavior arguably confirmed his prediction that "wherever there is an interest and power to do wrong, wrong will generally be done." And for better or worse, it is the difficulty of convincing "factious majorities" to do right that suggests why judges cannot confine themselves to invalidating wrongful laws and regulations but often must also go ahead to devise the further remedies that plaintiffs seek. Doubts about the political competence of the judiciary must be weighed, in other words, against doubts about the good faith of legislators and their constituents.



Judicial Review

MOST OF THE FRAMERS AT PHILADELPHIA SHARED Madison's doubts about the value of a bill of rights, and his innovative proposals for a Council of Revision and a veto over state laws also enjoyed strong support in debate—notably from the Scottish-born James Wilson, who was the leading legal mind at the Convention. The fact remains that neither the Council nor the veto was adopted—and for that reason Madison left the Convention deeply disappointed with its results. Even before it adjourned, he wrote to Jefferson that the Constitution would fail to "prevent the local mischiefs which everywhere excite disgusts against the state governments." In a second letter, written in late October, he provided an elaborate justification for the veto on state laws, and again predicted that the Constitution would prove "materially defective," because without that veto power the new gov-

ernment could not protect private rights. Only four weeks later, however, Madison published *Federalist* 10, which explained why the national government would be free of all those vices that its author privately felt (but did not say) would continue to plague the states.

For the serious student of "original intent," Madison's early disillusionment with the results of the Convention raises awkward questions. To begin with, consider how it affects our reading of *Federalist* 10. One could argue that this essay still deserves greater weight than Madison's earlier ideas, since *The Federalist* describes what was actually adopted, not simply proposed. But then one has to ask whether a public essay written largely to answer objections to the Constitution merits more attention than its author's private and presumably more honest assessment of the Constitution's failings.

Other problems remain even after a status has been assigned to *Federalist* 10. What weight can we assign to Madison's ideas when his colleagues rejected the conclusions to which he thought they led? Can we even ask whether Madison has been overrated, if not as a thinker, then at least in terms of his final influence on the Constitution?

Yet in fact even in defeat Madison's intentions are highly relevant to the current controversy over judicial power. For it was in rejecting the Council of Revision and the veto on state laws that the framers most clearly delineated the role of the judiciary in the constitutional system.

Until very recently the hoary question of whether the framers intended the judiciary to exercise the power of judicial review had ceased to be a subject of active scholarly interest. But at some point controversy over the *scope* of judicial review and the specific uses to which it has been put naturally raises questions about its *legitimacy*, and these in turn prove difficult to address without considering the evolution of judicial power since 1787. This is not a new concern, provoked only by the oratory of Attorney General Meese. In fact, it was Alexander Bickel, a leading scholar at Yale Law School, who raised most of the critical issues in his seminal book of 1962, *The Least Dangerous Branch* (whose title was taken from Alexander Hamilton's classic definition of judicial review in *Federalist* 78).

Judicial review, one should also note, is a power with multiple uses. At the narrowest, it may simply be the means by which the judiciary defends itself against efforts by the other branches to interfere with its own particular functions. More broadly, judicial review works to protect the Constitution against improper acts by Congress or the President, and the entire federal government against interference by the states. Finally—and what has been the true source of controversy over the past three decades—judicial review has enabled the judiciary to recognize and advance claims of individual rights against the actions of both the federal government and the states.

Madison's original notion of judicial power had rested on three fundamental assumptions. First, the judiciary by itself would lack the political strength to resist the improper acts of either Congress or the state legislatures. Second,

even if the courts did overturn wrongful laws, their rulings would often come too late to undo or remedy the injuries to private rights that would already have been committed. That was why the Council of Revision was to act before a law took effect. But, third, Madison also believed that the final right to judge whether a national or state law was constitutional should belong not to the judges but to Congress. He may have hoped that Congress would rarely override the Council of Revision, but he was too much a republican to allow the least accountable branch of the government to have the final say on the Constitution.

Here at last conservatives can find in Madison's original position support for their attacks on judicial supremacy. But, ironically, it was precisely on this point that the majority of the Convention turned Madison's logic and his reservations about judicial power upside down. They believed that the influence and independence of the judiciary would be reduced, not enhanced, if it acquired the advisory functions he proposed. The fatal defect in the Council of Revision was that it would impair the ability of the judiciary to check the other branches. "Judges ought to be able to expound the law as it should come before them," Rufus King argued, "free from the bias of having participated in its formation." They argued against the veto over state laws on the grounds that neither Congress nor the Council could possibly review the enormous volume of legislation that the states would submit. In its place—and without debate—they put the supremacy clause, which bound the state judiciaries to enforce the federal Constitution and laws over conflicting state statutes.

By rejecting Madison's proposals, then, the delegates expressed their confidence in the capacity of the national and state judiciaries alike. But more than that, they revealed that they expected judges to exercise the power of judicial review. "As to the constitutionality of laws, that point will come before the judges in their proper official character," Luther Martin flatly stated. "In this character they have a negative on the laws." Martin, the original author of the supremacy clause, may have hoped that only state courts would review state laws; but his colleagues expected that appeals involving federal questions would fall to the national judiciary.

Such statements leave one wondering how anyone could ever have doubted whether judicial review was part of the original constitutional design. True, in 1787 the idea that courts could overturn laws was still a novelty, realized in only a handful of state cases to which little attention had yet been paid. Elbridge Gerry was not announcing a self-evident fact when he informed the Convention that "in some states the judges [have] actually set aside laws as being against the constitution." Even so, the delegates repeatedly spoke as if they simply presumed that the federal judiciary would be able to overturn both state and national laws.

Yet, remarkably, the framers never discussed judicial review systematically or even directly. Virtually all of their

comments on the subject were uttered during the debate over the Council of Revision—in other words, over a proposal that was defeated, not the one that was adopted. They defined neither the scope of judicial review nor the basis on which judges would test whether laws were constitutional—the issues that lie at the crux of the current controversy. Resisting the idea that the Constitution should include a comprehensive list of private rights, they never considered whether the federal courts were restricted to protecting only the handful of rights that the Constitution explicitly mentioned. The best we can say is that the delegates considered the various uses of judicial review—ranging from simple self-protection of the judicial function to the voiding of state and federal laws—without definitively determining how or when it might be exercised.

One final point deserves emphasis. Where Madison would have explicitly given Congress the final word on constitutionality, the majority implicitly allowed Congress to override only presidential vetoes, not judicial decisions. Madison conceded as much in October of 1788. By failing to state how disputes over “expounding” the Constitution would be resolved, he noted, the Convention by default left that judgment to the courts, simply because they were the last to act and thus to determine whether a law would be executed. This result, Madison complained, “was never intended, and can never be proper”—but inadvertently or otherwise, it seemed to be part of the Constitution.

This revealing comment again reminds us that the relation between the meaning of the Constitution and the intentions of its authors can never be taken for granted. But more than that, it encourages us to ask how the framers could have treated so vital a matter as judicial review in so seemingly careless a fashion. And this in turn can lead to a more realistic, balanced, and even critical appraisal of the great work of 1787—to a view that still celebrates “the miracle at Philadelphia” but restores the framers, with all their wisdom and political skill, to the imperfect historical context in which they acted.

In theory, the need to balance the legislature should have led the delegates to focus their greatest intellectual efforts on designing the two weaker departments. It should have led them to explore, for example, how the Supreme Court was to exercise its novel and potentially momentous power of judicial review, and to define the nature of the “executive power” that Article II vested in the President. But here, where they had to be most inventive, the delegates also proved most tentative. In practice they shied away from sustained discussions of the substance of executive and judicial power, perhaps because they felt so much more comfortable with the familiar subject of legislative power. And even when they could no longer avoid the subject of the other two branches, much of their dis-

cussion centered on issues of election, appointment, and tenure. We can plot in excruciating detail “the tedious and reiterated discussions” (as Madison described them) that led to the establishment of the electoral college, but when it comes to explaining why the Convention finally allowed the President to share the power of treaty-making with the Senate, we have to rely on scraps of debate and circumstantial evidence to account for one of the most historic decisions the framers took.

Some scholars try to close such gaps in what the framers said by attributing to them ideas derived from what it is believed they read in the writings of the Enlightenment, or by tracing their concerns to precedents in the British Constitution. Obviously, the framers did not act in an intellectual vacuum. Yet what is most apparent in their deliberations is not how much they learned from Old World sources but how little they depended on outside authorities once they had set about designing the new government. (Madison once dismissed appeals to such luminaries as Locke and Montesquieu as “a field of research which is more likely to perplex than to decide.”) Only in the crudest sense did the Convention model the branches of the new government on their British counterparts. The Senate was not a House of Lords, and the President was to be neither a constitutional monarch nor a prime minister. And the idea of an independent judiciary took a distinct form in America precisely because our Constitution was to be a concise written charter, not a complex and fluid mass of statutory law, common-law precedent, royal prerogative, and custom such as together made up the British Constitution.

This intense self-awareness of the originality of their achievement stands out strongly in the writings of the framers and their contemporaries, and remains compelling after two centuries. Originality is not perfection, however. Because fears of disunion and domestic turbulence did exert a powerful influence in the late 1780s, the framers and their supporters were eager to describe the Constitution as a document designed to last “for ages to come.” Yet having learned so much from the experience of a mere decade of self-government, and having celebrated their ability to do so, they would, I believe, find it incredible that later generations would not improve upon their discoveries, would not indeed understand the meaning of the Constitution and the liberties they designed it to protect better than they had.

Amid all the platitudes and heroic accolades to which we will be subjected during the celebrations ahead, an awareness of the imperfections and ambiguities of the Constitution or of the limits of the framers’ vision will not be easy to maintain. We can better understand what the framers accomplished by grasping the problems that they failed to resolve than by attributing to them a perfect knowledge and foresight that they never pretended to possess. □

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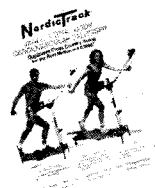
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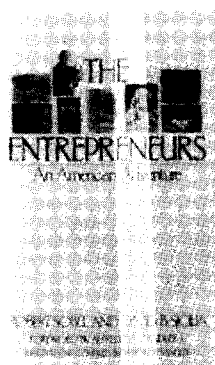
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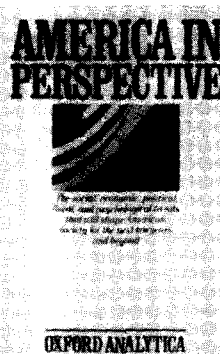
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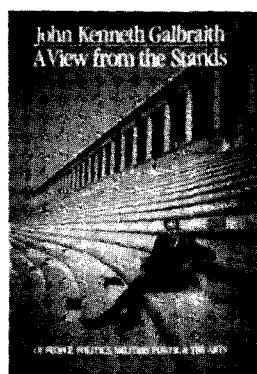
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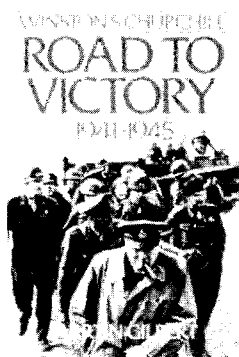
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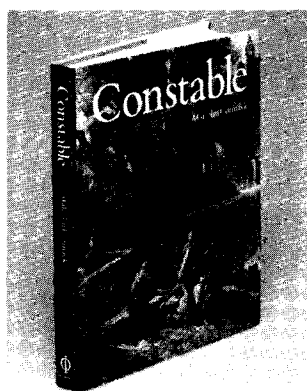
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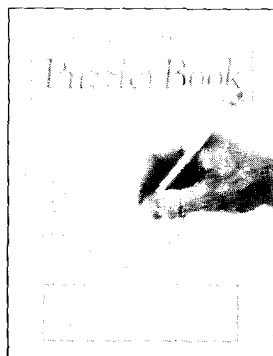
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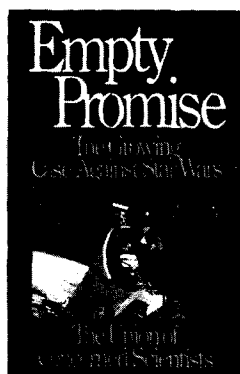
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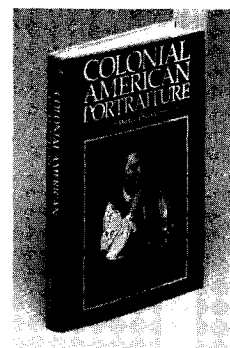


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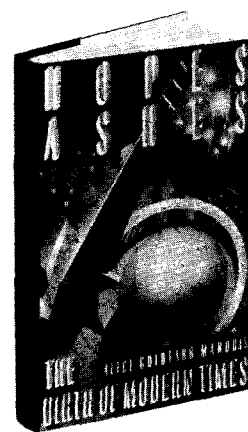
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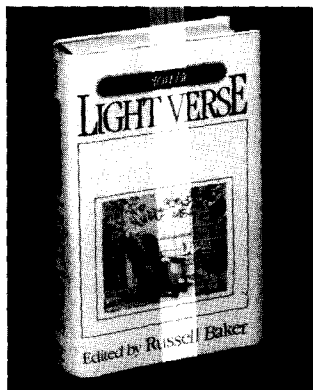
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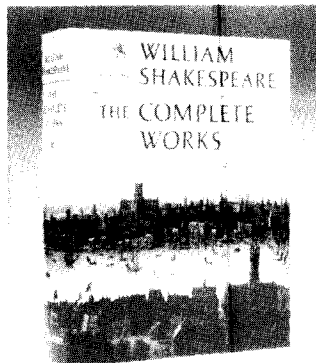
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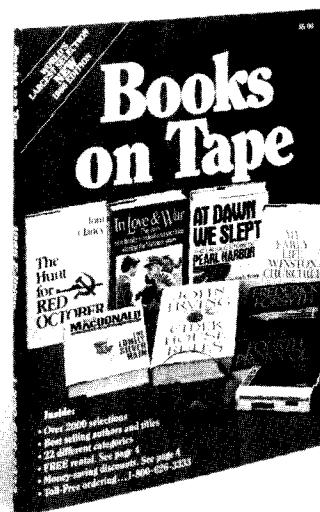
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FASHION

THE HUNGER FOR HERMÈS

BY HOLLY BRUBACH

A RECENT POLL ASKED Japanese young people between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one to name the objects of their dreams, the things that to their minds symbolized the good life. Four of the twelve most common responses (which were write-in, not multiple choice) were items by Hermès: the "Kelly" bag, so called after a photograph on the cover of *Life* magazine depicting Princess Grace of Monaco holding her daughter Caroline by one hand and an Hermès pocketbook in the other; an Hermès scarf; an Hermès watch; and an Hermès agenda. (Number one was a Rolex watch.) If the ubiquity of Hermès accessories on the streets of New York City, where I live, is any indication, the Japanese are not alone: an Hermès necktie is now part of the Wall Street uniform for brokers; Hermès scarves, native to upper Park Avenue, have been making their way downtown, where, in a with-it new restaurant not long ago, I spotted one around the neck of a choreographer who is famous for her punk ballets. In Paris the BCBGs—*bon chic, bon genre*, the French equivalent of American preppies—lace their sneakers with the signature brown-and-white cotton ribbons used to tie Hermès gift boxes.

Jean-Louis Dumas-Hermès, the president of Hermès and a great-great-grandson of Thierry Hermès, who founded the house in 1837, finds the notion that Hermès goods are now widely acknowledged as status symbols somehow distasteful. Dumas is an ebullient dynamo with a roving interest in the world beyond the store, a debonair charmer who, five generations after Hermès began catering to the members of Parisian society, moves with ease among their descendants. The people who shop at Hermès "call themselves customers," he says. "We would prefer to call them patrons. A patron is someone who goes to a restaurant again and again—the cook, the maitre d', recognize him. He develops a relationship with this restaurant, so that when the wine is not good, he refuses it; if the

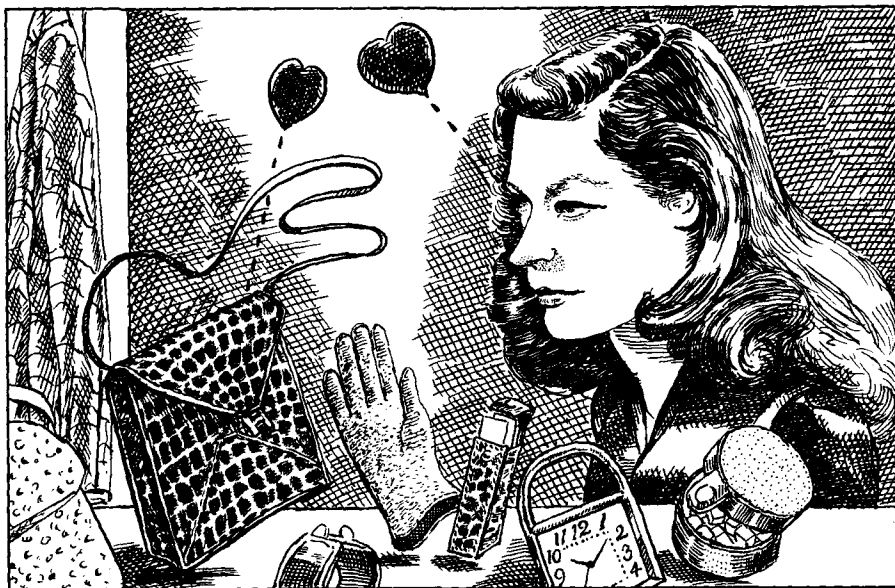
food is not quite right, he sends it back to the kitchen." In conversation Dumas carefully skirts words like *luxury*, *sophistication*, and even *elegance*—"I would be more at ease with *refinement*," he says gently but firmly. He is reluctant to discuss Hermès in terms of fashion. Hermès has been turning out many of the same items for decades, and the designs remain unchanged. The picture Dumas paints is of an unprepossessing leather-goods house, a family-owned business that is itself one big, calm, contented, loyal family, quietly laboring in the workrooms above the store to turn out a modest quantity of merchandise, painstakingly wrought, for a discerning clientele that happens to include princesses, maharajahs, and movie stars; and this picture turns out to be, in its own way, astonishingly accurate.

For its first hundred years Hermès "worked for horses," as Dumas puts it, supplying saddles and harnesses—at first wholesale, in a shop on the rue Basse du Rempert, and then, when that street was demolished to make way for one of the Baron Haussmann's grand boulevards, retail, in a new store at 24, rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré, its present site. The neighborhood was changing, fast becoming the home of the fash-

ionably wealthy, the "carriage trade," who faithfully patronized Hermès.

With the burgeoning sales of automobiles, in the 1920s, Hermès shrewdly introduced a line of accessories for motorists, including leather trunks containing smaller fitted valises, to be strapped onto the back of a car, and a "torpedo cover" to protect the legs of the lady in the passenger seat. Under the leadership of Emile Hermès, Dumas's grandfather, the house began to diversify, furnishing its customers with clothes and innovative accessories for sports. The Hermès catalogue for 1925 featured a belt for golfers, with a flip-down watch housed inside the hinged buckle. Out for a ride in a convertible, Emile Hermès had the idea that the novel mechanism for fastening the car's top should be adapted to bags, small leather articles, and sporting attire, including jockeys' cassocks and golfers' tunics. He bought exclusive rights to the "*fermeture éclair*," which then came briefly to be called "the Hermès closing," until a few years later it entered the public domain as the zipper.

In keeping with its two chief concerns, travel and sports, the house of Hermès opened branch stores in Chantilly, Deauville, Biarritz, Vittel, and other resort towns, where the *beau monde* flocked to spas, casinos, and the races. Hermès still makes saddles and equestrian accessories (among them a cowhide canister on a shoulder strap, for sugar cubes), but today the range of its products is almost as broad as some department stores'. There is Hermès perfume, ready-to-wear, china, and crystal; there are leather-covered yo-yos, lizard chew-



ing-gum cases, and Peugeot bicycles trimmed in calfskin. But the silks—the scarves and the ties—are the biggest sellers, so popular that at busy seasons the main store employs two women full-time to refold the scarves shown to customers.

An Hermès scarf now costs 780 francs, or \$130—a good deal more than most scarves on the market. The high price is due largely to the quality of the China silk, which Hermès buys raw at auction, spins into yarn, and then weaves into twenty-mummy cloth (a mummy being the unit used to measure silk's density). Most other scarves are made from eight to ten-mummy silk; the ones from Hermès, being heavier and having a tighter weave, are more resilient, and therefore don't wrinkle as easily. The Hermès customer is also paying for the printing—the designs often require as many as thirty colors, individually screened—and the hem, which on an Hermès scarf is hand-rolled and hand-sewn not on the underside but on the right side, to show off the finishing. The scarves are woven and printed at Hermès's own plant in Lyon.

The workrooms where Hermès leather goods are made, right above the store in Paris, are called "*la ruche*," the beehive. The nickname is apt; there is the steady hum of hushed efficiency. The craftsmen, however, are not very workerlike, nor are they as elderly and frail as one might expect members of a supposedly dying breed to be. There are thirty-three different kinds of craftsmen at Hermès, and their average age is only thirty-five. Most of them wear white lab coats over shirts and ties and have serious expressions, giving them the clinical, noble demeanor of research scientists. Several of them smoke pipes, trailing the smell of their tobacco from one room to the next.

In the stockroom the skins are sorted and stored in bins along the wall. On a recent visit, the bins held elephant hides, which are thick and strong, beige or black, for luggage; huge lizard skins from Java, dyed green or fuchsia; ostrich skin, which Hermès claims to have been the first to use; crocodile, from Madagascar and Indonesia, dyed blue. One crocodile skin costs 3,000 francs (about \$500), and not all of it can be used—the sections where the texture is too coarse are discarded. It takes at least two skins to make a Kelly bag, which Hermès sells for 20,000 to 30,000 francs (about \$3,200 to \$4,800).

Hermès relies on no one else, entrusting nothing to outside contractors, going so far as to mill its own wood for luggage and briefcases. Every step of the manufacturing process for every article the store sells takes place under Hermès's own roof, with a single exception: the leather gloves, for driving, riding, golf, and dress, though they are finished in the workrooms in Paris, are begun by cutters who work at their homes in St. Julien. Hermès sends them the orders and the skins; the cutters send back leather rectangles the size of a hand. When Dumas talks about the "respect for the hand" evident in Hermès gloves, it is to these rectangles that he is referring. The cutter takes an average of twenty minutes with each, to find that exact place on the skin where the leather is most resilient, able to withstand the pull of the hand's movements in several directions.

In the luggage workshop the men must sew through both the wooden sheets that form the suitcase's frame and the leather that covers them, a job that requires a good deal of brawn. Women work only on small items, like handbags and agendas; the saddle and luggage shops are staffed entirely by men. There is no assembly line. Each craftsman works on a single item from start to completion. It takes roughly forty-eight hours to make a suitcase, twenty-three to make a saddle, fifteen to make a handbag. Two to three hours of each workday are set aside for passing on the techniques of the trade, from the older craftsmen, called "fathers," to the newcomers, their "sons." Every Hermès leather product bears two identifying numbers: one, the date it was made; the other, the number of the craftsman who made it. If ever an item needs refurbishing or repair, the customer brings it back to the nearest Hermès store, which sends it on to the workrooms in Paris, where the craftsman who made the item does the necessary work, if he is still there. The customer can pretty much count on him to be; most Hermès craftsmen stay on for life.

The workshops are routinely called upon to turn out one-of-a-kind pieces. Some of the most noteworthy of these, photographed for the house's archives, have been a black crocodile jewel casket, commissioned as a present for a princess's first birthday; a leather-covered trunk to hold six particular overcoats, built around the coats themselves, for a king; a portable black crocodile bar,

outfitted with silver bottles, for an American entertainer; a leather-bound trunk, lined in lemon wood, to hold a peripatetic discophile's collection; a calfskin-covered fly-fishing chest, outfitted with drawers and tiny compartments for tackle; a calfskin trunk that converts to a desk, supported on fold-out chrome legs; a leather briefcase to hold a typewriter, with an accordion file on the inside of the lid; a leather dice case; a black crocodile bicycle seat; the leather-lined interior of a private jet; and an ostrich-skin case for a Walkman.

HERMÈS FIRST ventured into the American market briefly in the 1930s, at Lord & Taylor, in New York, and then retreated until the 1960s, when Neiman-Marcus began selling its ties. Chrysler Fisher, now the president of Hermès operations in North America, first encountered Hermès when he went to work at Neiman's as a trainee, sixteen years ago. Fair-haired, with the build of a man whose youth, in Oklahoma, might have been spent playing football, Fisher has an earnest, straightforward manner that is overtly American; he would look more at home at Brooks Brothers than he does at Hermès. If Fisher is not quite consistent with the image of the smooth, well-connected bon vivant that Dumas projects, one soon realizes that it is because his function is less public; Fisher doesn't so much represent Hermès to America as he represents America to Hermès, to Dumas and the staff in Paris, who look to him to help them devise the proper marketing strategy for a country they perceive as enormous, with tastes and shopping habits that are decidedly foreign.

Try as Dumas might to minimize Hermès's current trendy appeal, there is no denying that he has actively cultivated it. Over the past ten years Hermès has grown more aggressive in its expansion, opening dozens of new stores (there were at last count seventy-four Hermès boutiques around the world, six of them in the United States), reaching out to new customers by mail with a lavish annual catalogue, and waging an advertising campaign (shot by Bill King, a noted fashion photographer) that depicts young women in energetic attitudes, overloaded with Hermès merchandise from head to toe, balancing stacks of the store's signature brown-and-orange gift boxes. The market Fisher has targeted for Hermès in the eighties is that demographic belt where the yuppies dwell,

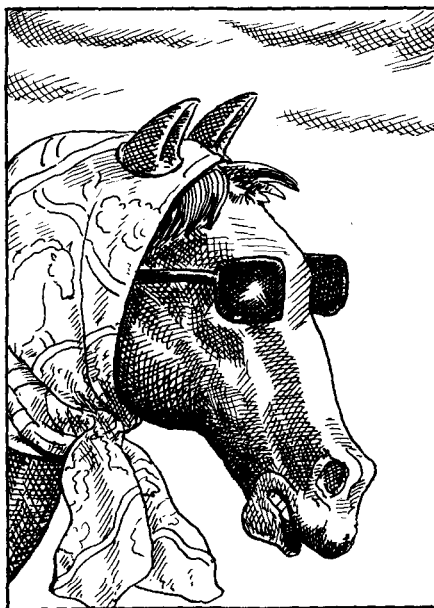
and the message these ads telegraph to them is clear: Hermès is young and spirited, opulent, accessible, suited to people like you and your friends.

These ads have about them a tone that in the 1960s would have been called kicky, although no one in the sixties would ever have thought to use the word *kicky* to describe Hermès. The house in those days had its following, mainly people who were quietly elitist, landed, old-moneyed, well traveled. Hermès accordingly had an image that looked to anyone whose eye was keeping pace with fashion stolid and matronly. It was worn not by the people who were stylishly dressed but by their mothers. The taste for Hermès was acquired, savored by a privileged few who inhabited their own little world. That little world is probably no larger now than it has ever been, but today, it seems, vast numbers of people want to live in it—more people than it can possibly accommodate. Those of us who can't buy a place in it outright can at least acquire a piece of it.

ON A RECENT TRIP TO Paris, I was browsing at Hermès when suddenly a bus pulled up to the front door and some seventy Japanese tourists disembarked. Inside they made their way from one department to the next, pillaging the display cases, pulling from their money clips sheafs of 5,000-franc notes. At the scarf counter, where I happened to be standing, the Japanese closed in. Their tour guide, a French woman, served as their interpreter: this gentleman, she gestured, would like a scarf for his wife. A hush fell over the crowd, by this time four and five deep, as the man's fellow shoppers waited to see what he would be shown. The saleswoman reached into the case, picked a scarf, seemingly at random, and unfurled it so that he could get the full effect of the design. He seemed pleased. She reached into the case again, pulled out another, and unfurled it. He nodded. She showed him a third. He looked from one to the next, now a bit confused—which should he buy? The saleswoman pointed to the second scarf, its design an equestrian motif. "*Ça c'est plus classique*," she said. "Ah," the Japanese onlookers chorused, nodding appreciatively. That settled it. That was the scarf they all wanted.

Classic clothing, which is ostensibly beyond the ebb and flow of changing tastes, is lately all the rage. Over the course of the past century and a half

Hermès has established a style and a tradition all its own, apart from fashion. The dilemma the house now faces is whether to hold its ground and let the fashion enthusiasts come to it, or, having captured their attention, to reach out to them and cultivate their interest. "We do not wish to make any concessions concerning fashion," the Hermès catalogue of two years ago sniffily proclaimed. And yet all over the store one sees new twists on Hermès standards, ingratiating them to the customer who is young and chic. The Kelly bag now comes with an optional shoulder strap. There are bright-colored, three-toned spectator gillies, and canvas-and-leather rucksacks. In one catalogue a handbag and a tie are photographed lying on top of a record album by Daryl Hall.



Five years ago Hermès hired Eric Bergère, then nineteen years old, to design the ready-to-wear and devise a new, updated image for it. He had his work cut out for him. Most fashion houses first make their mark in clothing and then branch out into accessories. Hermès, which is best known for its accessories but has been in the business of making clothes for quite some time, is now casting about for a horse that might suit its famous cart.

A graduate of ESMOD, the leading school for fashion design in Paris, Bergère came to Hermès full of ideas after a brief stint working for Thierry Mugler, a French designer who, though not widely known in the United States, is fervently admired in France. Since then Bergère has gradually, by trial and error, created for the ready-to-wear a style that is, at its

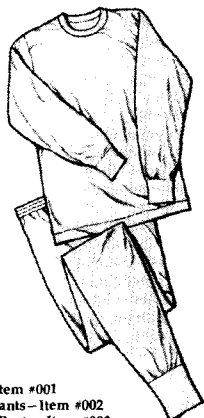
most legible, a snazzier version of what Hermès has been all along. After several seasons of shirtwaist dresses and outfits made entirely from the foulards, Bergère is now coming around to using them primarily for lapels, linings, collars, and other trim—a better idea. In the clothes he designs Bergère capitalizes on the materials for which Hermès is already famous: this season a supple red leather coat with astrakhan cuffs, lined in gold and black silk tattersall; a mocha ostrich-skin three-quarter coat lined in an olive green and yellow foulard, with a high collar of dark fox; a marigold-yellow cashmere coachman's coat with dolman sleeves and black velvet lapels and cuffs; a cardigan, the body of it in black, turquoise, and gold scarf-printed silk, with cashmere ribbing and sleeves, to wear with a checked wool skirt in the same colors; a scarf-print silk bustier, with a fluttering silk chiffon skirt to the knee and a silk chiffon stole, both printed with the same design. Unfortunately, these examples are the exceptions. All too often the cut of the clothes and the ideas behind them don't live up to the standards that the fabrics suggest. When Bergère misses the mark, he is wide of it sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, and this has made for a good deal of confusion. Hermès now features shapeless cashmere separates and blouson silk foulard "sweatshirts" that look like a certain-aged woman's attempt to look young and offhand, alongside teeny-bopperish studded suede mid-calf jeans and costume linen riding suits with bolero jackets and jodhpurs. Under Bergère, Hermès ready-to-wear has made progress, but progress that as yet has been too erratic to win it a following for more than an outfit or two at a time.

This past spring Hermès brought in Daniele Carré, who also worked with Mugler, to help Bergère bring the collection more sharply into focus. Together they are searching for an answer to the question, Who is the Hermès customer, ideally? Both cite Greta Garbo, Katharine Hepburn, and Lauren Bacall as models for the style they're aiming to create—an easygoing, sensible, comfortable way of dressing that borrows freely from men's wear. In response to comparisons to Chanel and Yves Saint Laurent, other fashion houses renowned for their classic styles, Bergère says that Hermès appeals to women who are less "*citadine*," less business-oriented, interested in sports and in leisure, busy but

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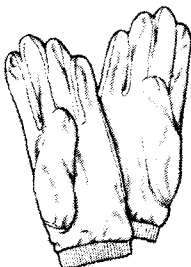
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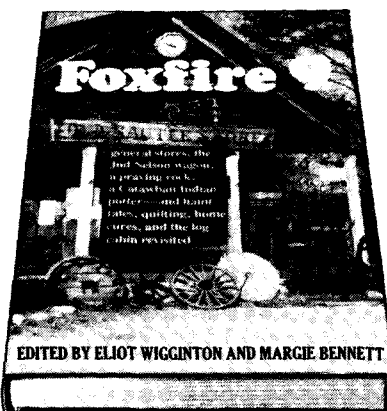
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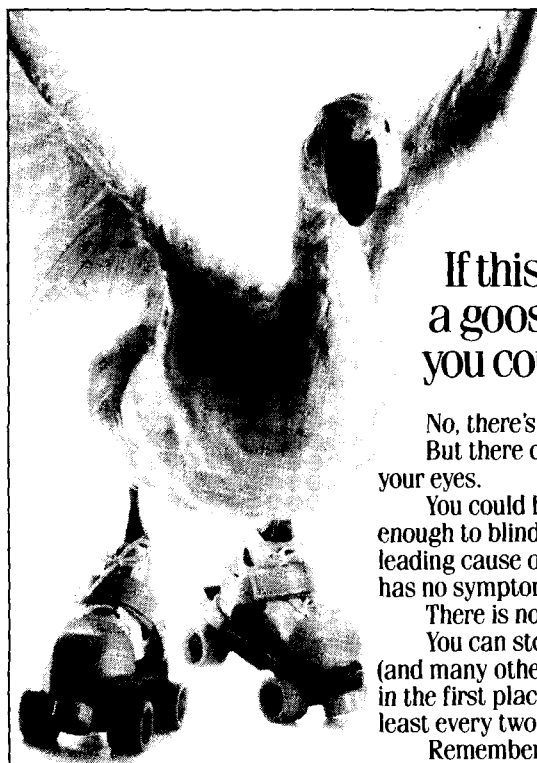
illus: © Nick Merrick, Hedrich-Blessing

not necessarily working. Carré hopes to develop a consistent, identifiable style, so distinctive that the clothes will no longer need to rely on equestrian themes to be recognized as Hermès.

Bergère understandably worries that Hermès is at the moment too much *à la mode*. Copies are everywhere. In New York, Bergdorf Goodman has made its own creditable version of the Kelly bag in crocodile-textured leather. The Horchow Collection, a mail-order house based in Dallas, offers a silk scarf latticed with bits, bridles, stirrups, a hunting horn, and even a sketchily rendered one-horse carriage, the Hermès trademark. The demand for Hermès and Hermès look-alikes appears to be insatiable. Classic clothes once occupied only a small corner of the market, but they dominate it today.

Fashion exists in that tension between the past and the future, the familiar and the undiscovered. The space-age dresses of the 1960s, the miniskirts and see-through blouses that signaled the dawn of a new, sexually permissive era, were our impatient attempts to get where we thought we were going a little more quickly. The classics we now embrace with no less enthusiasm are our instinctive way of postponing the future, of buying more time before we face what lies ahead.

Now that so much of what we buy is disposable, built to be obsolete in a few short years' time, we have newfound appreciation for the things that last. We long for a time when the world didn't seem as flimsy as a stage set. When our cheap quartz watches stop working, we throw them away, but we regard our grandfather's pocket watch with fond amazement, enamored of the notion that a watch—or a suitcase or a golf glove—could accompany someone through the length of his life, aging as he ages. The temptation is, of course, to sentimentalize the things in our lives, pretending that they are capable of being our friends. Still, as with most sentimental notions, the impulse at the heart of this one is true. We do form attachments to certain objects. Implicit in every item Hermès sells is a deep respect for the materials and the craftsmanship that went into it, for tradition, for humanity in general, and for the customers—or, as Dumas would have it, for the patrons—in particular, the people who will own that item for a long while and make use of it in their everyday lives, to steady themselves. □



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DESIGN

THE KITCHEN ENTERS THE STONE AGE

BY PHILIP LANGDON

STONE USED TO BE SO thick and heavyweight that it was inevitably associated with permanence. But a technological revolution has begun to change the ways that stone—especially marble and granite—is processed and used. Companies that manufacture machinery for stone producers in Italy have learned ways to slice stone in thinner and lighter sections, making it easier to transport and to work with. Today they use laser beams to guide their diamond-tipped saws in cutting stone more precisely than ever before. They also have mastered the use of glass fibers and epoxies to reinforce thin pieces of stone, which might otherwise crack when moved. Some of the most beautiful marble also happens to be the most fragile, and the reinforcement techniques have greatly expanded the range of marble commercially available.

The most celebrated advance was pioneered seven years ago by a company in Turin, Tecnomarmi Maiera, which devised a way to produce marble in sheets up to four feet by eight feet across, yet only a quarter inch thick. So lightweight were the new marble panels that they began to be used to line the interiors of elevators in office buildings (for example, the Transco Tower, in Houston). A variation of the new cutting techniques also came to be applied to granite, a substance so hard and dense that it had always been difficult to saw.

Thus stone became much less cumbersome to ship and install and considerably less expensive, though not so cheap as to lose all its connotations of luxury. The breakthrough perfectly suited the growing ranks of designers intent on recapturing some of the character of past architecture. Marble and granite were materials of the ages, even if they were now being supplied almost like gypsum board.

These changes primarily influenced corporate and institutional architecture. Marble sheets the size of plywood panels are on a scale different from that found in residential design. Nonetheless, stone is now a dramatic presence in

American home building and remodeling. In today's upper-middle-class homes marble or granite (most often just under an inch thick, but occasionally much thinner), or a synthetic facsimile, which offers practical advantages and may cost less, is becoming de rigueur. Nowhere is the change more evident than in the kitchen.

KITCHENS, OF COURSE, long ago ceased to be hidden away in the back corners of American houses. For about forty years designers have considered it permissible for the kitchen to be visible from the dining area, living room, or family room. In recent years, as food and cooking have become increasingly celebrated adjuncts of fashion, the kitchen has evolved into a center for socializing, a room that's supposed to look good enough to impress guests. If Vance Packard were writing *The Status Seekers* today, he would have to stand by the German-made cabinetry and the restaurant-quality range to put things in proper perspective. The meal-preparation area has become an emblem of the owner's taste and sophistication. The kitchen, it might be said, has come out of the closet.

The new stone-fabricating techniques

have enabled homeowners to install rich-looking counter backsplashes of marble or granite tile for not much more money than ceramic tile would cost, according to Charles Morris Mount, a Manhattan designer who specializes in kitchens. Marble or granite floor tiles—installed occasionally in kitchens but more commonly in foyers and bathrooms—are available, by some estimates, at about the same cost as medium-priced ceramic tiles. Marble and granite run from \$5.00 to \$15.00, while ceramic runs from \$2.00 to \$10.00. (Even within a given region of the United States, costs quoted for kitchen materials and their installation vary greatly; all the price comparisons in this article should be regarded as highly approximate.) Some designers won't put a marble or granite floor in the kitchen unless the client insists on it, since marble, being porous, tends to accumulate stains in the kitchen, and the tiles can be damaged if anything heavy falls on them. Granite, which is more dense, resists marks and breakage better, but it can be slippery. Some architects, such as Melanie Taylor, of Orr & Taylor, in New Haven, advocate the traditional "mud-set" method of installing tiles on a base of cement, rather than the "thin-set" method on a layer of adhesive; this can help tile to last for decades. Marble or granite counter tops are usually installed as slabs three quarters or seven eighths of an inch thick, for greater strength, in order to eliminate grout lines, and to emphasize the character of the stone. A stone counter top, installed, will cost probably three times as much as an equivalent surface of plastic laminate.



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The popularity of a product like stone might seem to contradict the pervasive recent publicity about sleek-looking "Eurostyle" kitchens. But Eurostyle is to a considerable extent Eurohype, generated by the American housing-products industry, which is always on the lookout for something new and hot. Despite the relentless Eurostyle promotional campaigns featuring cabinetry in smooth plastic laminate, consumer surveys regularly show that the majority of Americans prefer "natural" kitchens, with cabinets of wood. Louis Mackall, whose Breakfast Woodworks, in Branford, Connecticut, produces custom cabinetry for clients throughout the northeastern United States, says, "At the high end of the price scale people are trying to get away from the machine-made look." Even chic European cabinet-makers such as SieMatic and Poggenpohl, in West Germany, produce many cabinets faced in oak, pine, cherry, and ash, some of them trimmed in a decidedly traditional mode.

When Eurostyle does make an appearance in the kitchen, it is often accompanied by stone, since the sleek expanses surfaced in plastic laminate or glossy polyester require a visual foil. Eurostyle propels the eye onto a kind of visual expressway. Once the eye has sped through all this slickness a few times, it needs to escape from the ceaseless motion and settle on something stable and restful—such as counter tops and backsplashes of marble or granite.

Stone is, however, not the material for people on a tight budget or people whose main concern is a perpetually blemish-free kitchen. Most marble and some granite will eventually suffer stains, some of which will not come out. If this prospect bothers you, you may prefer one of the new imitation-stone synthetics. In the long run, however, one of the redeeming virtues of stone is that it can stain and yet continue to look beautiful, in much the way that old wooden furniture incorporates dents and nicks into its patina. For a plastic laminate, in contrast, there is no long run; after a number of years it is junked for something new. At least that's the difference in theory. The fact remains that the kitchen is the most frequently remodeled room of the American house, and with houses changing hands as often as they do, it is an open question as to whether stone on a work surface will in practice be preserved much longer than Formica.

ANYONE PLANNING to use stone for kitchen counters and backsplashes will need to decide, first, which kind of stone to buy. Granite is the counter-top material currently rising most rapidly in popularity, partly because of its appearance—more solid and monolithic than large-veined marble—and partly because of its durability and practicality. When its surface is polished (which is generally preferred to a dull "honed" finish, also called satin or matte), granite is one of the most impervious stones available. Cooks like the convenience of being able to put hot pots on granite. Perhaps the only enemy of granite is very hot oil, which can leave marks.

Some prefer marble for its distinctive beauty. "Marble is nature's mistake," says Ted Licht, of Marble Technics Ltd., a firm based in New York City that sells stone to designers. It is stone in which limestone deposits have moved and recrystallized over eons, incorporating minerals that give it enormous variety in coloring and pattern. Marble has the advantage of being good for pastry-making. If it isn't in the sun, it will remain cooler than room temperature; dough spread on its surface will be less likely to stick and tear.

This variety of marble is evident in the selection of tiles that is available. For example, the Marble Technics showroom, in Manhattan, displays more than sixty kinds of marble tile, ranging from solid white to watery swirls of gray to deep greens and blacks with the markings from intricate fracture lines across their surfaces. (In most cities customers can examine varieties of stone at kitchen stores, ceramic-tile dealers, and marble-and-stone dealers, listed in the Yellow Pages.)

Another decision is what kind of finish to order. An unpolished surface may absorb oils. However, acids, such as lemon juice and vinegar, can easily destroy the shine on polished marble. Even a glass of water will leave a mark. "It shows every ring, every spot," the designer Charles Morris Mount warns. He recommends a honed finish, which doesn't show the effects of use as readily. Many stains on marble that has a nonreflective finish can be rubbed out relatively easily with steel wool.

Vulnerability to stains and blemishes can be further reduced by choosing a variety of marble or granite that tends to hide marks. Dark, irregularly veined marble will camouflage stains better than pure-white Carrara marble. The

granite most often selected by Mount as black.

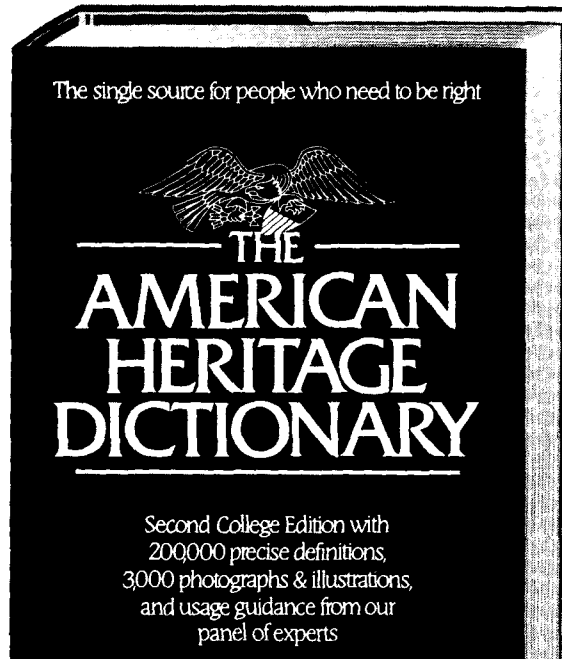
A less expensive alternative is an "agglomerate" tile, containing marble, granite, or other stone chips set into an epoxy resin. If the chips are tiny, the tile, which is usually polished to a high shine, may resemble granite.

THOSE WHO WANT to approximate the look of stone but can't tolerate its disadvantages often use Du Pont's Corian, a solid, nonporous synthetic material that has been on the market for twenty years. The cost of installed Corian ranges from about the same as granite and marble to about 15 percent less; it's about two to five times as expensive as plastic laminate. A kitchen knife will cut slightly into a Corian surface, but cuts probably won't be obvious until there is an accumulation of them, since the color goes all the way through the material (unlike the color in plastic laminates). Shallow cuts can be sanded out using fine (400 grit) sandpaper or dry steel wool. Corian, which has an attractive opalescent quality, is not easily chipped or dented, and it is less easily harmed by hot objects than are plastic laminates. If it does get a surface blemish, such as a cigarette burn, the blemish can be rubbed out with an abrasive cleanser.

Interesting counter-top edges are key elements in today's kitchen styling, and Corian offers unlimited design potential, since its edges can be formed into whatever shape the customer wants. Corian can not only assume an intricate contour but also accommodate decorative inlays of wood, metal, or other materials along its edges or on the counter top itself. For a sleek, uninterrupted appearance, a single or double sink can be formed as an integral part of a Corian counter top.

Within the past two years another imitation stone, Avonite, has come onto the market. Like Corian, Avonite is a solid, nonporous, manmade material from which surface stains can be rubbed out with cleanser. It is much lighter than stone, it is easily shaped, and it can be embellished with inlays of other materials. The Avonite Company, in Sylmar, California, says that its product usually costs about 10 to 20 percent more than Corian. The appeal is the wide array of colors and patterns. Corian comes in only four colors, all relatively pale—soft white, almond, light gray, and "dawn beige," which is subtly veined to simu-

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late marble. Avonite offers stone imitations—granite, marble, onyx, and "parchement stone"—in seventeen colors.

Avonite is not Corian's only competitor. Last January, Formica Corporation bought a company that had introduced Quintessa, another material similar to Corian but available in a broader range of colors. Now renamed Formica brand 2000X (which sounds more like a sporty car than a counter top), it is being offered in white and in veined pastel shades of blue, pink, and gold as well as in beige and almond. These colors coordinate with those of the already well-accepted Formica laminate and of Formica's ColorCore, every layer of which is colored, not just the top one.

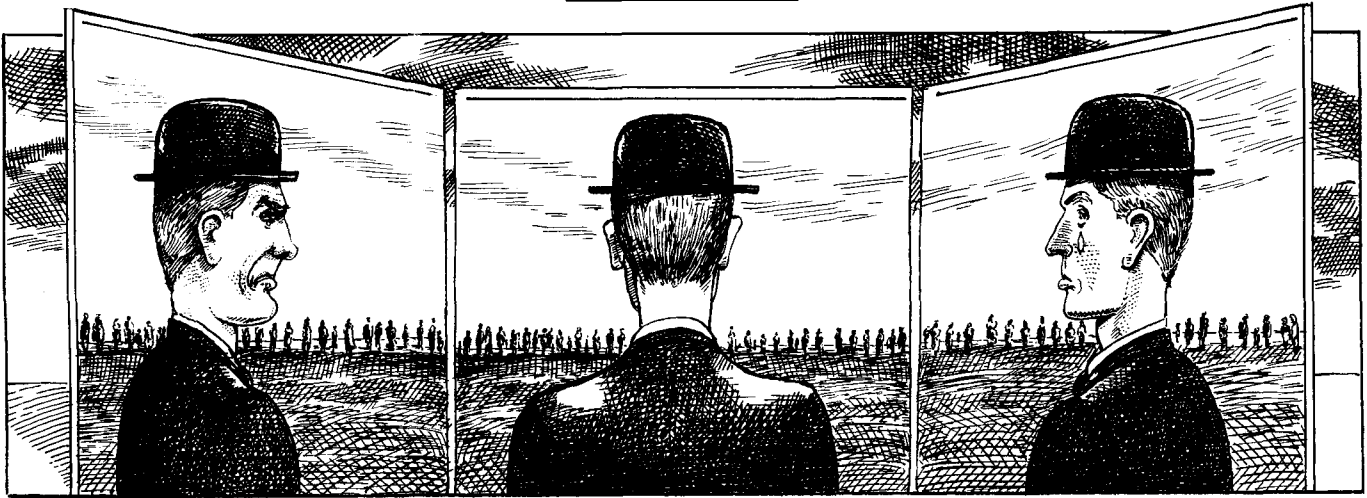
Du Pont is responding to the competition. The company hopes to introduce by next summer at least one of a new family of veined Corian products that mimic granite, in shades of gray.

Meanwhile, the majority of Americans who continue to rely on plastic laminates are not to be deprived of some semblance of stone, however distant it may be. Plastic-laminate manufacturers like Formica and Wilsonart, who a decade ago supplied the world with millions, maybe billions, of square feet of imitation butcher block, are attentively observing the shift toward stone. Last January, Wilsonart introduced its first laminate designed to look like granite.

David Embry, Wilsonart's director of design, is sensitive to long-running questions about the desirability of one material's imitating another. He maintains that plastic laminates can imitate granite, with its tight grain, more realistically than they have done with wide-veined marble. The granite look, he says, has "taken the market by storm." Next month Wilsonart will introduce additional varieties of granite-like plastic laminate.

For those who want genuine stone counter tops but can't yet afford them, Mount suggests an interim measure that he has occasionally employed: installing counter tops of plastic laminate slightly lower than normal, with the idea that stone can be placed on top of them later. Another option is to have a segment of marble—enough on which to work dough—inserted into a counter top made predominantly of a less expensive material. It may not have quite the cachet of a counter entirely of stone, but you can take consolation in knowing that plastic laminate will be a lot kinder to your glassware and china. □

BOOKS



THE CANT OF PITY

BY CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN

THE TEARS OF THE WHITE MAN
Compassion as Contempt

by Pascal Bruckner, translated from the
French and with an introduction by
William R. Beer.

The Free Press, \$17.95.

MOST OF MR. BRUCKNER'S book consists of a *sottisier*, or collection of snippets, interspersed with aphorisms. The *sottisier*, which is a rich one, is drawn almost entirely from books and articles by French left-wing intellectuals about the Third World, mostly written during the sixties and seventies, but with some examples from the present decade. The aphorisms, which are Mr. Bruckner's, constitute a commentary on the contents of the *sottisier*, with reference not just to its *sottises* but to what Mr. Bruckner believes to be going on under the cover of the *sottises*. The aphorisms are in the high French manner. Some are shrewd, some are profound, some are just flashy. All are peremptory—take it or leave it. The aphorist does not try to build up a case; he hits you with his conclusions, reached intuitively.

For readers accustomed to English-speaking intellectual conventions, a *sottisier* punctuated by aphorisms is not particularly easy to read. The difficulty is increased by the fact that the *sottises* themselves belong in the same aphoristic tradition; a *sottise* is an aphorism that falls flat on its face. So in the pages of *The Tears of the White Man* peremptory affirmations of one kind alternate with per-

emptory affirmations of a different kind; it is less like a reasoned argument than like some kind of intellectual shoot-out. This is a short book—171 pages of text—but it can seem long. When I reached the last page, I experienced the same sort of relief that one feels when someone turns off a very noisy radio.

Yet the book is worth reading, even at the price of a slight headache, for the sake of the important truths it contains in the better aphorisms. Let me offer some examples.

On the fad for "primitive man":

It is reverse racism, but racism all the same. The easy ecstasy of being someone else leads to the crudest sort of reductionism. What is blessed in the "other" is nothing but the opposite of our own society; it is the hidden solution to our own anxieties, the expression of what haunts us. Primitives are pure ideas, just as the Bolivian guerrilla or the Palestinian gunman were nothing but ideas for the Third-Worldist of the Left. They are a veritable miracle drug, to be taken regularly to immunize against the state, capitalism, pollution, frigidity, or whatever else happens to bother you. Prehistoric man is a source of ecstasy because he does not want to become a capitalist, establish a state, or get rich, and we dream about him because we project on him the characteristics that are the opposite of what we are.

On guilt as self-aggrandizement:

If you are going to be the guilty party, it is more thrilling to be guilty on a universal scale than on a region-wide or family-wide scale. Civil wars and children with bloated bellies are my

fault. Clouds of locusts and devastating droughts are my fault. Catastrophes, poisonings, tornadoes, butcheries are all my work. Paradoxically, this chaos has order to it, because these millions of people are acting according to an invisible logic that emanates from me.

On the destructive potential of compassion:

We care about the countries of the Southern hemisphere not because of the good they could do us, but because of the harm we can do one another with their help.

These truths are highly relevant to every European country in which the intellectual left is powerful and making use of "compassion for the Third World" to increase its power. Writing in 1983, Mr. Bruckner acknowledged that the kind of Third Worldism against which he discharged most of his aphoristic artillery was in decline. Indeed, he saw it as replaced by a blend of hostility and indifference:

Because we merely looked at our own reflection when we turned the mirror toward China, Angola and Vietnam, we are really only damning our own reflection when we attack these countries today. Our neurotic devaluation of anything Western has changed into a systematic phobia against anything that is not. The upheavals of the world, the continuation of flagrant injustices, the continuing impoverishment of destitute countries, the wanton slaughters committed by many governments—all this leaves us coldly impassive.

Aphorists never do anything by halves, nor do they acknowledge fine

shades or small shifts. Still, Mr. Bruckner's point about an underlying continuity between apparently conflicting attitudes is acute. "Compassion as contempt" is succeeded—in a significant part of the Parisian intellectual world with which the author is principally concerned—by contempt as contempt.

Yet, as it happens, compassion as contempt has had a second flowering since this book was written. The great South African crisis that visibly opened in 1984 and has raged continuously ever since has precipitated—along with a multitude of other things—a new torrent of white men's tears of the type that, in other contexts, rightly attracted Mr. Bruckner's suspicions and sardonic attention.

The tears in question have been flowing, for example, in Britain, especially at Southampton. The British organizing committee of the World Archaeological Congress, held at Southampton in September, decided to disinvite South African archaeologists because of their nationality. This broke a rule of the competent international body, the International Union of Prehistoric and Proto-historic Sciences (IUPPS), that no bona fide scholar should be discriminated against "on grounds of religion, nationality or philosophical conviction" (a rule adopted in the 1930s against Nazi encroachments). The British organizers broke that rule under pressure from the local city council and students' union, the British Association of University Teachers, and Third World contingents who said they would not attend the congress if South Africa were represented. The organizers later defended their decision on the grounds that the need to "damage the regime in South Africa" overrides lesser considerations such as academic freedom, rules, and so forth.

This is a fine specimen of compassion as contempt. The people concerned showed no signs of knowledge of, or interest in, the specifics of the situation that purportedly moved them so deeply. The regime could in no way be "damaged" by the banning of the archaeologists. On the contrary, Pretoria must be tickled pink. The leading South African universities have long been thorns in the side of the apartheid regime. The Afrikaner right has a virulent hatred for historians and archaeologists in particular, because their scholarly work has knocked holes in some of the most sacred myths of the apartheid culture.

Seven years ago the distinguished Afrikaner historian Floors van Jaarsfeld was for that reason tarred and feathered in front of an audience he was addressing at the University of South Africa at Pretoria.

If the next international conference of historians follows the same line as was adopted in the case of the archaeologists' congress in Britain, Professor van Jaarsfeld will be banned, in order to register international disapproval of the cause whose adherents tarred and feathered him.

(In fairness to archaeologists generally, it should be added that the IUPPS repudiated the British decision and the Southampton Congress, and will hold an "official" congress, at Mainz next year, to which the South African archaeologists are invited.)

The logic applied at Southampton reminded me of an argument I had in the fifties with an Irish Department of Justice official about the admission to Ireland of a Hungarian family. The official reminded me that Hungary was a Communist country. "Yes," I said, "but these people are *anti*-Communist, and that's why they're in trouble." "All I know," the official said, "is that they're mixed up with communism, some way or other."

I AM GLAD TO see that *The Tears of the White Man* is being published in London, which seems to stand in need of its message. I doubt that the message is equally needed in America, where the left is in eclipse, and the right cock-a-hoop with its own forms of nonsense, including occasionally its own versions of compassion as contempt (compassion for the suffering people of Nicaragua, beneath the Sandinista yoke, for example: send them the contras). The right is likely to welcome *The Tears of the White Man*, not so much for the sake of its aphorisms as for the abundance of its *sottisier*. Mr. Bruckner's industry, with the aid of his nose for nonsense, has amassed a notable anthology of left-wing idiocies about Third World countries. I can imagine it all being fed into the computers of the relevant institutions. Three specimens from the *sottisier*, all about China, must suffice here:

"In the appearance of the first Chinese he sets eyes on, the traveler can feel a state of exaltation that is more impressive than happiness itself, because it is a perfect state of fertile, active creation"—Josué de Castro, *Le Monde diplomatique*, December, 1969.

"Millions of dedicated militants will

arise throughout China, an unstoppable tide. They grew up during the cultural revolution, and passionately studied courage, heroism, devotion, loyalty, sacrifice, modesty, and disdain for death. That is the milk that has nourished them. Such a sum of virtues that it makes your head spin."—M. A. Macciochi, *De la Chine* (Paris, Editions du Seuil, 1974).

"I have said that we must apply the thought of Mao Tse-tung even when we don't understand it"—T. Grumbach, *Les Temps modernes*, April, 1972.

The right, of course, doesn't carry on like that: gushing about foreigners has seldom been a right-wing weakness. Nor does compassion rate anything like as high in the scale of values on the right as it does in the public discourse of the left, in democratic countries. Yet the right also can play the compassion card, as when Margaret Thatcher and Ronald Reagan attempt to base their opposition to sanctions against South Africa on the suffering that these would bring to South African blacks. A case of "contempt as compassion," perhaps.

Whatever about the compassion, the contempt seems to be fairly evenly distributed between left and right. On both sides there is a tendency to respond—positively or negatively—to the rhetoric of Third World leaders without paying much attention to what actually goes on, for good or ill, under the rhetoric. Thus the international left used to be enthusiastic about Ghana and Tanzania as examples of "African socialism." If you reported that—as was the case—Tanzanian socialism was a mirage and Ghanaian socialism a rip-off, then you would be classified as a neocolonialist tool. For the right, however, once a regime uses the rhetoric of Marxism-Leninism, it is automatically part of the Evil Empire, a land of totalitarian oppression where there can be nothing good, except among those who resist the regime. If you report—from, say, Ethiopia or Nicaragua—that it isn't really like that, but more mixed, then the right will depict you as a dupe, resembling the contributors to Mr. Bruckner's *sottisier*.

The competition between the two kinds of rhetoric tends to swamp rational discussion of the Third World countries that are most discussed. *The Tears of the White Man* is helpful against the rhetoric of the left. A companion volume dealing with the rhetoric of the right is much needed. But that would have to be written by an American, not a Frenchman, and in a different style. Any volunteers? □

BRIEF REVIEWS



THE MONKEY'S WRENCH by *Primo Levi*. *Summit, \$15.95.* Mr. Levi's latest book purports to be the wryly funny reminiscences of a footloose Italian rigger—Libertini Faussonne—who will take a job anywhere there is a crane to set up or a bridge to build. Most of these enterprises involve lackwit locals or treacherous weather or inept engineers. It is Faussonne's pride to survive such inconveniences and, if possible, triumph over them. Somewhere in the Soviet Union he tells his stories to an Italian chemist-author who is there trying to salvage a paint contract endangered by anchovies. The chemist deals with invisible molecules while Faussonne deals with steel towers, but the men are alike in their love of work well done. Work, and the shoptalk it engenders, are in fact what this delightful book is all about. It is the chemist who offers the hypothesis that controls the text: "the noun 'freedom' notoriously has many meanings, but perhaps the most accessible form of freedom, the most subjectively enjoyed, and the most useful to human society consists of being good at your job and therefore taking pleasure in doing it."

SEEDS OF CHANGE by *Henry Hobhouse*. *Harper & Row, \$18.95.* Mr. Hobhouse discusses "five plants that transformed mankind," namely quinine, sugarcane, cotton, tea, and the potato. He concentrates on the commercial, and therefore ultimately the political, results of the widespread use of these substances and finds all of them more or less—mostly more—pernicious. His reasoning is generally persuasive, testy enough to provoke and maintain interest, and occasionally speculative to the point of fantasy. Anyone who suggests that without the arrival of Irish fleeing the potato famine, the United States would have remained solidly Northern European and Protestant has to be dreaming.

MISHIMA by *Marguerite Yourcenar*. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$14.95.* After conceding that "it is always difficult to judge a great

Answers to the November Puzzles

"PAIRS"

Pairs. a. PAGE (double def.) b. SE(C)T c. N(ET)S d. TO-RN e. MINE (double def.) f. BE-AT-S g. PAST-A h. (s)AMPLE i. GREET (anag.) j. CHA(O)S k. ARI(S)ES l. BETTE-R m. U(TO)PI-A n. RE(D)CAP *Across.* 6. BOHR (homophone) 7. PRI(N)CE 8. P(D)AST 9. TENDS 10. TWIT 11. SOCLE (anag.) 12. LI(A-RV)A 13. ETNA (rev.) 16. CHER (homophone) 17. RABBI(t) 18. P-SHAW (p + anag.) 21. NUMB (hidden) 22. MIL)AN 23. P(AB)LO 24. TOGGLE (anag.) 25. SH(o)ES *Down.* 1. OOZ-ES (rev.) 2. RH(I)NO (i + anag.) 3. UM-PS 4. ORACLE (anag.) 5. A(C)TIVE (*Evita* rev.) 14. TAU(OG (hidden) 15. NIB-BLE 19. AL(P)HA 20. WA-KEN 22. MOA-B

C	O	R	N	U	C	O	P	I	A	N
B	O	H	R	M	P	R	I	N	C	E
U	Z	I	E	P	I	A	S	T	T	C
T	E	N	D	S	N	C	T	W	I	T
T	S	O	C	L	E	L	A	R	V	A
E	T	N	A	N	A	E	C	H	E	R
R	A	B	B	I	P	S	H	A	W	I
N	U	M	B	B	P	M	I	L	A	N
U	T	P	A	B	L	O	O	P	K	E
T	O	G	G	L	E	A	S	H	E	S
S	G	R	E	E	N	B	E	A	N	S

ACROSTIC NO. 16

"How ugly babies are! How heedless/ Of all else than their bulging selves—/ Like sumo wrestlers, plush with needless/ Kneadable flesh—like mutant elves,/ . . . (A pity that the blubbering blobs/ Come unequipped with volume knobs). . . ."

—Vikram Seth, *The Golden Gate*

COMMON SENSE REVISITED

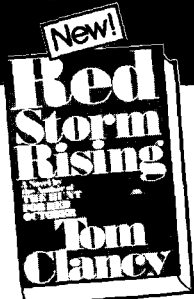
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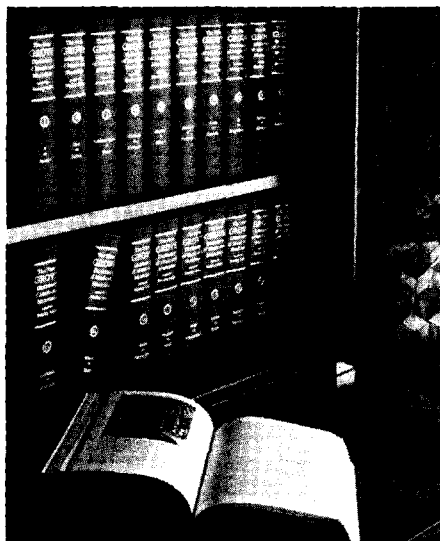
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contemporary writer" and "even more difficult to judge him if he is part of a culture different from our own," Ms. Yourcenar sets out to trace, in Yukio Mishima's fiction, the development of the despair (if it was despair) that led him to suicide. Her observations are highly intelligent and perceptive, as one would expect, and if she never altogether elucidates "that impenetrable mystery which is part of every life," she comes as close as anyone but Mishima himself is likely to do.

ON ACTING by Laurence Olivier. Simon & Schuster, \$18.95. Lord Olivier's love of his profession animates every page of his reflections on a lifetime of acting, whether he is admitting errors, gloating (and who has a better right?) over successes, or hilariously imagining the origin of *Othello*.

STYLE AND SUBSTANCE by Judith Martin. Atheneum, \$15.95. Ms. Martin's first novel concentrated on the destruction of a single target, Gilbert, its eponymous heel. Her second aims at another heel, and also at television, the Washington pecking order, the art world, current fashions in education, and the dangerous impulse to improve one's friends. Each attack is witty and venomously amusing, but none is a wipe-out, because there are simply too many targets for even Ms. Martin's formidable batteries to demolish.

VN: THE LIFE AND ART OF VLADIMIR NABOKOV by Andrew Field. Crown, \$19.95. Mr. Field is a devoted student of Vladimir Nabokov's work and examines the novelist's use of doubles, mirror images, literary reference, and multilingual puns with enthusiasm, making a good case for his claim that the subject of Nabokov's art is always art itself. He is unable to make any direct connection between autobiographical fact and Nabokov's fiction, because the material for that bridge is unavailable if it exists at all, but he deserves much credit for getting as close as he has to his elusive subject.

WHALES, ICE, AND MEN by John R. Bockstoe. University of Washington Press, \$29.95. In July, 1848, Captain Thomas Roys, with a terrified mate and a potentially mutinous crew, sailed the bark *Superior* through the Bering Strait and initiated whaling in the western Arctic. As early as 1850 protests against excessive hunting of bowhead whales began to ap-

pear, but the trade continued until around 1910, when it followed the corset and the buggy whip into oblivion. Mr. Bockstoe's study of the industry covers equipment, methods, working conditions, and economics, all of which will infuriate whale lovers. It also covers shipwrecks, governmental follies, captain's wives, and a varied collection of entrepreneurs, adventurers, and scalliwags. That aspect of the book should delight everyone with a taste for frontier Americana and fine historical writing.

ONE HUNDRED FAMOUS VIEWS OF EDO by Ando Hiroshige. Braziller, \$75.00.

In the last three years of his life the great print artist Hiroshige (1797–1858) created more than a hundred scenes of life and landscape in and about his native city, now known as Tokyo. He was both selective (no slums and no miseries) and catholic—any view that pleased his eye, it seems, was instantly famous. The entire sequence of prints has been reproduced, in full and sometimes blazing color, from a well-preserved set owned by the Brooklyn Museum. Quite apart from the visual pleasure given by the prints, the commentaries on them by Henry D. Smith II alert the non-Japanese observer to the amusing or erotic implications of what would otherwise be seen purely as charming and expert compositions. Mr. Smith also reports, with melancholy regularity, that the view Hiroshige recorded is now occupied by a railroad station.

NORMAN ROCKWELL: A DEFINITIVE CATALOGUE by Laurie Norton Moffatt.

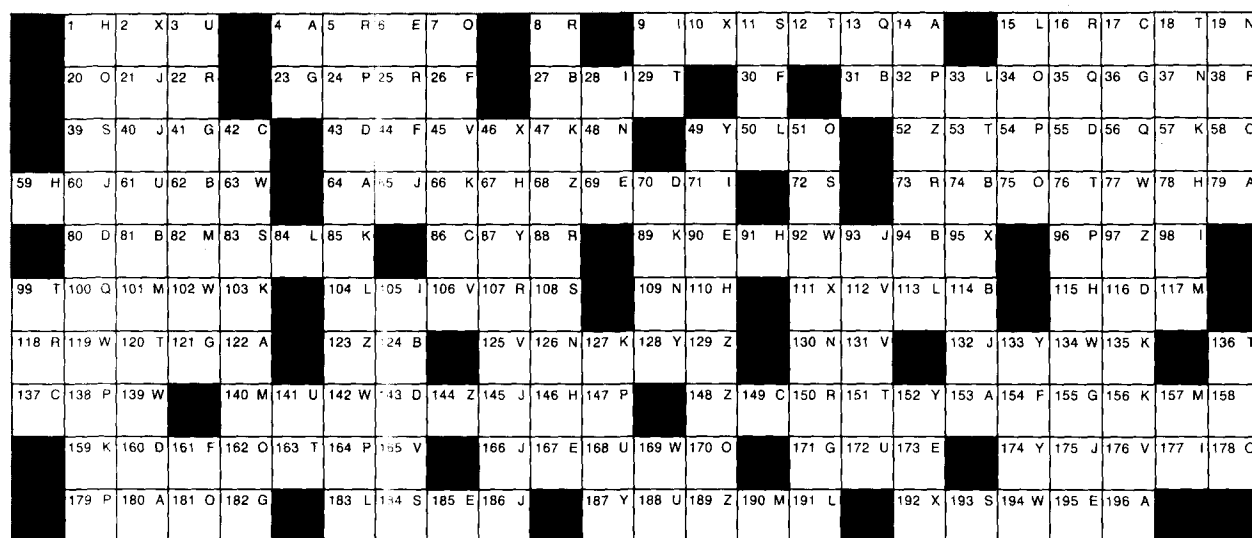
University Press of New England, \$170.00 (\$195.00 after January 1). If the first thought is, Why another collection of Rockwell covers?, think again. This publication (two volumes, boxed, weight fifteen pounds, packhorse not included) is a serious and scholarly affair, presenting every work traceable from Rockwell's long career. The total is over 3,500 pieces, the majority necessarily reproduced at small scale and without color. Rockwell has been accused of sentimental refusal to admit any of the dark spots in American society, but the charge is unfair, for when his studio caught fire, destroying props, costumes, equipment, and an unknown number of paintings, he commemorated the disaster with a sheet of comic drawings. A man like that simply could not see dark spots.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

ACROSTIC No. 17

BY DOROTHY OSBORNE

The letters of clue answers, when put in the appropriately numbered squares, will spell out a quotation. The first letters of clue answers spell the author and source of the quotation.



The solution to Acrostic No. 16 appears on page 103.

A. Pocahontas's father 64 196 4 122 153 14 180 79

B. First thermonuclear test site 94 124 81 27 74 31 62 114

C. Small-time (hyph.) 58 86 137 149 17 42

D. Land visited by Strong 55 80 70 43 160 143 116

E. Muscle-relaxing treatment 6 167 195 69 185 173 90

F. Monarch butterfly 26 30 38 44 161 54

G. Rochester's School of Music 182 155 23 121 36 41 171

H. Carotene derivative (2 wds.) 67 78 110 91 1 9 146 115

I. Act of injustice (2 wds.) 177 28 105 71 98 58 9

J. Gershwin song from *Girl Crazy* (3 wds.) 145 166 175 60 65 1 132 93 40 186

K. Great Spanish bullfighter (2 wds.) 89 85 159 66 135 1 13 127 156 47 57

L. One who ignores parking tickets 104 113 191 50 183 1 84 15

M. Muddy; agitated 82 101 157 190 140 1 7

N. Bob or wave 19 37 109 126 48 130

O. Renowned French cook 178 20 162 170 181 51 34 7 75

P. Best seller by Gail Sheehy 54 24 179 138 32 147 164 96

Q. Heart's Desire or Crimson Glory 56 100 35 13

R. Leonard Nimoy's TV show (3 wds.) 25 107 88 22 8 150 73 16 5 118

S. Dance (3 wds.) 11 193 39 72 184 83 108

T. Short thick sausage 12 136 151 18 163 99 53 120 29 76

U. Whatnot 172 3 141 61 188 168

V. Amusement park (2 wds.) 131 176 165 125 112 106 45

W. Sleepwalker 63 119 92 142 77 194 169 134 102 139

X. Fleming's Korean with a deadly derby 10 46 95 192 2 111

Y. Divination by means of eggs 133 49 187 87 128 152 174

Z. Basketball's originator 144 148 123 52 189 68 129 97

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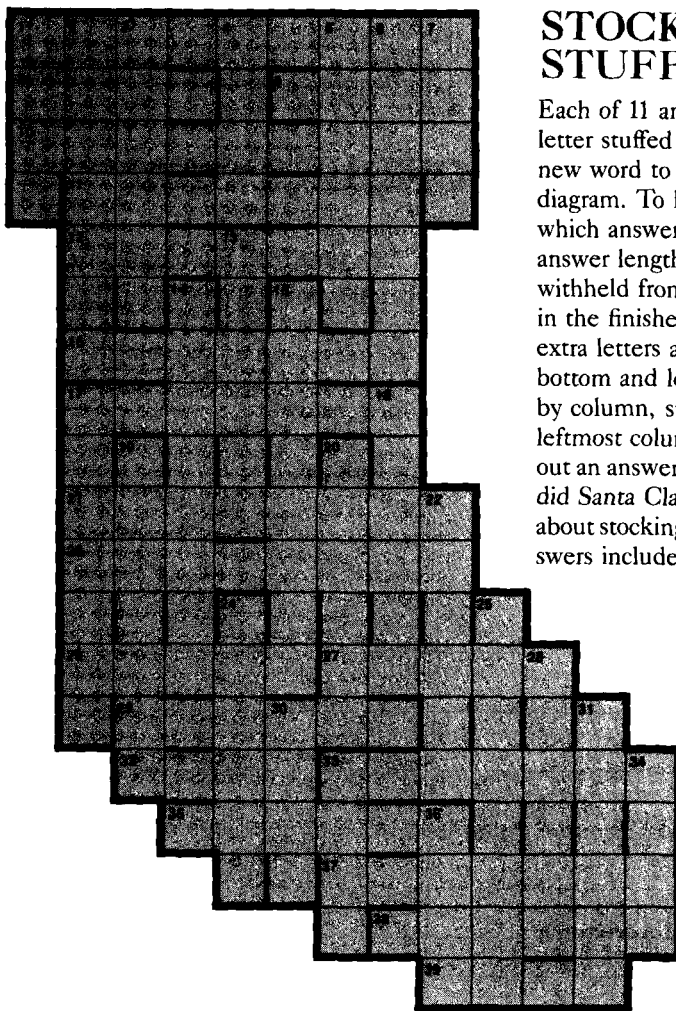
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THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON



STOCKING STUFFERS

Each of 11 answers gets an extra letter stuffed into it, forming a new word to be entered in the diagram. To keep from showing which answers are thus affected, answer lengths have been withheld from the clues. When, in the finished diagram, the 11 extra letters are read from top to bottom and left to right column by column, starting with the leftmost column, they will spell out an answer to the riddle "What did Santa Claus entitle his book about stocking-stuffing?" Clue answers include five proper nouns.

33. Went beyond wheel on front of truck carrying stray
35. Fish school eaten by pony
37. Stop terrible fight in mail site
38. It's obvious—head not empty
39. Lament the French way

DOWN

1. Fuel up for fall
2. Baseball arbiter grabbed by the right hitter
3. Put new rollers on and go to bed
4. Sign up with sea captain
5. Something of tin, yet ductile
6. Relaxes with tube during swimming lesson
7. Northerner jerk
13. No use in mouse squeaking without a king in church
14. Country has choice word for big picture
15. Born and raised elitist consuming our drinks
17. County board reformed Spanish city
18. Narrate a new version about the bowman
19. Far-out spacers' astronomical distances
20. Article lodged in long, large gland
22. For audiences, fashion steps over a wall
24. Cryptic rune I make harder
25. Musical text #51-B upset river dweller
28. Carried up empty dress
30. *New York Times* supports "love rock"
31. Stick around Italian river with gangster
33. I goofed, overturning salt, pepper, and eggs
34. Final error in New Testament
36. Capsized, sinking ship's deserter is seaman

The answers to last month's Puzzler appear on page 103.

ACROSS

1. Oddly sore about red Christmas ornament
8. A third of the Volunteer State's number
9. Even characters in Farnham make a collection of miscellany
10. Uranium plant captured by one robot
11. Drunk I'm turning back is splitting
12. E.g., man's lip covered with meat spread
16. Senora's novel uses logic
17. Beat someone hitting someone else over the head loudly
21. A Dixie soldier in prison sent back meals
23. Trap garden snakes ahead of time
26. Disallows half of female wailers
27. Name from 1967 song "A New Life"
29. Use persuasion on old king holding a jack
32. Avoid getting hot in sun

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

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DEWAR'S PROFILE:

KRIS KRINGLE

HOME: The North Pole.

AGE: Ageless.

PROFESSION: President and CEO, World Gift Distribution Network.

HOBBY: "When you only work one day a year, you need a lot of 'em."

LAST BOOK READ: The Book of Lists, David Wallenchinsky, et al.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Determining who's been naughty or nice.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "There'd be a lot of unhappy people if I didn't."

PROFILE: Jovial, ubiquitous, philanthropic. "He travels fastest who travels alone."

QUOTE: "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night."

